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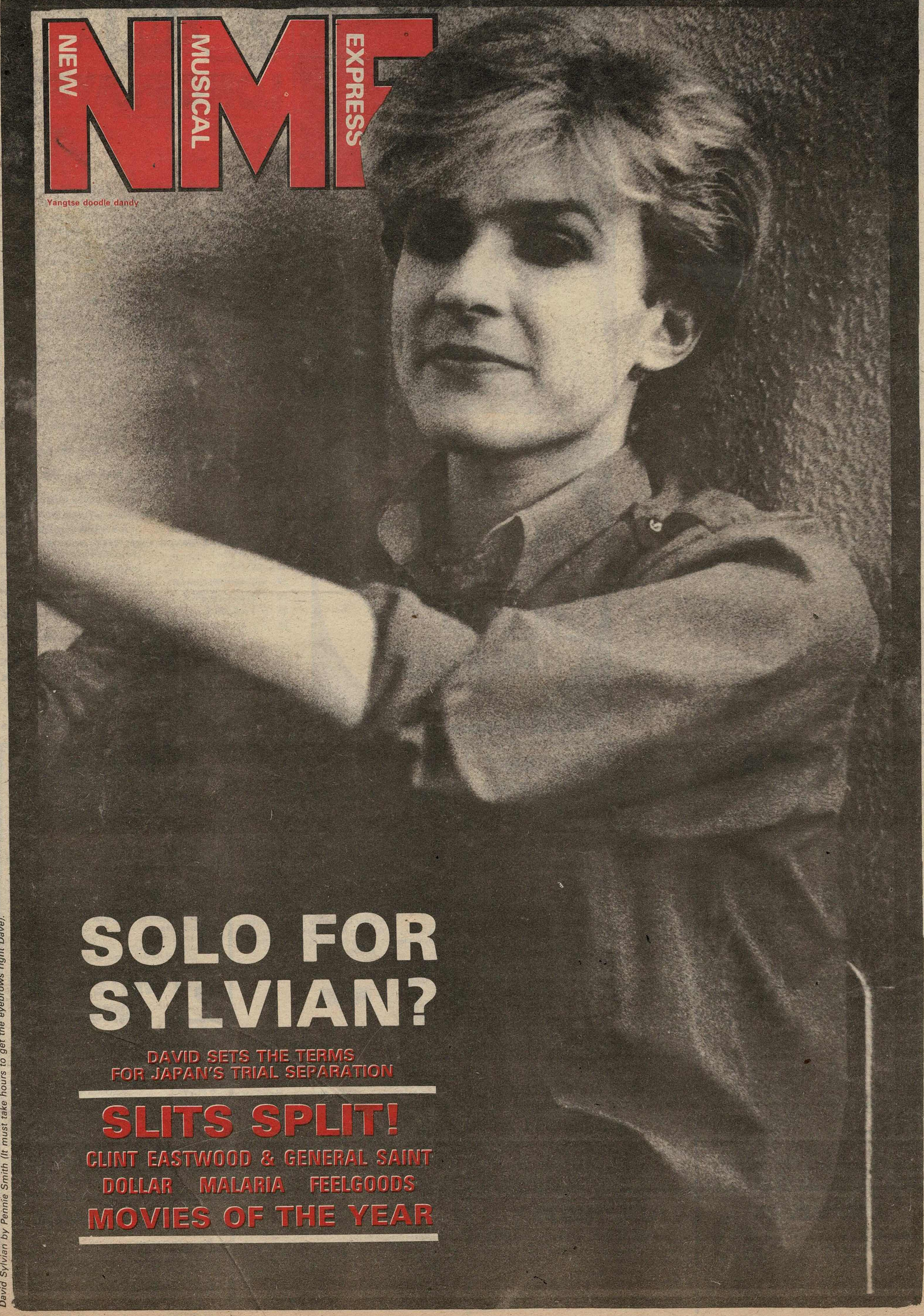
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Yangtse doodle dandy



SOLO FOR SYLVIAN?

DAVID SETS THE TERMS FOR JAPAN'S TRIAL SEPARATION

SLITS SPLIT!

CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT

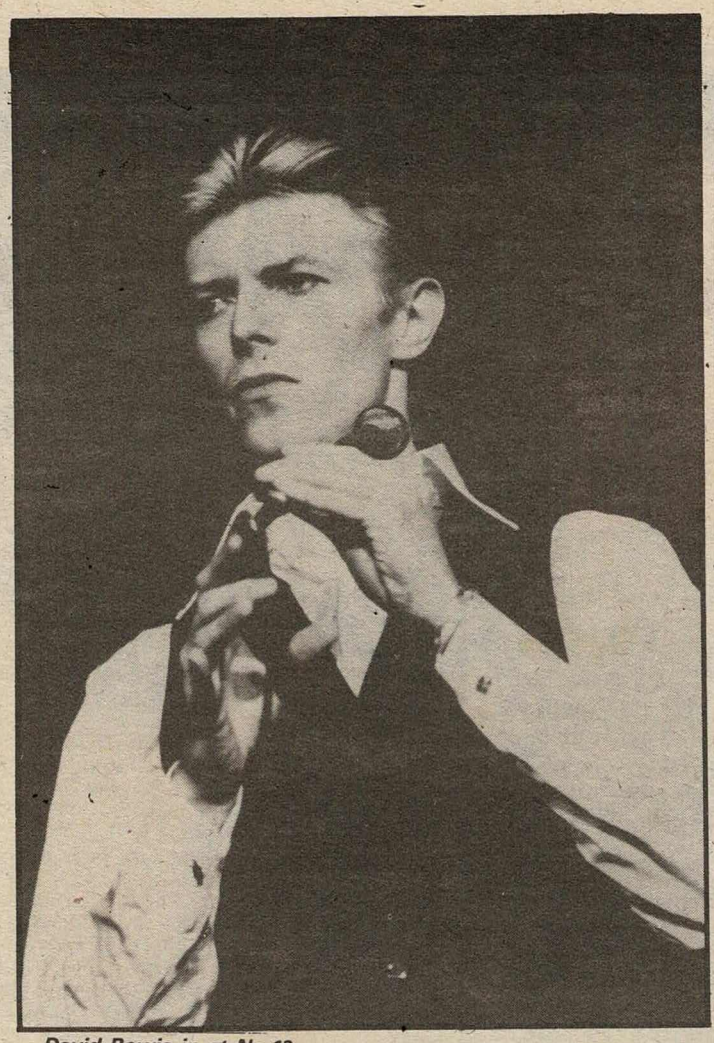
DOLLAR MALARIA FEELGOODS

MOVIES OF THE YEAR

David Sylvian by Pennie Smith (It must take hours to get the eyebrows right Dave).

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	4	**ONE OF US**	**Abba (Epic)**	2	1
2	1	DON'T YOU WANT ME	Human League (Virgin)	3	1
3	2	DADDY'S HOME	Cliff Richard (EMI)	5	2
4	3	ANT RAP	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	2	3
5	6	IT MUST BE LOVE	Madness (Stiff)	3	5
6	19	THE LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	2	6
7	10	WEDDING BELLS	Godley & Creme (Polydor)	4	7
8	5	BEGIN THE BEGUINE	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	8	1
9	13	ROCK 'N' ROLL	Status Quo (Vertigo)	3	9
10	12	SPIRITS IN THE MATERIAL WORLD	The Police (A&M)	3	10
11	7	WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE	Diana Ross (Capitol)	9	4
12	8	LET'S GROOVE	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	7	3
13	11	BED SITTER	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	6	4
14	29	MIRROR MIRROR	Dollar (WEA)	2	14
15	17	MY OWN WAY	Duran Duran (EMI)	4	15
16	8	UNDER PRESSURE	David Bowie & Queen (EMI)	7	1
17	(—)	YOUNG TURKS	Rod Stewart (Delite)	1	17
18	(—)	I'LL FIND MY WAY HOME	Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)	1	18
19	18	FLASHBACK	Imagination (R & B)	4	18
20	23	TONIGHT I'M YOURS	Rod Stewart (Riva)	10	7
21	22	LET'S ALL SING LIKE THE BIRDIES SING	Tweets (PRT)	4	21
22	26	THE LUNATICS HAVE TAKEN OVER THE ASYLUM	Fun Boy 3 (Chrysalis)	5	15
23	(—)	WAITING FOR A GIRL LIKE YOU	Foreigner (Atlantic)	1	23
24	14	CAMBODIA	Kim Wilde (RAK)	5	13
25	(—)	STARS OVER 45	Chas & Dave (Rockney)	1	25
26	21	AY AY AY AY MOOSEY	Modern Romance (WEA)	6	12
27	15	I GO TO SLEEP	The Pretenders (Real)	6	7
28	(—)	HOKEY COKEY	Snowmen (Stiff)	1	28
29	25	I COULD BE HAPPY	Altered Images (Epic)	2	25
30	(—)	MERRY XMAS EVERYBODY	Slade (Polydor)	1	30



David Bowie in at No.19

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	15	**THE VISITORS**	**Abba (Epic)**	2	1
2	1	DARE	Human League (Virgin)	10	1
3	3	CHART HITS '81	Various (K-Tel)	5	1
4	4	QUEEN GREATEST HITS	Queen (EMI)	7	1
5	2	PRINCE CHARMING	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	7	1
6	7	THE BEST OF BLONDIE	Blondie (Chrysalis)	8	4
7	8	SIMON & GARFUNKEL COLLECTION	Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)	4	7
8	5	PEARLS	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	6	5
9	6	BEGIN THE BEGUINE	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	3	6
10	23	WIRED FOR SOUND	Cliff Richard (EMI)	12	6
11	12	TONIGHT I'M YOURS	Rod Stewart (Riva)	6	8
12	10	GHOST IN THE MACHINE	The Police (A&M)	8	4
13	11	SHAKY	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	14	2
14	9	FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK	AC/DC (Atlantic)	3	3
15	20	ALL THE GREATEST HITS	Diana Ross (Motown)	5	15
16	14	ARCHITECTURE AND MORALITY	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	7	3
17	25	PERHAPS LOVE	Placido Domingo / John Denver (CBS)	3	17
18	(—)	IF I SHOULD LOVE AGAIN	Barry Manilow (Arista)	8	3
19	(—)	CHANGESTWOBOWIE	David Bowie (RCA)	1	19
20	22	HANSIMANIA	James Last (Polydor)	4	19
21	(—)	CHAS & DAVE'S CHRISTMAS JAMBOREE BAG	Chas & Dave (Warwick)	1	21
22	18	RAISE	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	6	11
23	(—)	DURAN DURAN	Duran Duran (EMI)	17	2
24	(—)	LOVE SONGS	Cliff Richard (EMI)	16	1
25	(—)	REJOICE	St Paul's Boy Choir (K-Tel)	1	25
26	(—)	HAWAIIAN PARADISE/CHRISTMAS	Wout Steenhuis (Warwick)	1	26
27	(—)	HEDGEHOG SANDWICH	Not The Nine O'Clock News (BBC)	6	10
28	(—)	ISMISM	Godley & Creme (Polydor)	3	23
29	(—)	THE OFFICIAL BBC ROYAL WEDDING ALBUM	(BBC)	5	4
30	(—)	WE ARE MOST AMUSED (BEST OF BRITISH COMEDY)	Various (Ronco/Charisma)	1	30

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Don't Let Them Grind You Down**	Exploited/Anti-Pasti (Exploited)
2	(3)	**Friday 13th (EP)**	Damned (NEMS)
3	(28)	**Streets Of London**	Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
4	(5)	**In God We Trust**	Dead Kennedys (Statik)
5	(4)	**Lie Dream Of A Casino Soul**	Fall (Kamera)
6	(11)	**Waterline**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
7	(2)	**Four More From Toyah**	Toyah (Safari)
8	(8)	**Eddies Out/Jazz The Glass (12" & 7")**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
9	(10)	**This Is Your Captain Speaking**	Captain Sensible (Crass)
10	(—)	**Happy Crassmas**	Crass (Crass)
11	(14)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag**	Pigbag (Y)
12	(22)	**Everything's Gone Green**	New Order (Factory)
13	(6)	**Big Gold Dream**	Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
14	(—)	**Headbutts**	Otway and Barrett (Stiff Indie)
15	(7)	**Sweetest Girl**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
16	(13)	**Distort To Deafness**	Disorder (Disorder)
17	(—)	**Bollocks To Christmas**	Various (Secret)
18	(19)	**Demolition War (EP)**	Sub Humans (Spider Leg)
19	(9)	**White Car In Germany**	Associates (Situation 2)
20	(15)	**3 Peace Suite**	Snipers (Crass)
21	(16)	**Countdown**	UK Subs (NEMS)
22	(17)	**Run Come Girl**	Talisman (Recreational)
23	(18)	**6 Guns**	Anti-Pasti (Rondolet)
24	(12)	**Lost And Lonely**	The Higsons (Waap)
25	(—)	**Last Rockers/Resurrection**	Vice Squad (Riot City)
26	(24)	**Dead Cities**	Exploited (Secret)
27	(25)	**Harry May**	The Business (Secret)
28	(—)	**Christmas-a-come**	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
29	(21)	**Indian Reservation**	999 (Albion)
30	(30)	**Evacuate**	Chelsea (Step Forward)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
2	(2)	**Best Of The Damned**	Damned (Nems)
3	(3)	**On Stage**	Exploited (Exploited)
4	(4)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
5	(5)	**Still**	Joy Division (Factory)
6	(8)	**For Madmen Only**	UK Decay (Fresh)
7	(6)	**LC**	Durutti Column (Factory)
8	(9)	**Anthem**	Toyah (Safari)
9	(7)	**Wild And Wandering**	Wasted Youth (Bridge House)
10	(11)	**Carry On Oi**	Various (Secret)
11	(12)	**Incontinent**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
12	(13)	**Pleasure**	GAOB (Happy Birthday)
13	(19)	**Present Arms**	UB40 (Dep Int)
14	(10)	**Fourth Drawer Room**	Associates (Situation 2)
15	(14)	**Let Them Eat Jellybeans**	Various (Alternative Tentacles)
16	(15)	**Present Arms In Dub**	UB40 (Dept Int)
17	(22)	**Punks Not Dead**	Exploited (Secret)
18	(25)	**Ghosts Of Christmas Past**	Various (Crepescule)
19	(—)	**The Last Call**	Anti Pasti (Rondelet)
20	(28)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
21	(30)	**Red Mecca**	Cabaret Voltaire (R. Trade)
22	(—)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)
23	(—)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
24	(—)	**Unknown Pleasures**	Joy Division (Factory)
25	(16)	**Whole New Generation Of DJ**	Various (Greensleeves)
26	(—)	**Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
27	(—)	**Prayers On Fire**	Birthday Party (4AD)
28	(17)	**Sound Of The Sand**	David Thomas (R. Trade)
29	(23)	**You Scare Me To Death**	Marc Bolan (Cherry Red)
30	(—)	**Playing With A Different Sex**	Au Pairs (Human)

REGGAE

1 **Rose Marie** — Lone Ranger (Black Joy)
2 **I'm Not Crazy** — Don McCarlos & Captain Sinbad (Greensleeves)
3 **I Need A Girl Tonight** — Victor Romero (Epic)
4 **Just A Little Bit** — Carroll Thompson (S&G)
5 **Ghetto Queen** — John Holt (Creole)
6 **I've Got To Find You** — Dennis Brown (Black Joy)
7 **Just One Moment Away** — Rudy Thomas (Creole)
8 **Holding On To My Girlfriend** — Linval Thompson & Nicodemus (Greensleeves)
9 **Pass The Koochie** — Mighty Diamonds (Music Works)
10 **Top Ten** — Gregory Isaacs (African Museum)

Chart by Bonaparte Records, 284 Pentonville Road, London N1

FUNK

1 **Freak Man** — Empire (RFC)*
2 **Body Shake** — T. C. Curtis (Groove)
3 **You're The One For Me** — D–Train (Prelude)*
4 **I Just Wanna** — Alton Edwards (Epic)
5 **Make Up Your Mind** — Aura (Salsoul)*
6 **Let's Celebrate** — New York Skyy (Epic)
7 **This Beat Is Mine** — Vicki-D (Sam)*
8 **69** — Brooklyn Express (One Way)*
9 **Shout About It** — Lamont Dozier (M&N)*
10 **It's Nasty, Genius of Love** — Grand Master Flash and the Furious Five (Sugar Hill)*

(* Denotes Import)

Chart by Tim Palmer at Groove Records, 52 Greek Street, London W.1.

INTERNATIONAL AUSTRALIA SINGLES

1 **Physical** — Olivia Newton-John (Interfusion)
2 **Wired For Sound** — Cliff Richard (EMI)
3 **Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic** — Police (A & M)
4 **Down Under** — Men At Work (CBS)
5 **Start Me Up** — Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
6 **Under Pressure** — Queen & David Bowie (Elektra)
7 **(Si Si) Je Suis Un Rock Star** — Bill Wyman (A & M)
8 **The Stroke** — Billy Squier (Capitol)
9 **Green Door** — Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
10 **Tonight I'm Yours** — Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)

Courtesy Kent Music Report / Billboard

WEST GERMANY SINGLES

1 **Ponolaese Blankenaese** — Gottlieb Wendehais (Teldec)
2 **Tainted Love** — Soft Cell (Vertigo)
3 **Ja Wenn Wir Alle Englein Waeren** — Fred Sonnenschein & Freunde (Hansa)
4 **Physical** — Olivia Newton-John (EMI)
5 **Der Papa Wirds Schon Richten** — Peter Alexander (Ariola)
6 **Rock'n'Roll Gypsy** — Helen Schneider (WEA)
7 **Japanese Boy** — Aneka (Hansa)
8 **Dance Little Bird** — Electronics (Philips)
9 **It's My Party** — Dave Stewart & Barbara Gaskin (Teldec)
10 **Du Entschuldigeni Kenn Di** — Peter Cornelius (Phonogram)

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **When A Child Is Born** — Johnny Mathis (CBS)
2 **Under The Moon Of Love** — Showaddywaddy (Bell)
3 **Money Money Money** — Abba (Epic)
4 **Don't Give Up On Us** — David Soul (Private Stock)
5 **Portsmouth** — Mike Oldfield (Virgin)
6 **Dr Love** — Tina Charles (CBS)
7 **Living Next Door To Alice** — Smokie (Rak)
8 **Grandma's Party (EP)** — Paul Nicholas (RSO)
9 **Somebody To Love** — Queen (EMI)
10 **Livin' Thing** — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing** — New Seekers (Polydor)
2 **Ernie** — Benny Hill (Columbia)
3 **Theme From 'Shaft'** — Isaac Hayes (Stax)
4 **Something Tells Me** — Cilla Black (Parlophone)
5 **No Matter How I Try** — Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
6 **Jeepster** — T. Rex (Fly)
7 **Softly Whispering I Love You** — Congregation (Columbia)
8 **Soley Soley** — Middle Of The Road (RCA)
9 **Sleepy Shores** — Johnny Pearson (Penny Farthing)
10 **Tokoloshie Man** — John Kongos (Fly)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Green Green Grass Of Home** — Tom Jones (Decca)
2 **Morningtown Ride** — Seekers (Columbia)
3 **Save Me** — Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
4 **Sunshine Superman** — Donovan (Pye)
5 **What Would I Be** — Val Doonican (Decca)
6 **Happy Jack** — The Who (Reaction)
7 **Any Way That You Want Me** — Troggs (Page One)
8 **Dead End Street** — Kinks (Pye)
9 **In The Country** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
10 **You Keep Me Hangin' On** — Supremes (Tamla Motown)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Stranger On The Shore** — Acker Bilk (Columbia)
2 **Moon River** — Danny Williams (HMV)
3 **Tower Of Strength** — Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
4 **Let There Be Drums** — Sandy Nelson (London)
5 **Johnny Will** — Pat Boone (London)
6 **Midnight In Moscow** — Kenny Ball (Pye)
7 **Happy Birthday Sweet Sixteen** — Neil Sedaka (RCA)
8 **I'd Never Find Another You** — Billy Fury (Decca)
9 **Multiplication** — Bobby Darin (London)
10 **So Long Baby** — Del Shannon (London)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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5000-seater hall, lasers, 24-track recording and video studios . . .

MAJOR ROCK VENUE FOR BRIXTON

THE RIOT-SCARRED area of Brixton in South London will be the home for Europe's largest and most modern rock'n'roll centre, called The Fair Deal, which opens on February 12. It's housed in the old Astoria Cinema, one of Britain's biggest picture houses when it was operating, and now converted beyond recognition at a cost in excess of £½ million.

But the venue is already encountering problems even before it opens, with snags arising from the most unlikely of sources — inside the rock industry itself, where certain factions seem reticent to support the project.

The Fair Deal is the brainchild of Alan Briggs, who is also running the centre, and he explained to *NME*: "For some obscure reason, a number of agents and promoters say they are reluctant to put anyone into Brixton. Not only is that bullshit, but it's also totally alien to the ideals for which many bands are constantly campaigning.

"Brixton desperately needs a leisure facility to help defuse the prickly situation, and now the district is getting the best rock centre in Europe. I've had the utmost co-operation from the authorities — but I certainly didn't expect opposition from within the music biz.

"Fortunately, we've had enthusiastic support from some sections. The Clash are pencilled in for a couple of shows in mid-February, The Human League are definite for two nights at the end of March, and we are negotiating with several other top bands.

"However, because of the resistance, I haven't yet been able to get a headline act for the opening concert — though I have lined up an all-star jam session to follow it, with names like John Entwistle, Roger Chapman and Bo Diddley.

"I think one of the reasons for the resistance is money. For my own promotions, I've pledged a maximum £5 admission irrespective of who's appearing — hence The Fair Deal. And I suspect that other promoters, who might consider putting in their own shows, resent this. What's more, I charge them a flat rate, as opposed to a percentage.

"Don't worry, it will work out all right, and I guarantee we shall have shows on a nightly basis. If necessary, I shall bypass the agents, and go direct to the bands themselves."

Besides its 5,000 capacity, the auditorium has two sound systems — including a separate unit for the circle — plus 85kw lights and a laser installation. The centre also contains a video studio and a 24-track sound studio, boasting the most advanced equipment available.

Perhaps even more pertinent is that it's creating 200 new jobs in Brixton — 65 security and 40 catering staff among them. And Briggs intends to stage one benefit show every month, which will raise an estimated £60,000 per year for local organisations.

Soft Cell cut disco LP — plus Mambas single

SOFT CELL, whose classic 'Tainted Love' recording achieves joint No. 2 spot in the list of 1981's top singles (see pages 22-23), aim for a hat-trick of hits by releasing a new single on Some Bizzare this weekend — titled 'Say Hello Wave Goodbye', it's taken from their chart album 'Non-Stop Erotic Cabaret'.

And they'll be promoting it by playing a number of selected dates, currently being lined up for later in January and early February.

Coming up in mid-January is a limited edition of the long-awaited 'Marc And The Mambas' single, recorded in Heckmondwike near Leeds, and featuring 'Fun City', 'Sleaze (Take It Shake It)' and 'Taking It And Shaking It'.

Towards the end of February, the band are off to New York to remix tracks for a special disco mini-album with the working title of 'Non-Stop Ecstatic Dancing' — it's scheduled for March release, and the 16-minute A-side will feature six non-stop segued, remixed and re-edited tracks.

The Softies. Such nice boys . . .

Vince quits while ahead

Vince Clarke (right) seeks exit

DEPECHE MODE are at present down to trio size, following the departure of the band's principal writer Vince Clarke. He apparently decided to quit the band a couple of months ago, but stayed on with them while they fulfilled their autumn commitments. Clarke will continue to write material for the group, though he will also be composing for other artists and for himself in a solo capacity.

At press-time, Depeche Mode were still seeking a replacement to join them specifically for live work, and they expect to be back to quartet size for the start of their 12-concert February tour — announced in our Christmas issue. But they will remain a three-piece for recording purposes and, in this format, will have a new single titled 'See You' released by Mute Records on January 25.

■ **FAD GADGET** starts the New Year right by undertaking one of his rare jaunts around the country, accompanied by his regular band — Pete Balmer (bass), Dave Simmonds (keyboards) and Nick Cash (percussion).

A number of dates have still to be finalised, but those confirmed so far are Retford Porterhouse (January 8), London Southgate The Rox (9), Liverpool Warehouse (14), Manchester Rafters (15), Brighton New Regent (21), London City Polytechnic (22) and Coventry Warwick University (23).

The outing coincides with the release of his fifth Mute Records single, 'Saturday Night Special' / 'Swallow It Live', both different versions of tracks featured on his album 'Incontinent'.

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Lowry

"Oh God! It's that bunch of tedious buggers who insist on dragging boring stuff like politics and money and war and violence into everything!"

Ari off to Jamaica — Viv'n'Tessa undecided

Split hits Slits

THE SLITS have apparently broken up, some five years after their formation as Britain's original all-girl punk group.

Lead singer Ari Upp has already left the country for an indeterminate stay in Jamaica, which she has long wanted to visit. The future of the other two Slits — guitarist Viv Albertine and bassist Tessa Pollock — remains uncertain, although they are considering a protracted visit to Africa, together with Neneh Cherry, who has been working with the group recently.

The split comes shortly after an extended UK tour by the group to coincide with the release of their debut album and single on CBS records, to whom they signed earlier this year.

The understanding at the CBS Press Office was that the group had split. When approached by *NME*, Viv Albertine confirmed that the threesome had no definite plans to work together again, and that they had formally abandoned The Slits as a working unit.

"It feels really strange after all this time together," she said, "since working with each other has been such an important part of the idea of The Slits, to be mutually supportive. It's definitely the end of an era as far as I'm concerned.

"Ari just couldn't take it, the weather was depressing her so much. She was desperate for sunshine. She's not English anyway — it's not as if she has any great bond with this country.

"Tessa and I are hoping to go to West Africa for a month or two — we don't know whether it will happen yet but it would be good to get away and reconsider things.

"I always thought that eventually we would make it."

The Slits' success was always more on an artistic and innovative level than in hard commercial terms.

As Britain's first all-female punk combo they blazed a trail that others followed, usually with less inspiration if occasionally with more obviously commercial wares. Their attitudes and appearance — simultaneously a satire and celebration of different notions of 'feminine' behaviour and dress — were widely emulated.

The group always showed influences ranging wide across the musical spectrum. Their first album and the notorious 'Typical Girls' single on Island, were produced by dub maestro Dennis Bovell, the first of several such collaborations between the producer and white 'rock' (The Slits never considered themselves a rock group). After their departure from Island the group released several independent singles on Y, all of which sold steadily, and a successful 'bootleg' album.

Following the departure of original drummer Palmolive the group's rhythms had been bossed by Bruce Smith, who is also with Rip Rig And Panic, as is Neneh Cherry. Maverick multi-instrumentalist Steve Beresford had also worked with the band, fleshing out and directing their compositions.

Their music was built around Ari's bewildering vocal dexterity and rhythms that raged from the straight ahead ramalam of early punk to reggae and dub themes and evocations of African rhythms.

— NEIL SPENCER

A Kennard collage from his Arts Council sponsored ICA exhibition.

Arts Council drops the big one on Kennard

THE ARTS COUNCIL seems to be in at least two minds over whether or not it wants to touch with a bargepole the striking anti-nuclear art of Peter Kennard, examples of which were featured in our Christmas *NME* and on the back cover of this week's issue.

Early last year an exhibition of Kennard's photomontages — accompanied by Ric Sissons' text — was on show at the ICA, a gallery financed by the Council.

Now we learn the same material, presented this time in a Pluto Press pamphlet called *No Nuclear Weapons,* has been banned from the Council's Long Acre shop.

The decision was made by one Charles Osbourne, director of literature. We wanted to know why but Osborne told his secretary to tell us "no comment" — a peculiarly arrogant posture for an officer of a public body which, presumably, is statutorily answerable to the public.

After some winkling, however, we learnt from the secretary that the ban was due to "political content".

Does this mean Kennard's work is not art?

"Ha ha," replied Osborne's secretary, "That is not what I'm saying. Look Mr. Osbourne has already said he doesn't want to comment . . ."

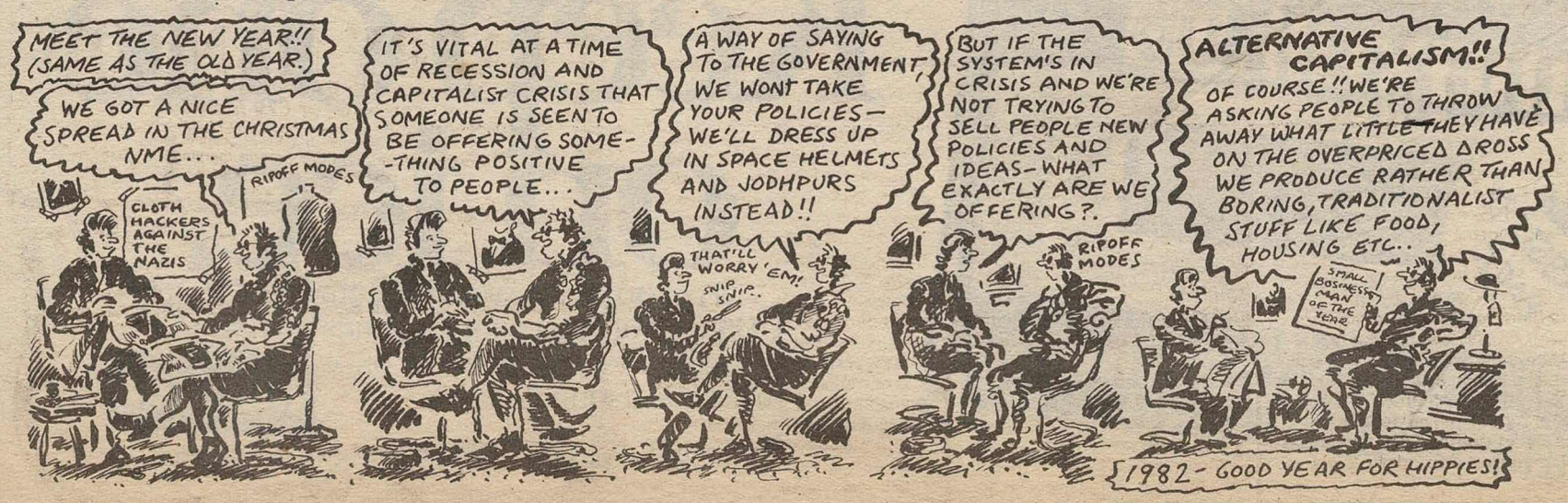
Perhaps Osbourne has forgotten or never knew that all art worth calling itself such derives from commitment — whether political, spiritual or metaphysical. Unless, of course he prefers pretty confections that enhance the status quo or that Osborne himself is practising politics and wishes to stem, in his own stagnant backwater, the unpredictable tide of anti-nuclear feeling.

Meanwhile the BBC — extremely fitful on these matters — has invited Kennard to supply a 1½ minute photomontage sequence to open a programme called *Lion's Den.* Due for screening January 3, 11pm on Channel One, this first of a projected series, will put a number of Rev. gentlemen against each other in attempt to answer "the most urgent question of the century — How Should We Fight For Peace."

This might even be the slumbering church establishment at last stirring himself — as has happened in Europe — to the nuclear debate.

— ANDREW TYLER

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry


MEET THE NEW YEAR!! (SAME AS THE OLD YEAR.)
WE GOT A NICE SPREAD IN THE CHRISTMAS NME...
CLOTH HACKERS AGAINST THE NAZIS
RIPOFF MODES
IT'S VITAL AT A TIME OF RECESSION AND CAPITALIST CRISIS THAT SOMEONE IS SEEN TO BE OFFERING SOMETHING POSITIVE TO PEOPLE...
A WAY OF SAYING TO THE GOVERNMENT WE WON'T TAKE YOUR POLICIES— WE'LL DRESS UP IN SPACE HELMETS AND JODHPURS INSTEAD!!
THAT'LL WORRY 'EM!
SNIP SNIP..
BUT IF THE SYSTEM'S IN CRISIS AND WE'RE NOT TRYING TO SELL PEOPLE NEW POLICIES AND IDEAS- WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE OFFERING?.
RIPOFF MODES
ALTERNATIVE CAPITALISM!!
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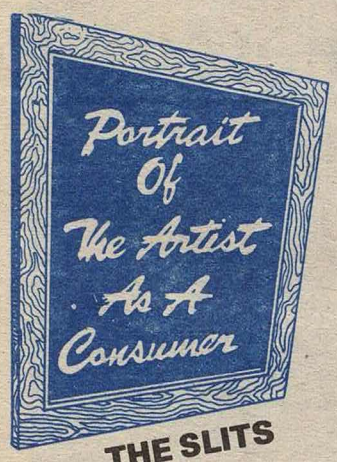
1982 - GOOD YEAR FOR HIPPIES!

Walter Horton dies after heart attack

WALTER 'Shakey' Horton, the blues harp player who blew with Muddy Waters and Willie Dixon, has died from a heart attack in Chicago. He was 64. During the '60s British blues boom he played with, among others, Fleetwood Mac and, most recently, he was seen in the *Blues Brothers* film, as part of John Lee Hooker's busking band.

Slits memorial photo L-R: Tessa, Viv, Ari, Bruce, Neneh. Pic: Pennie Smith.



THE SLITS

NAME: **Blob (a.k.a. Tessa).**
SEX: **Occasionally.**
RELIGION: **Music, colour, knowledge.**
FOOD: **Soft baby food that falls down your throat; mashed potatoes — yeah!**
DRINK: **Hot Ribena.**
PETS: **Spider and his mates.**
CLOTHES/FASHION: **Clothes that suit the mood, clothes as camouflage at night, anonymous clothes that keep you warm or cool. Skin and bones clothes. Fashion is for people with too much money, time and no soul.**
FILMS: **If, Oblomov.**
READING MATTER: **Picture books.**
PLACES: **Open spaces or up a tree.**
TV SHOWS: **Outer Limits, Bewitched.**
DREAMS: **To find alternative ways of communication.**
AMBITION: **To fly with no machine; a breath of fresh air.**

NAME: **Viviane.**
SEX: **It's very important to *know* yourself and stand firm otherwise you will be misled.**
RELIGION: **Religion for me is how you carry yourself — that you're strong inside — that you choose to fight off bad feelings like greed, possessiveness and jealousy (a lifetime's work).**
FOOD: **I don't like to be prejudiced but I like vegetables and fruit best — they clean you out. (But it took me a long time to get past city temptations).**
DRINK: **If water was clean it would be water (how I imagine water should be).**
PETS: **No to pets — yes to animals.**
CLOTHES/FASHION: **Can get out of proportion.**
MUSIC: **Any music with soul.**
FILMS: **Onibaba (Onito Shindo); Walkabout (Nicolas Roeg); Those who now it, feel it — Nicholas Pole.**
READING MATTER: **Maxine Hong Kingston — Warrior Woman; Chinaman. I like the Anais Nin journals. I am trying to learn to read music.**
PLACES: **Well, my back garden, most places with sun, strong atmosphere (even Liverpool).**
TV SHOWS: **Dallas — nothing really enough to say so — I prefer American TV all night and doesn't take your attention away from other things happening in the room.**
DREAMS: **Night dreams, learn to read them — day dreams, you could miss your stop.**
AMBITION: **This is kind of the same as religion — be ambitious for your soul.**

NAME: **Ariane**
SEX: **Sexy**
RELIGION: **I like God but he is not necessary religion. This is very important — that religion is made up by humans, maybe is even a kind of excuse for saying they like God — when they may not at all — and God never said he was religious.**
FOOD: **Born fish-eater.**
DRINK: **Pina Colada — nice New York drink, coconut with pineapple and milk and a little bit of rum, very recommended if you drop by in New York (even likeable if you don't drink alcohol because I don't).**
PETS: **Is a disgusting thought of how to think of animals as they are pets and are not like animals any more and it's a horrible word and invention for animals to be jailed and forced into the city life often for people's loneliness and there for security — I'm not impressed. It's like zoos. I hate zoos but I love animals.**
CLOTHES/FASHION: **I'm not interested.**
MUSIC: **Music is music, let that be clear for a start.**
FILMS: **I love the movie *Walkabout*.**
READING MATTER: **I don't read books or magazines.**
PLACES: **Africa.**
TV SHOWS: **Dallas, Outer Limits.**
DREAMS: **Strictly visions I deal with.**
AMBITION: **Go to Heaven.**

Hoagy Carmichael dies

HOAGY CARMICHAEL had quit counting long before the cover versions of his most celebrated composition 'Stardust' passed 1,000. Though he claimed to have knocked out the tune in under half an hour in 1927, it is such a perfectly crafted opus that Sinatra once chose to make a recording of just the extended verse on its own.

Hoagy Carmichael, who died on Monday aged 82, was one of those rare talents who always remained contemporary. Indeed, at the time of his passing, a renaissance of interest in his work had prompted George Harrison to record 'Hong Kong Blues' and 'Baltimore Oriole' for his last album, Carly Simon to include 'I Get Along Without You Very Well' on 'Torch', Georgie Fame (a diehard disciple) to team up with Annie Ross to wax 'In Hoagy Land' and the Japanese reissue of an album 'Carmichael Waxed' — with amongst others Art Pepper — was to be the most in-demand pre-Christmas jazz import around the West End.

Hoagy Carmichael could have lived like a sultan on the royalties accrued by such standards as 'Georgia On My Mind', 'Up A Lazy River', 'Lazy Bones', 'Two Sleepy People', 'My Resistance Is Low' and 'In The Cool, Cool, Cool of The Evening' (the latter winning him an Oscar in 1951).

This droll, mild-mannered artist much preferred a more downhome lifestyle. A product of the Prohibition jazz era, when he played piano alongside Louis Armstrong, the Dorsey brothers and Benny Goodwin, in the late '30s Carmichael became one of America's top radio personalities and a highly plausible character actor in Hollywood.

A compilation of all his finest recordings has just been re-issued on MCA, whilst no doubt his 1960s autobiography *Sometimes I Wonder* is being reprinted this very moment.

— ROY CARR

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NME

MALARIA

A Contagious Neue Dance!

Lynn Hanna meets the girls who put the Germ in German. Lip pic by Anton Corbijn

A Hanna-Bohn-Corbijn International Production

IT'S ON AN icy Christmas evening that a trio of *NME* investigators converge on a shabby hotel in London's Westbourne Grove; a multi-national deputation to conduct an international interview.

Anton Corbijn is here to create his inimitable visual record; Chris Bohn to pursue some of his own lines of inquiry and to help circumvent any possible language barriers; and myself because I saw Malaria play in London the night before and was struck by their resoluteness, their individuality and their alien sound and image: five girls with strong, striking faces who left a dark and potent impression of femininity.

The members of Malaria — Bettina Koster, Gudrun Gut, Susanne Kuhnke, Manon Duursma and Calli — are all crammed into one bleak and seedy second floor room. Five narrow beds and some soiled floral curtains lit by a single bulb in an ugly lampshade provide the setting for a group whose home base is in Berlin. Caught at an impasse during their European tour, Malaria are whiling away the time before they leave at midnight for the boat to Brussels with a mixture of boredom, restlessness and good humour.

They groan at the forecast in the paper of a possibly rough Channel crossing tonight, and they moan a little about the lack of early morning London nightlife and a certain staidness about what seems to them a conservative country.

"You want to go out and feel good, but there's nothing after two o'clock!" exclaims Gudrun.

This year in particular has seen the emergence of an innately German music that has suceeded in breaking years of an English/American pop hegemony.

With D.A.F. proving to be the spearhead in progressing from the underground to the charts, it is in some ways a reflection of a wider reclamation of a German culture that was fractured and discredited after the Second World War. Although recovery has been a long process, there is a refreshing freedom apparent in a comparatively rootless rock music that's not hamstrung by the tenets of tradition, just as German industry benefited from the clean break with past methods provided by reconstruction after the War.

"In Germany, there's no history of German music, like in England you have pop music and new wave music. In Germany it just started a few years ago and therefore it's not conservative," says Bettina. "People are still trying everything."

MALARIA WERE formed last year to learn to play live after Gudrun and Bettina had already recorded a 12" single under the name, after previously being part of Mania D, another German group who gained mild notoriety.

On April 20 Malaria will celebrate their first birthday by playing in Berlin; an opportunity to assess their first year of existence and plan the next stage of their project. Such a methodical approach seems appropriate for a group with a strong sense of purpose and an air about them that seems to defy deviation.

"Our first year was for gaining experience, for learning the basics," says Bettina, and since April they've played about 60 times in America, England, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden and Belgium.

"When we started we didn't know anything about music, we didn't accept any rules. After a while we got a little bit of order, an arrangement into it."

As part of this process, they also decided that everywhere they went they'd try to make a record — on independent labels since they still feel that flirting with the major companies is inviting future compromise. Their current single 'How Do You Like My New Dog?' is on the Belgian label Crepuscule, they are harbouring plans for a single on the Au Pairs' label in Britain, and they've also had a slightly disastrous experience with a commercially orientated American producer whose studio results have yet to be revealed — and although Malaria view the experience as all part of the educational process, it was an experiment in the imposition of someone else's ideas that they are unlikely to allow to be repeated.

"After this year we will sit down and face the consequences," says Bettina.

More importantly, their first eight months together have given them that sense of uniqueness, a sound that's hard to place or parallel, that can occasionally occur in the very best of women's groups, partly because they are not inhibited by the constrictions of a basically male rock music. When Gudrun and Bettina, both visual communications students, started to recruit for the group, they deliberately decided that it was to be all female, both for the simple expedient of reducing friction between the sexes that they felt made them feel freer, and to bypass ingrained years of the rock tradition.

"It's nicer on tour. With boys there's always a little tension. With girls you can work easier," explains Bettina.

"It's more fun," smiles Gudrun simply. "And most boys have still got rock and roll ideas, that's really important."

Malaria's music tends to exhibit its freedom in its simple sense of expediency, the way that they'll sometimes swop instruments, use an unorthodox variety of sounds or just plain handclaps to create a starkly emotional atmosphere. Part of its strength is undoubtedly in their appearance, a cleverly calculated uniformity that at first sight seems an almost uncanny likeness, cropped hair greased back, pale faces darkly painted and similar, stylish, utilitarian clothes that create a strong sense of cohesion.

It's an androgynous image, successful because of the way women can easily incorporate and utilise elements of both the sexes in their appearance, and it makes for a powerful, sexual image of femininity that's still outrageously uncommon in most conventional rock music, and whose nearest British equivalent is probably Siouxsie Banshee.

"We did it because we thought it's nice to look alike because the whole world is uniformed somehow, in jeans or whatever," says Bettina. "You can look at someone and see what group he's in, especially here in England, I think it's very obvious."

"But it's also because we like to dress up, because we're girls," adds Gudrun.

"Girls can be strong," Bettina continues. "We want to emphasise we are in an all-girl band, but our dress is also neutral. On one level, it is important if you are a boy or a girl. But on another level, it's not important, you want to be personalities."

The discrepancies in Malaria's music, between their subject matter and the violence of its presentation, their sex and their appearance, can create something akin to a shock reaction in their audience. When they announce a love song, they embark on a fierce, harsh, repetitious track with vocals that sound torrid and nearly overwrought to British ears.

"Yesterday it was a bit like that," says Bettina. "There was one song where the audience looked as if they'd been hit in the face. What we do in the music is always ambiguous. When we say we make a love song, then we do something very strong and also something disturbing, because things are always like that."

The contradictory impression is also reinforced by the charged nature of Bettina's vocals, which owe something to the tradition of German songs during the '20s and '30s.

"You're not afraid to use those elements of German culture that can appear kitsch?" Chris questions. "Some things are worth re-introducing into a culture that lost a lot during the War."

"The German element is heavier, more to the ground, more solid," says Bettina. "I think that makes it a little bit dramatic. It's natural to us, because of our education and everything. But it's another thing only to copy the old traditions. You don't live in the past, you live now. But some things of the past are still very real now and sometimes we use them."

MALARIA'S utilisation of German elements is offset by the importance they place on travel which showed itself in their initial decision to explore outside Germany, and particularly in their perceived affinity between the atmosphere of Berlin and New York, and their incorporation of American elements fed through their own interpretation.

"In New York, particularly, everybody is getting poorer and things are declining, but on the other side, they also like to have fun and go out in the evening. It's very existential," says Gudrun. "Everybody is only thinking

Continues page 22

LIFE IN THE EUROPEAN THEATRE

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THE STAPLE, it seems, is still mightier than the Sunday supplement — fanzines and 'alternative' publications may have suffered understandable restrictions in format and distribution due to the economic slump, but there remains plenty of imagination — they roll in at the rate of six or seven a week. They continue to display an enthusiasm all too frequently absent from other coverage of music — and they don't hesitate to take ex-fanzine writers (or any others) to task for the loss of that enthusiasm.

The other biggest common denominator is political thought; there are more think-pieces and cautionary tales disseminating anti-nuke and generally Left-wing ideas in 'zines than ever before. There's also less nihilism and more positive orientation — no longer are writers just angry about things, they're actively working to correct them. All I can say, after perusing 62 'zines to come up with this selection is WRITE ON!

With apologies to anyone whose 'zine got nicked or lost in the post (it does happen), here's a 1981 TOP TEN . . . not in order of preference:

1. THE NEXT BIG THING *(Thrills 14.3.81)*: Editor Lindsay Hutton (who also runs the Legion of the Cramped fan club and collates their mag *Rockin' Bones*) has just put out a bonzo ish of this always-reliably fab *PUNK* magazine-style 'zine, handwritten in neat and pleasurable style. There's stuff on Northwestern American bands, new people you won't have met yet from Scotland and America, the usual Cramps comic (and a Roky Erickson strip), sagas from the past (Dictators return gig; Bobby Fuller Four story) and the present (Jersey's Ronnie and the Jittees) plus lots of local action. Opinionated, informed, and written with passion ("another milestone on the road to return of teen-based rock and roll on a mass hysteria level"). Absolutely great. This double issue (13/14) 75p P&P from 10 Dochart Path, Grangemouth, Stirlingshire FK3 0HJ.

2. STICK IT IN YOUR EAR *(Thrills 23.8.81)* is Geoff Wall's cassettes-only 'zine, the best and most exhaustive of its type. Even if you haven't *seen* a Stowaway close up it's delightful reading and mucho informative on this most important changeover in listening patterns. At 40p from 9 Gladstone Rd, Sholing, Southampton. Thanks for your enthusiasm, Geoff — it's contagious!

3. SUB/POP and **OP** *(Thrills 7.2.81)* are probably two of the 'zines most mentioned in *NME*; *Sub/Pop* is the best index there is of American local independent scenes, plus it's imaginative and the writing is snappy and descriptive; it has recently gone cassette *(28.11.81)*. *OP (Thrills 14.2.81)* is the muso's lonelyhearts — putting you in touch with whatever's to your taste, totally reliable in bibliography and guaranteed to bring interesting indie doings to your attention. *Sub/Pop* now $5 inc P&P; *OP* $1.50 not incl P&P; both from Lost Music Network, PO Box 2391, Olympia, Washington 98507 USA.

4. PUBLIC ILLUMINATION *(Thrills 29.11.80; 30.5.81)* Still the smallest and still the most delightfully conceptual of publications; available in the UK through the Arts Council Bookshop and Compendium Bookshop, London, for the equivalent of 50c.

5. STARZONE *(Thrills 23.8.81)* This Bowie-zine is only on its second issue, and its second topic (Ziggy Stardust) but it contains the same inventive use of pix and visuals (excellent 'Man Who Sold The World' collage) plus a request for readers to write in re the question "Was Ziggy a media hype?" Also Ashes to Ashes video pix and latest Bowie-nez (co-star in DB's 'Easter Egg Hunt' film project is Geraldine Chaplin, who step-*Mom* DB was lately squiring about . . .) Next ish: 'The side effects of the cocaine' and 'the stranger in a strange movie'; send sae for info-price to: 7 Churchill Way, Corsham, Wiltshire, SN13 0EB.

6. SHORT NEWZ *(Thrills 30.5.81)* A freesheet which went to multi-page size and doubled everyone's pleasure. Info from: Nancy Breslow, PO Box 1028, Gravie Station, New York City 100028 USA.

7. AUSTIN CHRONICLE: An introduction to a new newspaper in one of America's hottest towns for music — and much else, as even the food column indicates — not to mention exclusive interviews with film directors whose works haven't even *opened* here although they're British!!! It's a free bi-weekly, so you'll have to write but I strongly advise you to (unless looking at the concert listings — Ramones, Tom Verlaine, and four Brit bands in ONE WEEK live — makes you die of envy). From: PO Box 49066, Austin, Texas 76765 USA. Congrats, Austin; years after the demise of the *Sun* you're getting your own back!

8. i-D *(Thrills pre-publication preview, 16.8.80; 26.2.81)*: Love it or loathe it, it's still something you could send to foreign soil to provide a fair representation of what's seen in Central London's street, though it had to survive a substantial dive in imagination and a change of direction when Al McDowell departed the third editorship, leaving things to frontman Perry Haines and ex-*Vogue* dreamer of schemes Terry Jones. Now 75p plus 25p P&P from 71 Sheffiff Rd, London NW6.

9. VOX *(Thrills 29.11.80)* is a lucidly laid-out, intelligent read concerned with new musics of all sorts and with related endeavours such as performances, mail art, exhibitions, poems and lectures, as well as LPs and singles. Consistent in quality and dedication to the task they've set themselves. At 45p plus 15p P&P from 449a South Circular Rd, Rialto, Dublin 8, Ireland.

10. SANITY and No Nukes Music's fanzine **REBEL WITH A BRAIN;** both are in early stages yet but both are vital reading matter, particularly well-presented in the first case and keenly tackled in the latter. *Sanity* (Thrills 28.11.81) and *Rebel With a Brain (Plutonium Blondes 28.11.81)* at 40p and 25p (enclose large sae for either) from CND, 11 Goodwin St, London N4 3HQ and No Nukes Music, 9 Pland St, London W1, respectively.

In addition to the above, there was also the Comeback of the Year from **WET: The Magazine of Gourmet Bathing and Beyond,** who went from Yucko-depravo back to their old inventiveness in two issues, and the following 'zines which continue with real promise: Max Bell's cassette mag **SFX,** the ever-progressing Australian cassette mag **Fast Forward, ZG** (which, like EWT, has very big ups and very big downs — only usually within each issue!), John Roxi's **The Palladium** from South Africa — to be commended for its enthusiastic reportage of the multi-racial SA scene plus its international preferences, Bill Landis' one-page **Sleazoid Express** from NYC and Larry Kooper's ingenious **Play Lists.** The writing coup of the year still goes to **Comstock Lode** for their "Alleged in His Own Time' article on Peter Stamfel (un-bylined); they're at 51 Bollo Lane, Chiswick, London W4, 60p plus large SAE.

My opiates of choice are still **BIFF** magazine, Peter Bagge and John Holmstrom's **Comical Funnies** *(Thrills 14.3.81)* from the Big Apple, **RAW** Graphix (Raw Books, 27 Green St, NYC, NY 100013 USA; $4 without postage) — or Barbie's incredible half-inch thick *Away From the Numbers* for a mere 10p and large sae, via 80 Edencourt Rd, Streatham, SW16.

Thanks for a great year's reading, and I'm also sorry I haven't space to do more than give you the addresses of the following also-recommended mags:

■ **Human Soup Comics**/75p inc P&P / the work of Streetcomix-Graphicus vet Jaerzy Szostek / From: 14 Roundhay Ave, Leeds LS8 4DU.

■ **The Blue Blanket** / 25p + large sae / Troy Tempest covers the Norwich scene / From: 19 Carol Close, Upper Stoke Holy Cross, Norwich NR14 8NN.

■ **Beaten to the Punch** / 25p + 20p P&P / York's 'own' fanzine, nicely laid out and offering you a chance to learn X Moore's real name! / From 91 Fulford Rd, York TO1 4BD.

■ **Proper Gander** / 25p + large sae / collective of seven put together this intense 'zine, which lives up to its name and embodies several lively contradictions / From: 10 Brincliffe Crescent, Sheffield.

■ **Y** / 25p + large sae / From Nottingham, showing a real city, not the faked London of *Despatch*; Been around since '80 (From 64 Main St, Keyworth, Nottingham.

■ **Relay** / 50p or sample free with sae / debut of new mag about 'the airwaves', with some very interesting ideas and comment / From: Box 12, 2a St Paul's Rd, London N1.

And all you Vicious Hamsters fans, don't forget **Hamster** Magazine whose avowed purpose is to "publicise my band the Vicious Hamsters" — of value only to fans, but available from 248 Heronsward Rd, Welwyn Garden City, Herts. ALT 3JQ, "just 20p a copy". Bye!

Note: During the past year Boston Groupie News have been lumbered with an incorrect address in *Thrills*; the proper one is Box 450, Cambridge, Mass 02134 — they're now on no. 27 and it's one dollar without postage.

Thrills & Dammers by Anton Corbijn

SINGLES

Reviewed by Adrian Thrills

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

RHODA WITH THE SPECIAL AKA: The Boiler (2-Tone)
In a week that is traditionally one of the annual nadirs of the singles calender, a week in which the music business usually does little more than nurse its New Year hangover . . . a record that shocks and startles, ambushing the slumbering senses with rare power and purpose.

Rhoda Dakar was one of the odd-girls-out when The Bodysnatchers split and evolved into The Belle Stars at the tail end of the 1980 ska boom. The Special AKA are the ashes of The Specials — the trio of drummer Brad, bassman Horace and organist Jerry that remained after the desertion of The Fun Boy Three and a Tearjerker. Together they return phoenix-like, their spirits revitalised, to produce a debut as bold as it is bizarre.

'The Boiler' is a song about rape, a difficult subject tackled graphically in much the same way that Ian Dury confronted the pain of physical disability in 'Spacticus Autisticus'. Its chances of regular radio play are probably about the same as Dury's were — very slim.

The song builds in its six minutes to a panic-stricken, terror-crazed climax that brings home the full horror and inhumanity of the crime without in any way trivialising it. Rhoda relates the experience via a vivid monologue that reads like a harrowing court statement.

"There were all these little alleyways / The stink of piss / And all of the sudden, he grabs hold of my arm / He starts to take me up one of those alleyways / He starts to hit me hard across the face / And then he tries to rape me . . ."

The song dates back as far as Rhoda's Bodysnatcher days, but it is given a spine-chilling new dimension by Jerry Dammers' ingenious production and the eerily inventive playing of the instrumentalists — Dammers and Brad plus one-time Swinging Cat John Shipley on guitar, Dick Cuthell on cornet and another former Bodysnatcher, Nicky Starmers, deputising for the absent Horace on bass.

Whether this clever musical hybrid of 'More Specials' mood muzak and 'Johnny Reggae' pop pep is a pointer to what the General plans for the rest of the year remains to be seen. That he and The Special AKA are still *a force* is beyond doubt . . . don't argue!

GRANDMASTER FLASH AND THE FURIOUS FIVE: It's Nasty (Sugarhill American import).
A trumpet blares out a crisp fanfare as the synthesised pulsebeat pumps and chugs effortlessly into gear. A rabble rousing chorus of kazoos — you remember, those tacky plastic thingummybobs that you had to repair with a bit of bog paper when they disintegrated five minutes after you bought them — hum and fart and glide into the growing cacophony: *"Ladies and gentlemen . . . it is now the time . . . for the Grandmaster Flash . . . and his Furious Five MCs!"*

Flash is fast and Flash is back. The quicksilver king of the deejay console and his superbad crew of South Bronx rappers burst into the new year with the same drive and ebullience with which they illuminated the old ones. Hot on the hippity-hops of 'Super Rappin', 'Freedom', 'The Birthday Party' and the celebrated 'Wheels Of Steel', this is the fifth outing for Flash, Cowboy, Creole, Scorpio and the rest of the gang.

'It's Nasty' is the Tom Tom Club's gorgeous 'Genius Of Love' single after an afternoon in the rap factory: the rap quintet take Chris and Tina's opus and totally transforms it. Sugarhill-style, only the familiar radar-scan bleeps of the original song rendering it recognisable. The fab Five champ in turn at the bit, slipping and dipping between French and Spanish before diving into their inimitable South Bronx brogue.

"Grandmaster Flash is willing and able / He's the king with the cuts on two turntables / He's the grand, grand, the master man / So fast with his hand he don't need no band! / Rocks forty-five and thirty-three / Rocks boys, men, women and young ladies / He can slice up the sides, it's almost funny / And he makes better love than a mint makes money!"

It's a fast-moving picture of bravado and backflips, zodiac signs and comically sex-aggerated machismo, gangsters of the groove and boy meets girl. And if the slogans look a bit mindless in cold, harsh print, it's a different story on the record with the verbal rhythm of the rappers in full, princely flow. Flash is far from banal and far from formulised (yet).

There's the old temptation to come over all sociological and tout records like this as the rappers' antidote to the hardship and struggle of everyday life on the razor's edge of the American ghetto. It *is*, of course, but the prime reason for rap's current vitality is its simple affirmation of love and life. It ain't no sin to be glad you're alive! 'It's Nasty' is an electrifying jolt of joyful energy.

Flash will lubricate your living room or liven up your best New Year parties. Who needs a band when your feet just GO!

NEW ORDER: Everything's Gone Green/Mesh/Cries And Whispers (Factory Benelux import)
Their most assure and assuring step since the first one, 'Ceremony', almost a year ago. This three-track Belgian EP is alert and inventive where much of the 'Movement' LP seemd tepid and uncertain. This is almost the New Order *pop* single.

Having faced a difficult year with determination and courage, the group are now far more concise and confident than most of their recent reviews would suggest. 'Everything's Gone Green' reverberates with a lot of the familiar hallmarks — the regulated, fractured Morris drumming, the driving, gutteral Hook bass, the fragile, callow Albrecht vocal — but this 12" mix is harder and more expansive than the cut of the autumn.

The two other tracks are released here for the first time, maintaining the Factory/Crepuscule tradition of channelling different material through their various outlets. 'Mesh' is a vague echo of the desolate shadowplay of another era, but with the swathes of net-curtain synth now more to the fore. 'Cries And Whispers' is yet another sure step away from that 'awesome', 'atmospheric' Hannett wall of sound. The bassline is acoustic (shock!) and the rhythm a series of jumpstarts and grinding halts.

The music is now more ambient than in the past. The effect relies on an overall mood and melody rather than any particular lyrical message . . . but the majesty remains. The feeling here is that the best is yet to come.

TAANA GARDNER: No Frills (West End American import)
Getting away from that home of the hits Ze and the well-publicised rap of Sugarhill and Enjoy, there was a stream of fine New York singles which didn't get the attention they deserved last year — The Bush Tetras couplet 'Boom' and 'Too Many Creeps' were two but the best was undoubtedly Taana Gardner's sublime 'Heartbeat', a wonderfully erotic exercise in warm, enveloping body music. As essential as it was sensual, the song even invited a strictly rapwise reply in 'Feel The Heartbeat' by The Treacherous Three.

Maybe 'No Frills' will fare better, although it would probably take a British release to do it and such things are notoriously long in coming — look how long it took Pye to pick up on 'Wheels Of Steel' . . . wasn't it six, seven months?

'No Frills' boasts the same languid swing as 'Heartbeat', the same gloriously understated rhythm. And, if the song is not quite in the same class, the singer's performance resounds with the same bittersweet yearning, the same passion, the same intimacy, the same subtlety . . . play late.

THE BANG GANG: Street Music (Sugarscope American import)
The Manhattan music scene, of course, is not *all* about exciting sounds and good times. Most New York singles are as dull and predictable as the average British release, if not more so. Take The Bang Gang and 'Street Music', which laboriously drags out a point hardly worth making in the first place: *"I'll keep on working those sleazy bars / Playing the lowdown sound of . . ."* — you guessed it — *". . . Street music!"*

The song is flat, discofied funk, tight and taut and not too much else apart from a few heys and hos and off to boogie we jolly well go. Give me the rapturous refinements and *real* streetwise wit and urgency of Flash and the Five over this dross any day.

FIRE ENGINES: Big Gold Dream (Pop Aural)
Picture a mythical square with Bow Wow Wow, James Brown, T. Rex and the Velvets at each of its corners and you would find Edinburgh's Fire Engines somewhere near the middle, if not dead centre. The epitome of what a modern male pop group should be — more guile than D.A.F., more guts than Depeche Mode — they have mellowed ever so slightly from the caustic, anarchic beginnings, searching for the hit that 'Candyskin' should have been.

This is their most ambitious single to date, produced to seduce by Fast operator Bob Last, embellished with the addition of former Flowers Hilary Morrison and Simon Best on backing vocals and keyboards, and packaged more extravagantly than any single I have ever owned — a glossy, full-colour, 12", gatefold sleeve, not forgetting the accompanying booklet! So this is what becomes of the lucre the manager Last gets from making The Human League into the biggest band in Britain as I write!

The cover, with its assorted imagery of armchairs, uncooked meat slabs, a packet of Bold Automatic and a set of pipes, is obviously striving to say something or other about the Fire Engines as the ultimate household pop commodity, the ultimate fast product if you like, a vision echoed in the song itself: *"My new flesh, its cheap curtain material"*.

The Fire Engines — suck them sideways.

PROPHETIC FOUR: Escape (Nightsun)
The band name suggests rap, the rather shoddy zerox packaging indicates industrial punk barely a rung above garageland and the West London quartet describe themselves as 'dub assassins'. The reality lies closer to that genre of metallic rock-dub sound collage championed in the past by the likes of Jah Wobble (very successfully), Demon Preacher (not so successfully), Public Image (occasionally successfully), Scritti Politti (very artily) and Killing Joke (very, er, legless gothic punk).

'Escape' is a sporadically intriguing 12" scrapbook of streetnoise and radio news reportage, constructed as a monotonous montage over an echoing bassline. Nightsun Discs are at 26 Wendell Road, London W12.

JERMAINE JACKSON: I'm Just Too Shy (Motown)
THE TEMPTATIONS: Aiming At Your Heart (Motown)
THE COMMODORES: Oh No (Motown)
RICK JAMES: Super Freak (Motown)
With the ever-honourable exception of the *really* old guard — Smokey, Stevie and Marvin — the men of Motor City have largely just sat by and watched as the empire on which the hits never set sank — into the dank depths of *not being able to produce the songs anymore*. As you would expect, the musicianship on all four of these singles is immaculate, if a little unimaginative in places. But what's the point of proficiency when there's no real filling inside the pie, no real *songs?*

Some of these singles have been lying around for ages, but just for the record . . . Jermain's cold-footed foray must rank as one of the most vapid singles of the past year; The Temps are currently serving up the sort of slush that council workmen were clearing off the streets last week; and The Commodores' single is so goddam middle-of-the-road that it should come complete with free crash barriers. Rick James, however, is the only one with any balls — he wears them on the end of his fancy Prince plaits.

THEATRE OF HATE: Do You Believe In The Westworld (Burning Rome)
The house that Johnny built has never been quite the same since all those brooding, bombastic progressive rock bands began slipping in through the back door — Killing Joke, The Psychedelic Furs, Bauhaus, Theatre Of Hate, Wasted Youth, UK Decay . . . an endless litany curtailed for the benefit of those prone to earache. Even your *NME* has been embarrassingly tainted with a number of writers plodding up the cul-de-sac of histrionic punk regression, led

CONTINUES OVER

Rhoda by Santo Basone

SINGLES

FROM OVER

by the pied-pens of Valac Van Der Veene *(Sounds)* and Mick Mercer *(Zigzag)*.

That much said, the new Theatre Of Hate single is at least a slightly more promising, positive step, due in no small measure to Mick Jones' imaginative production, which gives the song surprising clarity and focus: it seethes and simmers in a manner redolent of The Rich Kids' finest moment, the militaristic 'Marching Men', respecting the value of crispness and economy — which is more than can be said of their live show. There's a moral in there somewhere.

SUBHUMANZ: Demolition War (Spider Leg)
THE ENEMY: 50,000 Dead (Tin Tin)
THE TRANSISTORS: Riot Squad (Open Circuit)
ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE: Streets Of London (YXYZ)
UK: SUBS: Countdown (Nems)

'Real' punk might not be 'dead', but its artistic scope these days is pretty limited on the evidence of this quintet. Their musical aims extend no further than being able to play as fast, loud and unintelligibly as possible while the uniforms and sleeve graphics are rigidly *de rigeur*.

Only the moral fibre of those bands stimulated by anti-nuclear motives is of immediately redeeming value. The Subhumanz hail from Wiltshire and The Enemy from Newton-Le-Willows, wherever that may be, but both have their roots firmly in the Discharge mode of regional anarcho-punk: the subject matter of 'Demolition War' and '50,000 Dead' is as obvious as it is grim, but while The Subhumanz portrayal of the holocaust is the more vivid, The Enemy are the marginally more listenable band. The Subhumanz — whose single sells at a top price of 85p — can be contacted at 2 Victoria Terrace, Melksham, Wilts.

The motives and morals of Croydon's Transistor's, on the other hand, seem more dubious: *"We are the riot squad . . ."* Really!

As for the cherubic Anti-Nowhere League . . . yes, it is *that* 'Streets Of London', folk foghorn Ralph McTell's timeless antiphon regurgitated with all the traditional poignancy by Winston, PJ, Magoo and Animal: *"Let me take you by the hand/And lead you through the streets of London/I will show you something/THAT WILL MAKE YOU SICK!"*

And so to the Subs, who now have no pretension towards the buzzsaw punk of old. 'Countdown' is lumpen heavy metal, minus even the brisk pop punch that gave early singles like 'CID' and 'Stranglehold' at least a modicum of zestful lash and dash. And isn't the police siren that sounds as if it were lifted from the intro of 'White Riot' a little at odds with the subject matter as portrayed by the radioactivity motif on the sleeve?

THE SIGNIFICANT ZEROS: Jungle (Dingy Toons)

The Significant Zeros on Dingy Toons — the name says it all really. I used to have a soft spot for this sort of thing, but the joke wears a little thin the tenth time around. This is just the sort of irritating wackiness, sloppiness, laziness and self-conscious amateurism that dragged the *Garageland* do-it-yourself spirit down into a trough of parody and insulted those more inspired independents that successfully debunked the recording process during the height of punk.

The more *forward* independents — Factory, Dep, Mut, Crepuscule, Pop Aural and others — have forged a viable alternative to the slow-moving major labels by dint of their speed, style, imagination and quality control. The toytown tripe of the Zeros and their ilk is a symptom of the short-sighted scrappiness that infests the bulk of the independent scene.

It is not a question of resources. Just one of attitude. Go out and demand the world! If you don't get it, you might still get further than the Peel show!

JUSTIN FASHANU: Do It Cos You Like It (Rondolet)

For the benefit of the uninitiated, Justin Fashanu is the young black centre-forward sold by Norwich City to Cloughie's fading Forest for a cool £1,000,000 fee just before the start of the current football season. And if his meagre goalscoring record since that transfer — not to mention his present three-match suspension — has been pitiful, then this one, his debut single, is even worse, Brian.

As an attempt at a serious pop-funk record rather than the usual beery knees-up beloved of our soccer stars, 'Do It Cos You Like It' is relegation material — Justin's vocal capabilities are at best limited, the production is overblown in an effort to hide his deficiencies and the song itself is as unwell as a commonly-domesticated pet bird. I doubt very much if this one is going to be 'there or thereabouts at the end of the day'.

GLORIA JONES: Tainted Love (Inferno)

After the success of the Soft Cell 'original', it was inevitable that Inferno would dig into the vaults for this and inevitable, too, that it would be such a gem of a Northern Soul stomper, the rhythm chunkier than an Arran cardigan and the vocal performance stirring. One for all those who thought that the footsie was a game you played under the table.

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS: Listen (Chrysalis)

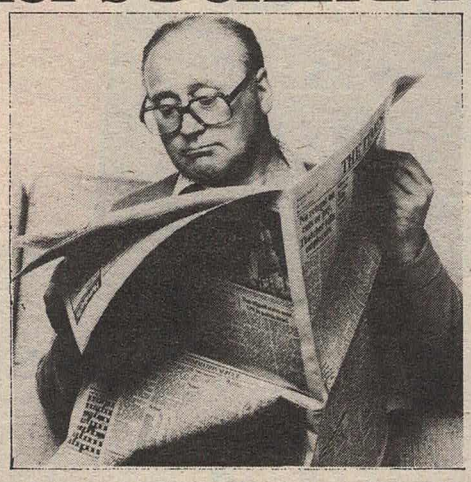
Blustery thud and blunder that, along with the recruitment of ex-TRB drummer Dolphin Taylor, seems to confirm SLF's sad degeneration into turgid tradrock. And Jake Burns' sacriligious exchange of his punk leather for the zoot suit he sports on the sleeve of this latest EP must rank as the year's most undignified spot of belated bandwagoneering.

TOM BROWNE: Fungi Mama (Arista)

Next to the mighty bass-pumping 'Funkin For Jamaica' — itself revisted on the flipside here — this is a disappointment. Tom Browne seems uncertain whether he should funk for Britannia or samba for Brazilia and ends up treading water somewhere in the South Atlantic.

Despite the flashy embellishments of some neat electronic bass and a sprightly horn arrangement, the docile calypso-funk of 'Fungi Mama' is as lightweight as the rice paper under a half-eaten slice of Christmas cake. In the frostbitten midwinter gloom of the UK, the odds on this Caribbean carnival chant making much of a chart impression must be pretty long. Next summer might be a different story, but that seems a long way off . . . I'm off to buy some gloves.

Eve's into Adam, Harry's onto Handel, and Father's behind The Times.



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MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE FEELGOODS

In the bleak midwinter, four figures remained unmoved l to r, The Big Figure, Lee Brilleaux, Sparko, Johnny Guitar.

It's R'n'beer and rhythm'n'booze as usual. Times change, but values don't...

BY CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

MADE IT THROUGH another day and here we are! The students of the fair city of Leeds play host to the band that defined British R&B for the '70s, and things seem to be heating up just right. It doesn't matter how many upturned noses and contemptuous guffaws their name may provoke in today's corridors of power — I mean, there's not a beautiful, neurotic young boy in sight — tonight, something is happening.

Nothing anachonistic, nothing foolish, nothing washed up and stumbling around for lack of the intelligence to die. This isn't even a case of a stopped clock waiting to be right for the second time today. This music and this band are as much *here* and as much *tonight* as any other band playing anywhere this same night, as any music on any record that anyone is listening to or even making anywhere in the world tonight.

Here's that beat (you take it and you shake it). This band play a music called rhythm-and-blues, which is — loosely speaking — an outgrowth of '50s Chicago blues bounded on the one side by rock and roll and on the other by '60s soul. It is the bedrock on which everything which has happened in the last twenty-five years rests, whether it is so acknowledged or not. The band playing it seemed like one of the greatest live bands I'd ever seen when I first saw them (slightly) younger and (much) thinner in 1975, and through some alchemy they still seem that way now.

Anyone here remember Dr Feelgood?

When the original Feelgoods — Wilko Johnson, Lee Brilleaux, Sparko and The Big Figure — arrived in London from Canvey Island in '75, they cut into the flabby, directionless scene of the time with — introducing today's first medical metaphor — a combination of surgical precision and wayward monomania. True, plenty of bands were playing R&B (someone nearly always is), but no-one was playing it with so much style and attack. Their short hair, grimy suits, sideways-wrenched ties and hard, sharp music announced more than the latest sighting of that entirely mythical beast 'the R&B revival': it was a clear indication that a large amount of crap was about to be shovelled out of the way. Not 'back to basics', but something far more formidable and challenging: *forward* to basics.

Since then, Wilko Johnson had gone, to be replaced by Gypie Mayo and then again by Johnny Guitar. We had the revolution, and then another and another and another until the whole thing became absurd. The revolution? Which one? Last week's? Thursday's? This morning's revolution or the one at teatime? R&B — and the Feelgoods along with it — became once again the subject for jokes about 12-bars and beerguts and real ale.

And here in Leeds the Feelgoods are on stage, and — while they are not to be taken too seriously — they are not a joke. Lee Brilleaux' hair is tucked behind his ear on one side and flopping loosely on the other — an R&B Phil Oakey? — and he glares around the stage, one arm pumping wildly. This isn't the fake bombast of the Heavy Metallers with whom the R&B gang are so frequently paired. This is something very straight, very direct, very clear and very clean.

Everybody needs a shot of R&B! Come on down to my surgery!

AT ITS WORST, R&B is the plainest and most pathetic sort of going-through-the-motions; it's when a band gets the same old Johnny B. Goode-Route 66-Mojoworkin' 12-bore blues. At its best, it's the centre of the hurricane, it's the index of what happens when you feel that you've just established an absolutely straight connection between yourself and the music. Now, it doesn't have to be R&B to do that; you may get it off all kinds of other stuff including — or excluding — your basic R&B. It's just that R&B is where rock and all the post-rock forms with which we co-exist daily get that straight connection from.

The greatness of Dr Feelgood — with or without the stark, monochrome metaphysical craziness which was, and is, Wilko Johnson's contribution to the world — is that they never loosened their hold on that aspect of their music.

Over Leeds local radio, Johnny Guitar — a six foot five inch American (from Maryland via New York via London and The Count Bishops) who recently beat out a mere 50 other guitarists to take over Gypie Mayo's slot when that rumpled, disolute-looking individual stepped down to devote himself to family life and the less demanding schedule of The Cobras — is permitting himself a wintry smile as the DJ inquiries brightly about the likelihood of another R&B revival. As far as Johnny's concerned, R&B hasn't been out of style since 1964.

"Yeah, you just grin when you hear that," he says later. "You grin and bear it."

The Feelgoods' touring routine is settled and comfortable, if unspectacular. When somebody else is paying, you can locate them at the nearest Hilton. If they're paying, you'll find them in some cheap and cheerful guest house where there's a good pool table and a good bar. They're never without those invaluable little volumes that tell you where the good restaurants and the good pubs are and then enjoy themselves. They play exactly what they want to play and they make a pound note; they don't feel bored or constricted.

"Eight bars o' pee-ano!" howls Brilleaux three-quarters of the way through 'Down At The Doctors', pumping his fist and glaring around at imaginary antagonists. This hallowed phrase, of course, introduces absolutely nothing except eight bars of bass, drums and rhythm guitar. As a Zen lesson in the futility of prophecy it is unparalleled in contemporary music, and when the song was first unleashed upon the public, the phrase became a favourite saying of my great and good friend Mr Daniel Baker, who became positively besotted with it.

"A definite case of eight bars o' piano," he would say, when anything which had been promised failed to materialise. The origin of this stupendous moment in the history of the recording industry is — until this moment — shrouded in legend.

CONTINUES OVER

FEELGOODS

FROM OVER PAGE

What happened was that when the Feelgoods were recording the 'Private Practice' album from which the song was (painlessly) extracted, producer Richard Gottehrer — an American, it must be stated — stepped up to over-dub the proverbial eight bars o' piano onto the completed track of 'Doctors'. Unfortunately, he was unable to come up with eight bars o' piano that anybody liked, which is why there is no such thing from end to end of the song. The announcement, however, remains. Lewis Carroll would approve.

The grin on the collective face of the Doctor remains. Their world is warm, gruff and yeasty, hermetically sealed from the ravages of time and infinitely self-sustaining.

The Feelgoods are a conservative band, yet somehow it doesn't matter. On one level, their insularity could irritate and on another it's fine. Can you imagine — or would you want — a Feelgoods gone disco or electronic or Latin?

White boy in town. Big black blues sound. Black man rhythm plus a white beat . . .

"I listen to the radio a lot," says Johnny Guitar. The set's gone down a treat from the rampaging opener of 'Best In The World' through the soul of 'Jumpin' From Love To Love' and the blues of 'Rollin' And Tumblin' ', 'Murder In The First Degree' and 'Everything's Gonna Be All Right' to the triple-punch hit-single ending of 'Milk And Alcohol', 'Down At The Doctors' and She's A Windup'. The inevitable curry has also gone down a treat, and the Doctor and the tape are simultaneously unwinding.

"I hear a lotta good songs, but they've all got that same fuckin' beat. You hear a lot of good songs and great riffs, they could have been great R&B numbers . . ."

So what sets R&B aside? What — for the Doctor — makes this music special?

"I dunno, really," muses Brilleaux. "It's *all* R&B. They just take it and fuck around with it and turn it into something else. They put cosmetics on it. Underneath its still the same thing . . ."

Johnny: "It all started there, and it could all go back there?' Who's that band from Southend, the ones who 'Just Can't Get Enough'? Depeche Mode! That's a *genius* riff. It's just like 'Baby Come Back' . . ."

('Baby Come Back' was a '60s hit for The Equals, a part-black, part-white band led by Eddy Grant. Okay?)

"You could do a really great gross Coasters-type version of that," Johnny concludes.

"We're in a little club that plays R&B," continues Brilleaux. "We're in the Snuff-takers' Club as well. Those people don't take snuff. We do."

From the moment he heard R&B and tasted beer, he was lost.

Johnny recounts the story of the day he got the job in the Feelgoods, and described running into the guitarist of an up-and-coming Heavy Metal band — a singularly brutish one, as it happens — and finding that guitarist sick as a parrot because *he* wasn't in Dr Feelgood and had to play HM for *his* pound note.

"R&B has no pretentions whatsoever. It's totally unpretentious music. It's *snivelling* music."

A huge collective guffaw of incredulity goes up. Snivelling?

"Yeah! *Snivelling* music! It just goes 'awwwwwwww' . . ."

Brilleaux picks up the thread — or tries to. "You never have to *think* about R&B. It just comes natural. Every time I sit down and think about it, I think, 'I've got to take this a stage further, I've got to turn this sort of music into *art* . . ."

Johnny: "I got that at the radio interview this afternoon. 'Do you intend to take your music a stage further? I mean, you're a goodtime R&B band, a *great* R&B band, but is that *enough* for you?' I just smile and say, 'Yup!' "...

Statements like the foregoing are simultaneously seriously misleading and the absolute literal truth. If Dr Feelgood really *were* nothing but a simple, goodtime R&B band, you not only probably would never have heard of them, but they certainly wouldn't still be around and in this paper today. That they made enough of an impact both to blast a path for punk and to survive it demonstrates both that they *did* turn it into art — as did all the great black bluesmen, rockers and soulmen who influenced them — simply by being hugely and quixotically themselves, by being personalities large enough to fill the canvas.

That's what distinguishes them from all of the thousands of journeymen R&B combos who could equally claim that they 'don't think about it', from everybody else who pounded out the 12-bars in the pubs. That's why they don't (need to) have any theories about it.

Brilleaux: "We've had three pop hits, but they was all R&B songs. That's the nice thing about being in an R&B band is that every so often, by luck or by design, you come up with something that can go in the pop market."

Johnny nods sagely. "Good tunes and a good beat, mate. Never lose with that."

Brilleaux: "We could go all out for well-made pop records. That's what lots of people want, and that's what the record company would like to hear. And then we'd be just like everybody else.

"Honestly, our act's so basic. We don't need too many lights or none of that. It's just *us* and either you like it or you don't.

MADE IT through another year and HERE WE ARE!

Back in another night, Brilleaux can rant — brilliantly unreasonable — about the evils of technology and the superiority of snuffboxes, snooker, curries, gin and R&B to anything else as yet produced by humanity. He recalls — still shivering at the thought — that awful day when somebody tried to play him a Kraftwerk record. Witness the Luddite:

"I thought it was a load of icecream vans gone wrong. I'd rather hear some geezer playing a comb and paper. You wanna hear a drum machine?"

He points to the seraphic, Buddha-like presence in the corner.

"A man like The Big Figure, *that's* what I call a drum machine!" Havin' it comin' out of a box made by some Japanese geezer ..."

Oh, come *on*, Lee.

"... takes all the humanity out of it."

They probably said that about the invention of the Stratocaster.

"And things have been going wrong ever since then!"

What about microphones, then?

"Oh, *microphones* are all right. I like microphones. Howlin' Wolf liked microphones ..."

Considering how 'masculine' the Feelgoods are considered to be — you know, all that snuff-and-snooker jolly-up stuff, it's worth remembering that their 'masculinity' at no point demeans, insults or objectifies women in the way that both hard rock bands and a few of the newer bands do. In fact, their approach to their work (instinctual, organic) is similarly 'feminine', refusing as it does to adopt conventional 'masculine' methods (theoretical, strategic). Their structures remain constant; their feel and texture develops and grows.

"... I tell you, though," remarks Brilleaux, "when you were talking earlier about how it was when we were the darlings of fashion up in London. We thought it was all a load of bollocks and we used to laugh ourselves sick about in the van on the way home. We're still laughing. You can't take yourself too seriously. Muddy Waters don't take himself seriously ...

"You've been to Muddy Waters' house, haven't you?" he asks suddenly. "What's it like? What sort of a place has he got, then?

I tell him that Muddy Waters has an enormous TV set and a lot of very shiny, up-to-date kitchen equipment and nice furniture, but that the house itself is nothing fancy, the kind of place that anyone who'd been in regular employment all their lives and had saved a bit could expect to retire to.

"Got the Moulinex, has he? That's about what I've got. Decent telly and a Moulinex. My house is all right . . . I was up at half past fuckin' five this morning unblocking the drains.

"It's all a load of bollocks, mate. Have a drink."

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Screenplay by HAL DRESNER
Screen Story by HAL DRESNER
and GREG ALT & DON MORIARITY
and BOB RANDALL
Produced by GEORGE HAMILTON and C.O. ERICKSON
Directed by PETER MEDAK

AND

You'll root for them all... but you'll never guess who wins.

THE CANNONBALL RUN A

GOLDEN HARVEST PRESENTS AN ALBERT S. RUDDY PRODUCTION A HAL NEEDHAM FILM
BURT REYNOLDS
ROGER MOORE · FARRAH FAWCETT
"THE CANNONBALL RUN"
DOM DeLUISE · DEAN MARTIN · SAMMY DAVIS, Jr.
JACKIE CHAN · MICHAEL HUI · ADRIENNE BARBEAU · JAMIE FARR
Executive Producer RAYMOND CHOW · Produced by ALBERT S. RUDDY · Written by BROCK YATES
Directed by HAL NEEDHAM · Music Conducted by AL CAPPS
Music Supervision by SNUFF GARRATT
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~AND ON GENERAL RELEASE FROM SUNDAY 3rd JANUARY

7-ZERS AWARDS '81

The first annual Shirley Temple Unless Ye Be As Little Children memorial fuzzy golden lollipop to **Clare** of Altered Images.

The first annual Blondie Picture This Award for services to soft porn to **Kim Wilde** and **Olivia Newton John** for their videos.

The first annual Steve Strange If The Caplan Fits Let Them Wear It Award to **Toyah Wilcox.**

The seventh annual Golden Phone PR Of The Year Award to **Keith Bourton** at Virgin.

The first annual Marc Bolan I'm A Poet And Don't You Know It Award to **Richard Jobson** and **Paul Weller.**

Footballer Of The Year: **Osvaldo Ardiles.**

The seventh annual drunk of the year award jointly to **Paul Morley** and **Ian Penman.**

The Eddie Yates Lucid Lumperprole memorial megaphone to **Perry Haines.**

Haircut Of The Year: **Terry Hall.**

Second annual Hazel O'Connor Most Unconvincing Parody Of A Modern Rock Star Award to **Sal Solo** of Classix Nouveaux.

The sixth annual Vasco Da Gama Touring Prize to **Spandau Ballet, Public Image, August Darnell** and **Roxy Music.**

The first annual Buster Keaton black bowtie to **David Grant** of Linx and **Nick Heyward** of Haircut 100.

First annual Nick Kent Musical Typewriter Award For Rock Journalist As Frustrated Rock Star to **Vivien Goldman.**

First annual Joe Bowie Gave Up A Lot But I Won't Give In Endurance Medallion to **Joe Strummer.**

First annual Buster Bloodvessel Beef and Braces Commemorative Chest Expanders to **Beggar And Company.**

The annual Bermuda Triangle Sunk Without Trace Award (incorporating the HG Wells Invisible Band silver salver) to **Splodgenessabounds.**

The first annual Roy Wood What's Christmas Without A Touch Of Tinsel Award to **Imagination.**

The last-ever Latin Lemon Meringue Pie For Being First Onto The Bandwagon to **Modern Romance.**

First annual Jake Riviera Boys Keep Swinging Leather Boxing Glove to **Kevin Stapleton** of The Teardrop Explodes.

First annual Terry Wogan I Am A Deejay I Am What I Play gold disc to Spinner of the Year **Steve Lewis** of Le Beat Route.

The annual Terry Jacks 'Seasons In The Sun' No Wonder Like A One-Hit Wonder Consolation Prize to **Department S** for 'Is Vic There' and **The Passions** for 'German Film Star'.

The first annual Holy Trinity Three-In-One Chalice to **Light Of The World, Beggar And Co** and **Incognito.**

The annual R Zimmerman Somerset House Scroll to **Kevin Stapleton** (nee Julian Cope).

The first annual Powerpop Invitation To The Party But No-one turned up Non-Event Certificate to the **New Psychedelia.**

The first annual Wreckless Eric You Can Try And Try But You Won't Succeed Wooden Spoon to **Bow Wow Wow.**

The first annual Sweet, Slade and Glitterband pair of brand-new blinkers for blindly following a lost cause to the ugly and ignominious end to **Garry Bushell** and the whole pathetic Oi shebang.

The first annual Porky The Plastic Piggy Bank ("Makes genuine farmyard noises") for services to nursery rhyme to **Clint Eastwood And General Saint.**

The first annual Ken Dodd Memorial Gold Lame Jacket Award to **Martin Fry** of ABC.

The Bryan Ferry Clothes Maketh The Men But Maketh Him What Award to **Steve Strange.**

The first annual When You're Smiling The Whole World Smiles With You Sucking Lemon to **Kevin Rowland.**

The first annual Que Pasa What Went Wrong Riddle Of The Year to **Michael Zilkha** and **Ze Records.**

The Practical Electronics subscriber turned Heart-throb Book Of Fairy Tales to **Phil Oakey.**

The annual Johnny Rotten Fastest Rat Off A Sinking Ship engraved lifebelt to **Max Bell.** Runner-up: **Al Clark.**

The Syd Barret Yes I Take Drugs Memorial Pocket Mirror And Silver Spoon to **Julian Cope.**

The first annual Prince Charles and Lady Di Loving Award to **Chrissie Hynde** and **Ray Davies.**

First annual Fred Astaire tap shoes for being the fleetest thing on two feet to **Michael Jackson.**

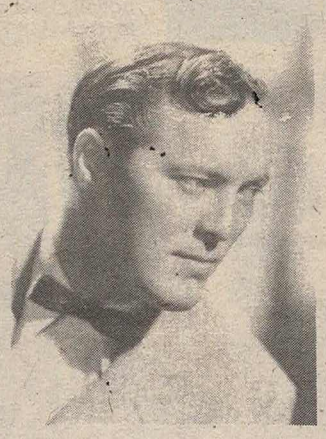
The first annual Siouxsie Sioux studded wristband for services to the Black Leather Industry to **Marc Almond** of Soft Cell.

First annual Mao Tse Tung Commemorative Chopstick for Cultural Contributions to The People's Republic of China to **David Sylvian.**

Wild Men Of Rock: **Depeche Mode.**

Last Year's Things

Pegs and fobchains
Revivals
Hedonism
Timbales
Performance art
12" singles
Rubik's cube
The work ethic
Ze
The word 'style'
The word 'rockism'
Cocktails
Pigtails
Tasselled tablecloths
Cheap fares
Independent labels
Major labels
Copespeak
Snooker
Summer riots
Literalism
Romance
Rock novels
Horn sections
Jungle chic
London listings guides
Isms
Acid
Beerguts
Solidarity



DECEASED

Bob Marley
Natalie Wood
Bill Shankley
Bill Haley
Kit Lambert
Claud Cockburn
Cornelius Cardew
Guy Stevens
Moshe Dayan
Bob Hite
Jud (Clock DVA)
Anya Phillips
Mike Bloomfield
Ron Grainer
Jock Ewing
Joe Lewie
Bobby Sands
Steve Curry
Anwar Sadat

Sandy of *Crossroads*
Sonny Til of The Orioles
William Holden
Michael Dempsey
Harry Chapin
Raoul Walsh
Jack Warner
Arthur O'Connell
Ross Martin
Paddy Chayefsky
Anita Loos
Gloria Grahame
Edith Head
Lotte Lenya

Hoagy Carmichael
The London Evening News
Trax
Garageland
Now!
The Specials
The Buzzcocks
The Chords
Gen X
Magazine
Josef K
Restricted Code
Sector 27
Selecter
Soft Boys
Basement Five
The Yachts
Original Dexys Midnight Runners
The Slits

Next Year's Things

Suits of armour/chainmail
Progressive rock
Teetotalism
Gigs
Vests
Nylon shirts (ugh!)
Coffee bars
Take-away cocktails
Household percolators
The World Cup
10" singles
Poets
Protest
Folk
Prison camps
Forced labour
Rock Against SDP gigs
The Coronation Street backlash
Collapse of public transport
Aussie rock
Tiswas for adults
Summer riots
Austerity
Asceticism
'Kid Creole to tour' rumours
String sections
Vocal groups
Chest expanders
Wig hats
S&M
Clash revival
Basements and lofts
Steve Martin
Dennis Potter on the big screen
Reds — under the bed and at the cinema

Silver

SILVER SCREEN FILMS OF THE YEAR

1 **True Confessions** (Directed by Ulu Grosbard)
2 **Southern Comfort** (Walter Hill)
3 **Raging Bull** (Martin Scorsese)
4 **Escape From New York** (John Carpenter)
5 **Time Bandits** (Terry Gilliam)
6 **Excalibur** (John Boorman)
7 **Stalker** (Andrei Tarkovsky)
Altered States (Ken Russell)
9 **Atlantic City** (Louis Malle)
The Long Good Friday (John MacKenzie)
Mephisto (Istvan Szabo)
12 **Melvin And Howard** (Jonathan Demme)
Violent Streets (Michael Mann)
14 **Montenegro** (Dusan Makavejev)
15 **Stardust Memories** (Woody Allen)

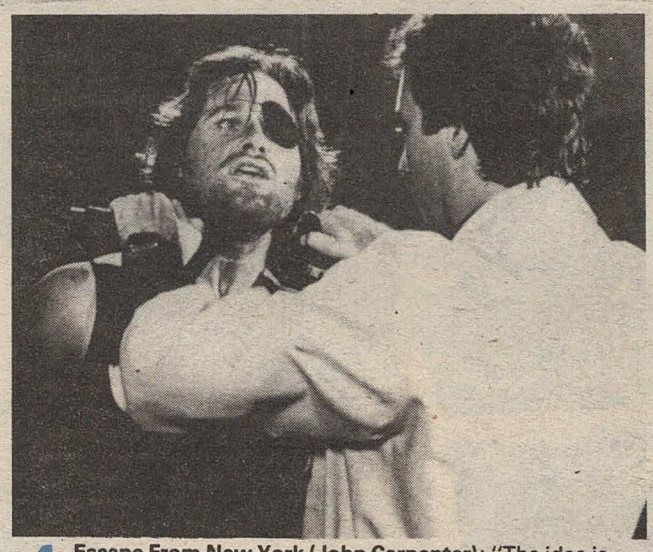
Chart compiled from lists by Chris Bohn, Richard Cook, Angus MacKinnon, Neil Norman, Ian Penman, Paul Rambali, Monty Smith, Neil Spencer and Paul Tickell

1 True Confessions (Ulu Grosbard): "Robert Duvall's Tom Spellacy is a seasoned homicide detective unable to flinch from dismaying and dismal clues alike in an investigation which accelerates from backlot murder to a lair of vested interests and bloated scruples stinky enough to open up J. J. Gittes' swollen bridge . . . Desmond Spellacy (Robert De Niro) is a small island of ecclesiastical coherence, toes testing the hot water of beneficial duplicity as he attempts to drag his church's cloistered ideology into the realty world . . . Their mutual resolution extends into a hurting assessment of faith, sadness and loss. *True Confessions* contains much sweet sorrow." — **Ian Penman (28.11.81)**

2 Southern Comfort (Walter Hill): "Hill has at last matched up his feel for form with some complex, even profound subject matter. The film could be seen as a militaristic re-run of *Deliverance*, but with even more nightmarish implications in so far as John Boorman's work put individuals on trial and viewed the process in mythical, if critical terms — goodbye to macho *rites de passage* and all that. *Southern Comfort* is this and more; it puts a whole nation on trial. The Bravo Team of National Guardsmen who get lost on exercise out in the Louisiana everglades serve as a microcosm of America. And of what went down in Vietnam." — **Paul Tickell (7.11.81)**

3 Raging Bull (Martin Scorsese): "*(Raging Bull is)* an almost impossibly unflinching portrait (and not one, incidentally, without its fair share of laughs and tender moments). It's impossible to dodge De Niro's emotive representation — all the stains, all the smiles, a tyrannical freedom of will, a spark of hungry hope bloated by success. The realisation of this macho dream has brought little contentment; the critical indecision ignores the facts of this film, methinks. When the imprisoned La Motta breaks down in utter psychological despair — De Niro frighteningly intense — *Raging Bull's* message, if you need one, is surely obvious: the mean streets are all dead ends." — **Ian Penman (21.2.81)**

De Niro in Raging Bull. Pic Justin Thomas.



4 Escape From New York (John Carpenter): "The idea is something of an American joke; New York has become a prison, with no warders and no rules. The city has finally been over-run by criminal violence, and a wall has been erected along the Jersey and Long Island shorelines to contain it. The subway graffiti has spread like a jungle vine up the World Trade Towers and the Chock Full O' Nuts is now chock full o' rats . . . *Escape From New York* is a fast, cynical, expert thriller with its tongue never far from its cheek." — **Paul Rambali (26.9.81)**

5 Time Bandits (Terry Gilliam): "Terry Gilliam's idea for a tale told by a child in authentic imaginative terms is a concept more easily planned than executed. Yet, with the help of a truckload of special effects, six dwarfs and a judiciously chosen cast, George Harrison's money and Gilliam's mediaevalist fun factory mind, *Time Bandits* just about pulls it off. A full throttle non-conformist fantasy, it boldly goes where few films have been before, and certainly not all at the same time." — **Neil Norman (18.7.81)**

7 Stalker (Andrei Tarkovsky): "Perhaps the explanation for *Stalker's* absolute originality and success in communicating such enormous resonance lies in its director's privileged but ill-defined position within the Soviet state. He might be ideologically restricted but, freed from the commercial restraints that weigh so heavily on film-makers in the West, Tarkovsky seems quite content to carry on making films that, as he's said himself, will only eventually find their audience." — **Angus MacKinnon (28.3.81)**

6 Excalibur (John Boorman): "Early word of Boorman's intention to commit the Arthur story to film aroused fears that he might make of it something that would fit neatly into the current spate of lacklustre 'sword and sorcery' flicks, all sinew, sex, blood and butchery, *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* projected onto Camelot without the songs. Such fears proved misplaced, for while *Excalibur* will undoubtedly benefit from its sword and sorcery associations Boorman has ensured the warmth, humour and humanity of the story are well represented alongside the fire and clash of battle, and the search for spiritual truth that underpins the tale is respected and explored." — **Neil Spencer (4.7.81)**

Screen Selection

7 Altered States (Ken Russell): "I found *Altered States* — grandiose cosmic popcorn — utterly irresistible and unconditionally recommend it; but more like a silly, breathtaking visit to a fun fair than a night at the movies. It's a ridiculous and possibly conceited combination of oddball comedy and blinding surrealism, mocking mirth and gargantuan metaphysical trek — as humorously impossible as a good cartoon and impossibly intense. The pay off is that *Altered States* dumps the chance of declaring once-and-for-all Man's Utter Abandonment in favour of a cute resolution — the power of Lurv conquers the void, Jung hearts run free again." — **Ian Penman (4.7.81)**

9 Mephisto (Istvan Szabo): "The movie *Mephisto* is at once more universal, harder and entertaining than Klaus Mann's narrowly vengeful little book. Szabo deals with the implications of an artist's evasions of responsibility and willingness to support a vile regime, just by being part of it." — **Chris Bohn (5.12.81)**

'82 Lots to look forward to, including Billy Wilder's latest sour comedy, **Buddy Buddy,** starring the incomparable Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau, and the double-up debut for Dennis Potter on the big screen: Steve Martin and Christopher Walken take the Bob Hoskins and Hywell Bennett roles in the Americanised version of **Pennies From Heaven,** and Denholm Elliott and Sting star in the controversial **Brimstone And Treacle.** There are also two from George Romero — **Knightriders** and **Creepshow** — and two from Jerry Lewis, who stars with Madeline Kahn in Kurt Vonnegut's **Slapstick** and with Robert De Niro in Martin Scorsese's **King Of Comedy.** We're also reserving seats for John Carpenter's **The Thing,** starring Kurt Russell; Warren Beatty's thing called **Reds,** starring Gene Hackman, Jack Nicholson and David Ould; Nicolas Roeg's **Eureka,** starring Gene Hackman (welcome back, Gene!); and Tony Richardson's **The Border,** starring Jack Nicholson (you too, Jack!), Warren Oates and Harvey Keitel. Oh, and definitely for Leonard Rossiter and Malcolm McDowell in Lindsay Anderson's **Britannia Hospital.**

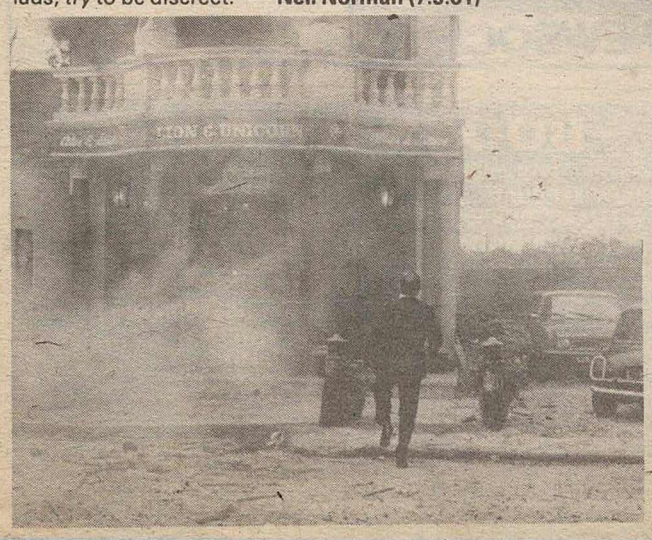
15 Stardust Memories (Woody Allen): "All the while, Allen packs in a multitude of snipes at the expense of the Star hagiography industry — 'I'm doing this piece on the shallow indifference of wealthy celebrities' — and the intellectualisation of simple things. Although Bates (Allen's onscreen alter ego) doesn't mind intellectuals — 'they're like the Mafia, they only kill their own.' Excellent, Woody . . . Allen can still turn something like an innocent trapped pigeon into a 'rat with wings' — but he can also turn a lazy Sunday afternoon tryst into the most resonant bliss imaginable." — **Ian Penman (20.12.80)**

9 Atlantic City (Louis Malle): "*Atlantic City* has already been designated the film in which the old acrobat Lancaster finally and abruptly ages but I think I'll remember it more as Louis Malle's sharp as cheese portrait of American mob culture." — **Andrew Tyler (31.1.81)**

Jonathan Demme. Pic Peter Anderson.

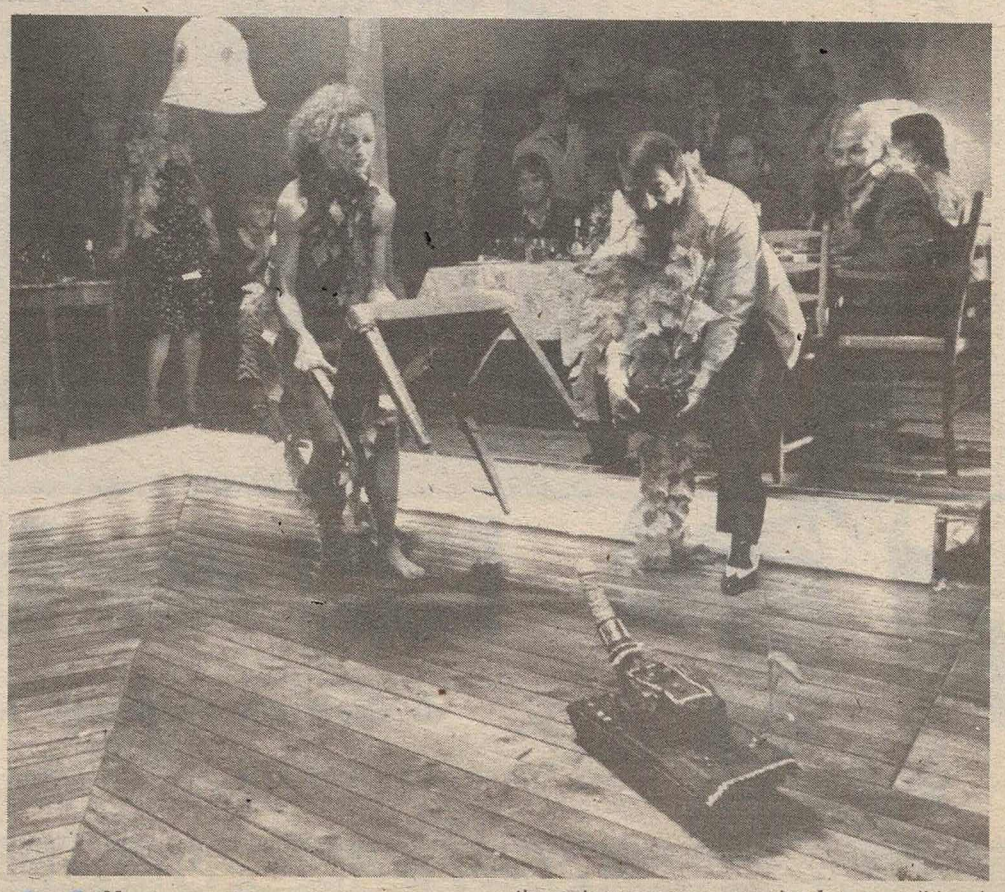
12 Melvin And Howard (Jonathan Demme): "Melvin Dummar is the lighter side of the bloated dream which enveloped Howard Hughes. His story, at least is verifiably true. The rainbows he chases after have credit card bills at their end; Dummar overspends any money he gets on the consumer icon of the day or moment. It's here that the film thrives — the gentle, even affectionate poke at the dafter outcrops of capital's culture; the grotesque TV quiz and talent shows, five minute marriages — or divorces — in midget neon cathedrals, pathetic humour in the topless bar. *Melvin And Howard* is packed with the prosaic absurdities of middle America . . . and rests as a quiet little film about a quiet little man who just happened to bump up against a hurricane." — **Ian Penman (16.5.81)**

9 The Long Good Friday (John MacKenzie): "Despite the flaws, there is much to enjoy and admire in the movie, especially in the performances and the vein of humour running through it like a dark river. Bob Hoskins is almost too right as Harold Shand, being everybody's idea of an ambitious Cockney thug. A nouveau riche neanderthal, he sinks his teeth into the role like raw meat and gets all the best lines . . . Dispatching his heavy brigade armed to the teeth with sawn-off shot guns and pistols to round up suspects, he advises: "And lads, *try* to be discreet." — **Neil Norman (7.3.81)**



12 Violent Streets (Michael Mann): "Dazzling direction from Michael Mann, bull-headed performances from James Caan and Robert Prosky (as freelance thief and malfeasant mob boss, respectively) which are firmly rooted in reality, dialogue so demotic it would give TV buyers the screaming ab dabs; *Violent Streets* is a hard, bright and fast dissection of high-technology crime, bogged down only by a half-hearted attempt to give James Caan some kind of relationship with an out-of-place Tuesday Weld. There should be no 'normal' people in this clearly delineated underworld." — **Monty Smith (19.9.81)**

"You might say that director Mann operates on behalf of tired, middle-aged Hollywood with this excremental blend of violence and sentiment." — **Andrew Tyler (the same issue)**



14 Montenegro (Dusan Makavejev): "Dusan Makavejev's *Montenegro* is ludicrously jam-packed with the kind of humour which renders civilised vanity a hopeless masque — a savage switchblade through our average yearning for unconditional security and understanding, it — fortunately — doesn't even offer the relative sanity of being a (cliched) slap in the jowels of the moribund middle classes. It is simply a wicked snort." — **Ian Penman (5.12.81)**

By Roz Reines

Jamaica's infamous partners in rhyme trade skins. Oink!

Pic: David Corio

TWO BAD DJ PRODUCTIONS PRESENT

CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT

IN

A FISTFULL OF RIZLA

"WE GREW UP in a dance in Jamaica — Me and Saint, Echo, Ranking Dread, Lone Ranger. . .It was a musical education because when you go to a blues there, you find that everyone is a DJ and each man just grab up the mike when him have something to say. . ."

Clint Eastwood, one half of this year's slickest DJ combo, is filling me in on his JA roots, while partner in rhyme, General Saint looks on.

When this formidable duo wanted to make a statement about the death of General Echo — the young reggae star killed in a shoot-out with JA security forces last year — they recorded the searing 'Tribute To General Echo', which immediately shot up the reggae charts. For Clint Eastwood, General Echo's death was a personal blow.

"We grew up together, lived in the same neighbourhood; went to school together . . . and I find out that him get an innocent death because the gun that his party was carrying was licensed. The police didn't ask any questions; they just shoot. I think it was unfair and everyone should know that."

This was the first record that Eastwood and Saint had cut together, although for the previous year they had been doubling up at the mikes as resident DJs at Studio 200 in Balham, South London. Eastwood was already well established as a DJ in Jamaica with a string of hits to his name. General Saint, on the other hand, was just starting out : Eastwood cites Dillinger as his biggest influence — Saint cites Eastwood.

The two make such a good double act that even at an interview they know how to keep it going: Eastwood slumps back in his seat and keeps cool behind a lethal pair of shades — Saint sits up, bright as a button, eager, *anxious* to answer every question: Saint plays the straight man but Eastwood has a wicked laugh . . .

Today, both of them are dressed in a DJ chic style (wool cardigans with matching trousers, bri-nylon shirts and felt crowns), Eastwood has dreadlocks which he wears tucked into his crown most of the time," to show a bit of manners and discipline," although Saint explains that both he and Eastwood are Rastas but don't feel the need to dress accordingly; "It's what's in your heart that counts".

Since 'Tribute To General Echo', the deadly duo have had two more hit singles — 'Two Bad DJ's' and 'Another One Bites The Dust'. Now their first album 'Two Bad DJs' is just released on the Greensleeves label and is selling fast. To what do they attribute their success?

"It's just feelings, you know," Eastwood declares. "Like going to a blues and finding that the vibes are low and cold. So we try to make it happy at all times by taking up the mike and saying something to entertain the people as well as entertaining ourselves."

ACCORDING TO Eastwood, too many reggae artists stay back in Jamaica.

"It's better for them to go out in the world and spread it, because I feel that coming here is a pleasure, it's doing a part of my work and my duty."

This year alone, the dread DJs have toured nearly the whole of England. "I don't see any place where we haven't been yet," Saint tells me proudly. "Well, maybe some small lickle district but we've been to Scotland *three* times . . ."

Touring has also broadened their tastes in music — Eastwood now cites UB40 and Blondie as his favourite groups, while Saint is partial to The Police.

On the subject of DJ technique, both prefer to give nothing away, especially when I ask about some new gimmicks to replace the current favourites, 'Oink!' and 'Redeep'.

"Well as time goes by you will hear plenty of new sounds," Eastwood explains, "because there are DJ's studying right now."

Studying?

"*Observing*, more times a man can find some new lyrics just by walking down the road, he'll hear it somewhere and if he's quick witted he'll use it, because a good DJ has to be top of the style at all times."

As for the wave of Dub Poets currently sweeping across Jamaica, both Saint and Eastwood remain unimpressed.

"That style is an *old* style," Eastwood says,

"Duke Reid did it with 'Al Capone', back in the days of ska."

"That's right, the poetry style came first," Saint confirms, "but in our style we'll tell you a story whether it's about ghosts, girls, nuclear weapons or badness."

So why does the DJ have such a reputation for badness and gunplay?

"You mean like Two Bad DJs?" Saint ventures hopefully but Eastwood just chuckles. "No, I know what you mean, it seems as though every DJ in Jamaica has a bad vibe, right? Well over there, a lot of people cleave to the DJ and *some* of those people might be involved in 'badness', so this rubs off on the artist as well. But, really, I think that the DJ is a nice person. Anytime I get to know them this is what I find."

"I race cars, I play tennis, I fondle women, but I have weekends off and I am my own boss..."

Dudley Moore is arthur AA

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Dudley Moore Liza Minnelli John Gielgud

"Arthur"

Music by Burt Bacharach Executive Producer Charles H. Joffe Produced by Robert Greenhut

Written and Directed by Steve Gordon Technicolor [Soundtrack available on WEA Records & Tapes]

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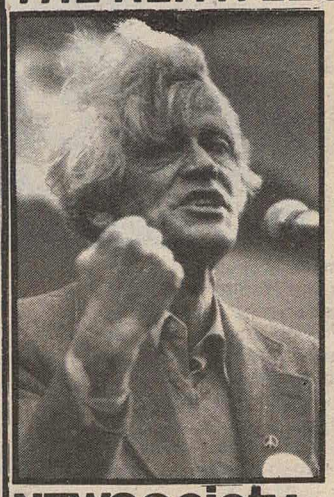
ALL OVER LONDON AND THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

E. P. THOMPSON: A COUNTERBLAST AGAINST THE REITH LECTURES



The Reith lectures are the BBC's wintertime showcase for Establishment wisdom. And this year they asked Professor Laurence Martin, vice-chancellor of Newcastle University, to give the standard Mid-Atlantic case for keeping the nuclear deterrent. All is for the best. Keep calm. Etcetera. Etcetera.

In the current issue of *New Society*, we cleared three pages to give E. P. Thompsón the right of reply. The result is a brilliant, vitriolic counterblast. Anyone interested in the unilateralist, multilateralist, or simply *human*, argument, should read it.

NEWSociety on sale now Pic: Report

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DOLLAR IN WONDERLAND

"OH, IT'S rude," whispers a voice in gentle protestation. "Collar bones," murmurs the voice, compliantly. "She's made my collars up really well. I like collar bones. Want to have a look?"

I allow myself a look. That cracker's a bit rude, if not disgraceful.

"Is it? I wouldn't have thought about it . . . I've got my Victorian underwear on," the voice dishonourably confides. I don't blush. "Apart from the peeling, do you see the bruises all the way up my leg? . . . oh, that tree looks really nice. Here, look."

Thereza is looking at some photographs of herself and David.

"We rarely get to see any of our pictures. Oh, that one's for the chocolate box."

Where else would you look to find a picture of Dollar? *Penthouse? Jackie? Spectator? Country Life? Ritz?*

"Do you think we enjoy doing this thing?" quizzes Thereza, about the photos and the poses.

I look at a selection of colour slides of her and David, the softened flesh-couple draping themselves around Christmas trees and holding tinsel in their hands. The gentlest porn, easing through the fingers, teasing on the off chance. Having these pictures taken doesn't appear to be hard work.

"You're joking," mourns Thereza. "He loves it," she points a chubby thumb at twinkling David. "I hate it," she gestures with her hands. "I cannot bear having my photograph taken. Honest. I hate it. You've got to be incredibly vain to stare into a camera that is going to reproduce your image."

WE FLOAT, Thereza and David and I, through the curving hall of many mirrors.

Is it not incredibly vain to want to always be in the public eye?

"That's a by product of the commitment we have to our career," admonished Thereza as three of us place out hands on our hips and laugh into the mirrors.

"If we had an involvement in fashion or whatever, we'd go at it as hard as we do this. It's a business that we're in that happens to be the entertainment business. We're not ashamed of that, and it's what we've chose. If we were designing cutlery we'd put an equal amount of energy and time into that. But for what we are, it's more personal and we use ourselves.

"I don't think it's conceit, and there's certainly no contempt for people."

Paul Morley meets the drunk white rabbit and a bully who looks in the mirror to ask why their narcissistic pop has suddenly been blessed with credibility

Photos: Peter Anderson

We hold hands and catch our breath.

"You're promoting yourself to sell records to people who only have so much money and so you want to be special for them. You have to do as well as you can."

David says nothing. Is he dumb?

"I get drunk a lot."

"I HATE IT," says Thereza for the third time. "I'm serious. I really hate it," she confirms, shaping the "really" with delicate warming emphasis. "I have to think of something else when I have my picture taken."

Sex?

"Well, I completely pretend I'm not having my photo taken. I'm very good at that sort of thing, pretending I'm somewhere else. They're very nice these photos . . ."

Very nice indeed.

"Super," says David, who then grimaces. "Oooogh . . . super . . . terrible word . . ."

Thereza still admires the photos. "We don't do many smiley photos these days. These pictures were for Christmas so we smiled for three hours! No alcohol, nothing. We were just sitting there grinning and trying to stay energetic. There's nothing worse than having a flat smile in a photograph . . . Smiling, it's a pain in the neck. Good job it only happens once a year."

Dollar, in fantasy, smile all the time. I, in fact, smile with them. We smile semi-preciously at the smashing neuroses of people the world over. David and Thereza and I smile at each other without really seeing each other. David is the white rabbit, Thereza is Alice and I am . . . thinking of other things. Perhaps I am dead.

IN THE LIBRARY, David is reading a dictionary. So you can understand your reviews? "We never understand our reviews."

IN THE PARK David and Thereza and I find out if we really do like each other.

"The music press," says a surprised David, "have made us very trendy lately and I'm very pleased about it . . ." The grin is of a man who trained to be a post-Cassidy star.

Is it patronising in a way — Dollar are maybe new mascots, glossy pets given a home for devious motives?

"A little," decides stable Thereza. "But do journalists really write things because it's what they truly think? Do they write simply to shock, startle or seem hip journalists? I would think a lot of them the latter."

I'm treated by a sympathetic look, and am tricked by it.

"It's like they're calling each other's bluff half the time and maybe we've got caught up in that. Maybe we're getting good reviews because it's been decided that we're going to do the music press some kind of good. We don't know, but obviously it benefits us because it carries us through to people who usually wouldn't consider us. And we hope that what some of you writers say about the style of our music is sincere!"

What, that there's some truth . . .

". . . in the rumours! About our new found credibility! Yeah, I would hope that there is some truth. It is nice to get respect for quality."

Continues page 30

David & Thereza

BACKCHAT FLASHBACK

PENNY REEL minces words — the things they told the NME that their best friends didn't know about

"There isn't much difference between rock'n'roll and teaching, mind you. It's the same job. You're entertaining delinquents for an hour."
Sting (The Police)

"God made Bruce Botnick for some reason. If I was God I wouldn't have made him."
Arthur Lee (Love)

"Vitamin pills and . . . swimming pool water."
Ian Dury on his favourite food

"No I will not die — death and I do not associate, no time. You see, death becomes so natural that people come to believe that they must die. *People* must die, but not everyone who walks upon this Earth is people, seen?"
Peter Tosh

"It's good to be back in London."
Bruce Springsteen

"I think we are a hiccup in the business which they think if handled right will be a burp."
Michael Riley (Bumble and the Beez)

"I'd like to see Steve Strange eat a banana and still stay cool."
The Doctor (Clinic DJ)

"There are also a lot of depressing things. Like Preston."
Boon (Level 42)

"Richard Branson said, 'Why don't you do a version of 'Offshore Banking Business' called 'Off-Shire Wanking Business'? We just looked at him in horror."
Nicky Tesco (The Members)

"Oh what a pretentious load of old bullshit this interview is."
TV Smith (The Explorers)

"Up in Bolton they get their *NME* every Thursday and they pore over it from cover to cover till Tuesday: it's all they've got."
Rat Scabies

"What we're trying to get across is what's preventing us from doing it."
Pete Petrol (Repetition)

"I'm into beauty and panache."
Howard Devoto

"Did you see who was at our gig? The fuckin' Who! They booked a table — conceited, arrogant bastards that they are. They ran out of the building though when the bottles started flying."
John Lydon (PiL)

"They say that even if you've got just one drop of black blood in you it makes you entirely black. But in fact I don't necessarily look on myself as a member of the black race — more a member of the human race . . ."
Prince

"Blind with mascara and dumb with lipstick, I paraded the streets of Pimlico."
Quentin Crisp

"I want every father in the country to be glad it was my son and not theirs."
John Sutcliffe — as his son Peter is jailed for 30 years

"Fashion is a way of not having to decide who you are. Style is deciding who you are and being able to perpetuate it."
Quentin Crisp

"I didn't murder anyone. I love the world I live in."
Charles Manson

"I mean, I didn't always have good taste."
James Chance

"Always the same this time of the year. I see these little buds poking their 'eads out and I think Yurgh! get back, yer bastards. They're sorta *mockin'* my mortality."
Wilko Johnson (Solid Senders)

"I don't give a fuck about anti-war. Me, I'm just in it for the fuckin' noise and music, that's all."
Rainy (Discharge)

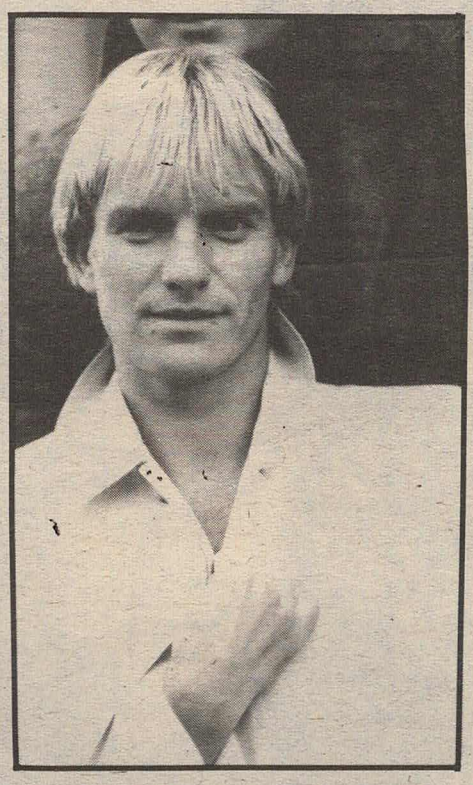
"I'm sure a lot of guys hate my guts. And they shouldn't, because as far as I'm concerned they're my friends. If the ladies get all worked up, their guys get the benefits — I'm still going back to the hotel by myself."
Teddy Prendergrass

"If you get a coalminer in the village down the road humming a song on his way to the shift, then that makes it a good record."
Feargal Sharkey (Undertones)

"I come from Hackney, not Seattle or Los Angeles, so I don't see why I should make an album which sounds like Quincy Jones or Chic."
David Grant (Linx)

"I had this dream last night. I dreamt I was making peanut butter, tons and tons of the stuff. I kept on putting milk into the butter and it just kept on rising, this huge mountain of peanut butter."
Miranda Joyce (Belle Stars)

Pictures by Paul Cox (Sting), Pennie Smith (Strummer), Dennis Morris (James Brown), Barry Plummer (Glitter), Joe Stevens (J. Cope)



"It's fantastic to write a song that anyone can whistle. You can't whistle 'Death Disco'."
Sting (The Police)

"We're an attack against hipness although I do think we're the hippest band in the world."
Ian McCulloch (Echo and the Bunnymen)

"The media created the big disco thing as a control to put young people to sleep."
Joe Bowie (Defunkt)

"How can a woman be equal to a man? Unless she can show me two balls!"
Peter Tosh

"My brothers and I have been talking. It's the first time we've met in five or six years. We're probably going to be doing a big tour together."
Jermaine Jackson

"You have to reach the people and then make them dance. That's the fundamental aim of music as I see it."
Christos Tolera (Blue Rondo A La Turk)

"I sing for the sake of alienation."
Lydia Lunch

"There's people of different mentalities listening to the different musics. And that should *not* be! I wanna mash that barrier and have everyone listening to everything. Because then everyone's going to start appreciating everyone else for being in the world."
Dennis Bovell

"I think that everything that's happened is like a preview of what's going to happen."
Bob Dylan

"A rose is a rose, if someone calls it a tree — the quality remains."
Arthur Blythe

"I'm not going to talk to you if you're going to take the piss out of me."
Kim Wilde

"This whole country is like sinking into the ocean. It's reached a stage where Britain will soon be getting sent food parcels. London is getting very, very fascist and I don't like it *at all.*"
John Lydon (PiL)

"I had this dress called 'look-can-dress' which came in a can and you could squash it all up in a ball without it getting wrinkled. Only my mother ironed it and it melted. That's the kind of clothes I like."
Kate Pierson (The B-52's)

"One suggested explanation is that we're just a farm for beings from another planet, and that whenever they've got a function on, like a wedding or something, they come down and grab a human and take them back and eat them."
Hugh Cornwell (Stranglers)

"The first time we played in LA was at the 5,000 seater Santa Monica Civic, and the next night we did a Chinese restaurant. It's a statement about how versatile we are."
Sting (The Police)

"As far as I can see the the only celebration of youth left to kids today is war."
Kirk Brandon (Theatre of Hate)

"Well, basically we are living in Sodom and Gomorrah and we can't really hide from it."
Puck Tyson (Misty in Roots)

"When the history of rock music is written — which, since it's practically dead, will be soon — it'll just be remembered as a sordid interruption of normality."
Nick Cave (Birthday Party)

"I think these times are potentially the times of the greatest crisis that the Earth will ever face, in this lifetime or any other, and I think the crisis will become very evident within the next 20 years."
Marvin Gaye

"We were criticised at one time for playing music for 14-year-olds, as if 14-year-old girls were some sort of sub species."
Sting (The Police)

"People think they no longer exist."
Laurie Anderson

"I've got this knowledge, of poetry, and of music, just through being utterly consumed by music."
Julian Cope

"How can you condemn a music because of somebody's trousers.' It's fucking stupid."
Girlschool roadie

"You really have a strong heart to really face reggae music and the type of sound wha' we really play. 'Cause the sound wha' we really play, if your heart weak, you come inside, you drop. Just drop."
Fat Man

"Endless pressure of pure pressure."
Desmond Pierre — organiser of Bristol's St Pauls United Defence Fund

"We are no more nailed to the '60s than anybody else. We're not celebrating an era that no longer exists. We're here and now partaking in what's going on."
Jerry Garcia (Grateful Dead)

"I have got ideas about the world and politics but I've forgotten them at the minute."
Edwyn Collins (Orange Juice)

"I think there's gonna be a big swing in the '80s towards everyone being in couples and away from communal living and socialising. People seem more hostile towards differences, so those who feel different band together in gangs. Soon may be it'll be the gangs against the couples."
Kate Pierson (The B-52's)

"It was very hard to look hip with curly hair in the early '60s."
C P Lee (Albertos)

"I always thought Nick (Kent) was secretly very pleased with losing that front tooth, because it happened right at the peak of his obsession with Keith Richard — and he was always very impressed with Keith's dreadful dental state."
Chrissie Hynde (The Pretenders)

"We picked the name to be as untypical of a four-piece band as we could. What happens is people think we're Richard and Linda Thompson."
Pete Dodd (Thompson Twins)

"To me it's a fallacy that people don't want to go to gigs anymore. I think the truth is they don't want to go to the Marquee anymore."
Richard Strange

"The Doctors Of Madness were like John Kennedy in that they were never more popular than the day after they died."
Richard Strange

"I realised the other day that I could be great. I can sit at home and cry over songs that I've written. I realised that I could be great and sometimes I am great."
Julian Cope

"I met Jimmy Hibbert when we were both working in a head shop selling heads."
C P Lee (Albertos)

"I'm playing with words. Is funny. The words . . . playing."
Yoshi (journalist at Jacksons press conference)

"The whole colonial history of Britain is a racist one and therefore it's not surprising the police are placed in a position of defending the state and expressing that defence in a racist way."
Peter Hain (Anti Nazi League)

"The people here in general are just a lot more music conscious. Old ladies watch *TOTP* and know who Adam is."
Lee Rocker (Stray Cats)

"For me the oddest thing about Reagan's winning the election is that the blue collar worker voted for him, and the undercurrent there is basically racist. There's no way the blue collar man would vote for Reagan unless he thought the man was going to keep the blacks down."
Sam Rivers

"Blacks just don't go out on Saturday nights anymore. That was fifty years ago. And blacks don't just live in the ghetto anymore. They don't need discos, and they don't go to discos. In America, whites go to discos."
Maurice White (Earth, Wind & Fire)

"Prepare yourself for all things. People who succeed are totally prepared. They way to conquer all things is to be aware of them."
Dennis Morris (Basement 5)

"I think we've become virgins again, it's as simple as that. We woke up just before the gang bang."
Jackie Leven (Doll By Doll)

"The only thing that's been missing on this tour is the Farley Rusks."
Les Pattinson (Echo and the Bunnymen)

"PiL sounds to me like Uriah Heep on mandrax."
Joe Strummer (The Clash)

"If anyone gives me a patriotic pitch I know he's an arsehole."
Joe Strummer (The Clash)

"New York? Who'd want to live there? It's like living on top of a rotting corpse, vampire life; you crawl out of your coffin and go into the decaying streets and get shot at."
John Hiatt

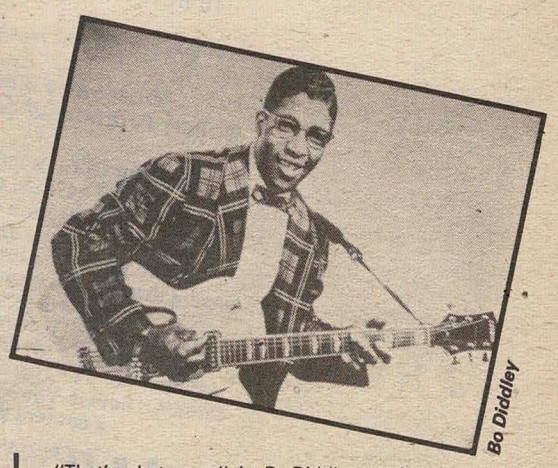
"Most of the time them blame it on noise, most of the time them blame it on the youths them, say is bus problem, they won't pay fare and all them things. I mean you get kids coming from school that don't want to pay fare, why don't they close all the schools? You get guys coming from football, them rave up everywhere and things like that, and police all over the street. You never used to get them things from guys coming away from my sound."
Fat Man

"I just did a documentary for the BBC that will last 80 minutes! In the United States there is no such thing as 80 minutes."
Mel Brooks

"What you have to keep in mind is that these days so many people in America are armed. That's the big difference between the '60s and the '80s. There are guys down in Texas who'll sell you machine guns, cannon even. They have all this surplus shit for sale. So the Klan is well stocked and in the Southern states where it's legal to carry a gun, so are the blacks."
Sam Rivers

"If one is into that, one knows there will be the anti-Christ movement in the next few years, and its opposition will be those who're into Christ and Christ-like ways. You will be either *for* God, or *against* God."
Marvin Gaye

"God is one of the most despicable inventions of our species."
Dick Witts (The Passage)



Bo Diddley

"That's what we call the Bo Diddley syndrome . . . where you just talk about yourself all the time. Bo Diddley used to make a lot of records, all saying basically that he was Bo Diddley."
Kurtis Blow

"At the moment I'm really into Gregory Isaacs, great voice. So many of those reggae guys can really *sing*. we all shout over here, and they sing."
Joe Strummer (The Clash)

"The people round here sort of think that if you've got a single in the charts you're going to be driving around in a Rolls Royce, but we still use buses. They see you in the chip shop or the Wimpy and they think it's really odd."
Dave Gahan (Depeche Mode)

"I can dig individuals, *an individual*, may be lazy — the same way as he and I are over-zealous — but you start saying about blacks as a whole and shhhhhh . . . you can see that society just hasn't ingested the colour thing *at all.*"
Nile Rogers (Chic)

"One of the reasons for putting a cassette out is that next week we'll be very different."

Jah Wobble

"Uhuru. This is the *NME* right. That means we don't smile for the photos huh?"

Bernard Edwards (Chic)

"You know in 'Insight' when Ian goes *'I'm not afraid anymore . . .'* I just feel like melting into the walls!"

Julian Cope

"Scotland has a very bad image. The music press still tend to treat it like one town — the Scottish scene, like the Liverpool scene or the Newcastle scene — but it's a whole fuckin' country, man."

Davie Duncan (Shakin' Pyramids)

"I want to be rich one day and be able to invite people round for banquets, get their measurements and have a load of costumes waiting for them when they arrive. People should be celebrating, carousing and fornicating under the moonlit trees of England."

Eddie Tenpole

"You didn't hear no melody? Shit, man, are you crazy? How'd you get your job?"

James Blood Ulmer

"Ego is like a maggot in an apple. It can eat away at you until it destroys you."

Gary Glitter

"In places like China someone who shaves their head — and who is fat! — is classed as a God."

Doug Trendle (Bad Manners)

"Even more disturbing is the rise of anti-semitism. Although we always exposed the National Front for being, at heart, anti-semites, and therefore Nazi in the very technical sense, anti-semitic thuggery wasn't really in the forefront of their activity. It was black people. Now it's quite open. The British Movement is avowedly anti-Jewish. So is the National Front."

Peter Hain (Anti Nazi League)

"I've always been who I am since I was born."

Eddie Tenpole

"The greatest thing is when a man can look at your works and say, yeah, that was something worth doing."

Clarence Baker (Misty in Roots)

"You media people have turned kids into robots, little UB40s . . ."

Tracy Pew (Birthday Party)

"I can't beg — that was hundreds of years ago."

Burning Spear

"Garage funk punk jazz electronic communist white noise."

Michael Beinhorn describing the music of Material

"When you're young all you want to do is play music and get your leg over. When you're old all you want to do is play music and get your leg over. It's the bit in between that's the complication."

Gary Glitter

"Well, instead of suggesting that their patients eat a few vegetables instead of that stupid pork, and that they take a jog round the block once in a while, most American doctors would rather give them a pill and take their money week after week so they may be rich doctors like their mummies always dreamed they'd be."

Marvin Gaye

"One minute Jobbo (Richard Jobson) is Nicky Tesco, the next minute he's Jean-Paul Sartre."

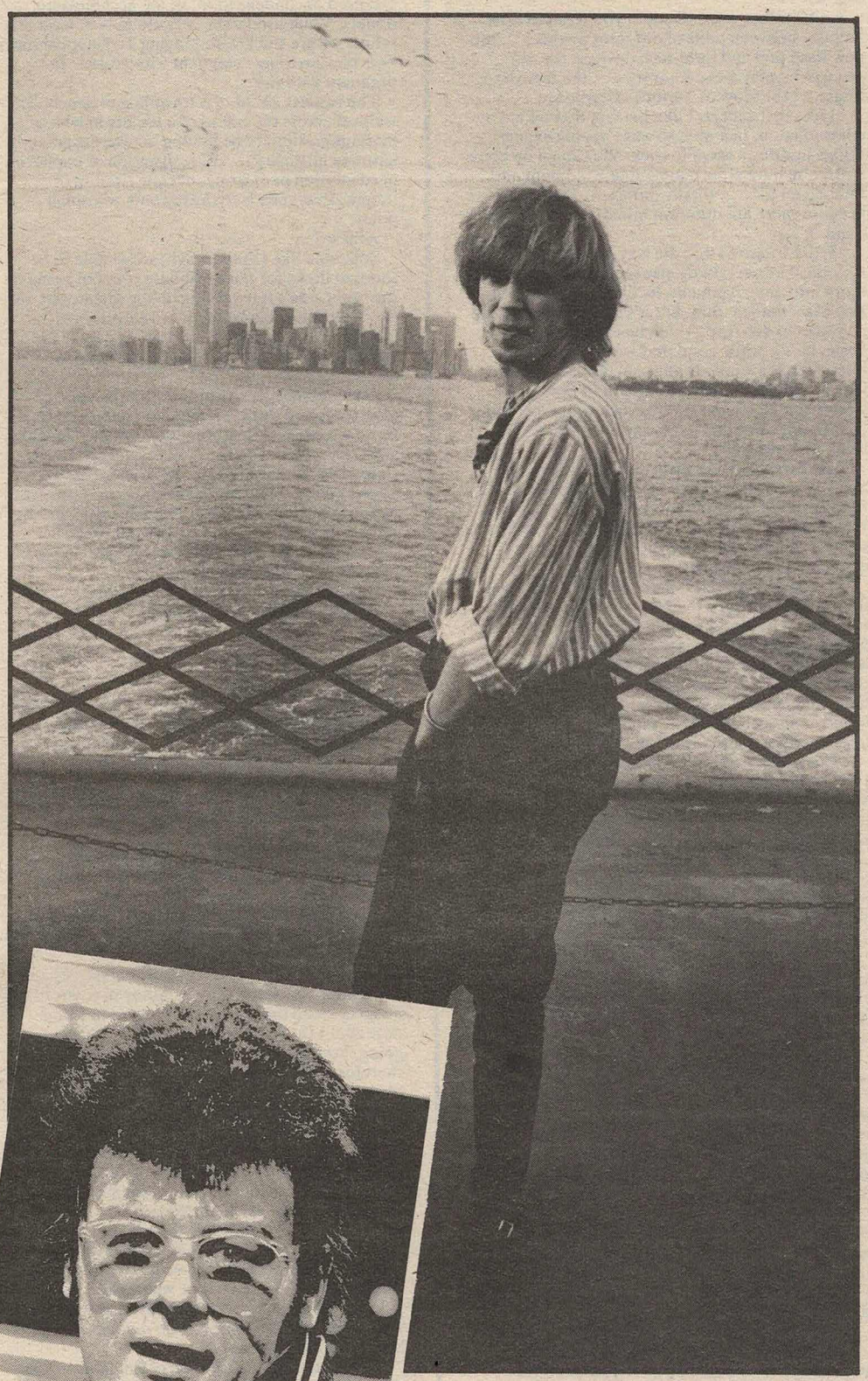
Charlie Burchill (Simple Minds)

"Every time the *Sun* prints a picture of me it's Sexy Sting. I don't go round to people saying, Hello, I'm Sexy Sting."

Sting (The Police)

"The next album's going to be great. I know people always say that. I wrote the songs in about three weeks and I've never felt so brilliant in my whole life. Just incredible!"

Julian Cope



"I'm scared when I go in a prison and see all one people. If it was all whites I'd be scared. 'Cause I know all whites aren't criminals. If it was all Hispanics I'd be afraid. If it was all Indians I'd be afraid. You know this look more like a concentration camp than it does a prison camp."

James Brown on San Quentin

"Sir, don't come here and ask me about the story of my history or my life. Please don't do that. That don't make no sense at all. If you want to talk to me, ask me about this show today."

James Brown

"Coronation Street. Don't you call it Corry?"

Julian Cope

"Yeah, it's kind of making myself into an art deco Grecian urn . . .

Ellen Foley

"There's a lot of Johnny Rotten's bastard children running the streets. They've been sold into bondage and it frightens me to see them because they've been sold the image of violence and they've turned it into the reality of violence."

Bono Vox (U2)

"We are not fighting to stay here. If I was to meet with the head of the National Front, it would solve a lot of problems."

Jah Shaka

"A programme going off the air at 9.05 is the most anti-capitalist thing that ever happened in the history of art."

Mel Brooks

"Take the problem of football. Two years ago there was a situation at White Hart Lane and we launched a Spurs Aginst The Nazis which tried to build up people's confidence to oppose the Sieg Heiling that was going on. And we succeeded in stamping that out."

Peter Hain (Anti-Nazi League)

"Futurism is a stupid, stupid tag. What futurism means to me is an Italian movement with fascist leanings."

Marc Almond (Soft Cell)

"A guy said to me that he thought a Be Bop guitar solo I played was the best thing that he'd ever heard and why didn't I play stuff like the old Be Bop days now? I said to him that I didn't listen to Be Bop DeLuxe records any more and he was ready to hit me."

Bill Nelson (ex Be Bop Deluxe)

"I get on the phone to my agent and I say, Why? Why? Why? Why am I suffering so? Who am I waiting for? Get on the ball! Then I call my lawyer and I say the same thing to him. And then I get on to my accountant and what I say to him is, Where? Where? Where?"

Bette Midler

"I don't like Paris that much — the people there are ridiculous, they're so *pretentious*, they think that Paris is the centre of the world and like there's *nothing* happening there."

James Chance

"Well I think you're fucking about. I think you're asking funny questions. I'm stoned, man. I want to go to sleep."

Archie Brown (The Bureau)

"There should be a little box in the paper where it will say: This idiot doesn't like country music, he loves hard rock, he also hates violins. Now this idiot is going to give his opinion about this latest country music record."

Stikkan Anderson (Abba manager)

"I suppose I'm in pop music to pervert the minds of the young, so I can't be all nice."

Pete Shelley

"I am not just a producer. I am a teacher, I am a prophet, I am a writer, I am a master. I have four million billion changes in miracles. I have 144,000 saints which back me up all the while in magic, and I have the powers of science."

Lee Perry

"My name is Syntax, I come with Syntax, with the power of art."

Lee Perry

"I want to be like a universal orchestra, look like a ball of fire."

Lee Perry

"If I thought I was inciting people to violence, I wouldn't go on with it. I'd pack it in, I tell you. But I'm gonna keep on inciting the kids — inciting them to think."

Mensi (Angelic Upstarts)

"We're the cherries on the blancmange."

Martin Fry (ABC)

"ABC represents . . . respect for in built oboslescence and in built adolescent. A technicolour flag. High-tech, low tech and discotheque."

Martin Fry (ABC)

"A rhythm is sound. If you move this telephone on this desk it makes a noise that has a rhythm."

Sly Dunbar

"I can look back at that and think God that was so legendary!"

Julian Cope

"Like, we went to New York — and I know it's violent, and that Lennon was shot dead there, and that — but it was fucking safer than Manchester or anywhere in Yorkshire's ever been at half eleven."

Mark E Smith (The Fall)

"No future was one of the main sayings of punk, and it really did show that this society did not have a future. But just to repeat it again and again just confirmed that there would not be a future."

Moritz Rrr (Der Plan)

"Villa saying a goal is a goal struck a very deep note. Like Gertrude Stein saying a rose is a rose."

Anthony Moore

"I don't think the time is right for me to introduce myself back onstage in a wheelchair yet."

Johnny Wilder (Heatwave)

"There's no way that you can walk on to a stage in the same way that you walk into a grocer's shop."

Howard Devoto (Magazine)

"If Japan decided to take that microchip technology and sell it to Russia, what do you think China would do? They'd just stand there and shit in their pants."

John Cale

"I wonder about a tiger walking through the jungles in India and suddenly looking up and seeing a gorgeous sunset through the mist and everything. And I wonder does he stop and say to himself, Look at that. Isn't that great."

Robert Altman (Film Director)

"It's pointless saying that war is only caused by corruption and imperialism. The fact is that people like going out and doing a bit of killing from time to time."

Ted Milton (Blurt)

MELANCHOLY

PROPS up his head and whispers, half to himself and half to me . . .

"To begin with . . ." he starts again.

"You don't realise you have the choice, that's the problem. You start doing things in a set way that you're not really aware you're doing, until . . . a couple of years later, you realise you've been doing something for the past couple of years that you really don't like."

Melancholy keeps his chin up.

WHAT DO YOU do when things go wrong?

I'll lose myself.
I'll lose myself in anaesthetics.
I'll lose myself in an aesthetic.
I'll lose myself in Japan . . .

I find a way to begin again with Melancholy. He's smiling now. The masque is over; the pain is dripping away and his smile is making promises . . .

"It didn't just happen one day, I woke up and . . . see, I never really took much interest in live shows, therefore the performance in the early days was quite awful because we never really thought about it. It was just going up there, we never really rehearsed.

"Around the time of 'Quiet Life' we decided to put something into the shows and we did and I think it worked out really well. But, that's when I realised . . . because even when we were doing really well I wasn't into it. I was into it for that tour then I knew it just didn't interest me. I'm not a performer. I just don't enjoy performance."

ONCE UPON A TIME, the four garish Japanese boys really were — to all intense looks and empirical purposes — the wafer-thin assemblage of borrowed nuance and ill-pronounced allusion some commentators would still pose them off as.

But . . . the heart was always there. They never seemed offput by the scorn and condescension; they didn't seem to pay much attention. I reviewed their 'Quiet Life' album in less than 200 words. Maybe I was unkind. Maybe I was the wrong person at the time. Maybe someone else reviewed it.

Now I am wearing a mask of respect. I do not enquire if my slaughter is remembered. Instead, I ask if the ficklesness of fashion and criticism is resented. The way in which a complex of intentions and feelings can be slotted and shunted . . . so that now Japan is an object of respect rather than derision.

"Ummm, I've never taken that much notice of it . . ."

Does he notice my blushes?

"Sometimes I do resent being fashionable . . . the fact that many people are interested in us now never touched us before. I don't like that and am shying away from that. Again, I'm not interested, I don't take it seriously, it's not part of what I'm doing. Even though it's the first time we've ever got good reviews for an album generally and that's a nice feeling . . . but, you know, one guy could be writing it because he knows you're in favour, and he has to sell a few newspapers. So you can't take it seriously, you can't build up hopes on such a thing.

"I also don't like the fashionable part of the audience that comes to see us. I'm constantly aware that they're going off within a year and there'll still be the hardcore people left. I'm aware of it, but I'm not trying to make the most of it while it's there. In fact, I'm trying to do the opposite, I'm trying to lose those people as quickly as possible because I just find that it's extra weight that isn't needed. I also find that they don't understand what you're doing, and you can feel that, you can sense it."

In a tiny, temporary room after that night's performance, David Sylvian is treading carefully through another. In conversation — in this contractual conversation, at any rate — he is assured, articulate, charming. Sylvian's lyrical "self" is composed of melancholy, indecision and dissemblance; or, those are the sort of words we might apply to the composition. It is another mask; it is more make up.

That night's performance was the first by Japan I'd ever seen, and I daresay it'll be the last. Sylvian dares to say so, too.

I tell him the first impression I got of the performance, of the explicit contradiction between how gentle and soft he and they are, compared to the response these qualities elicit from the audience.

"Yes, the audience expect something different. I think they expect a more uptempo live performance. But I think we could milk them if we wanted or needed to . . . but it's just not in my nature to do it. But at the moment, doing this now, I still feel that it's something I'm not interested in, it's re-treading paths I've already been over.

"The reasons for doing this tour are mixed, but mainly because the rest of the band like touring. That's why we tour. It might be the last time we do tour . . ."

And another contradiction: you seem to exist halfway between plots of different worlds . . . the new flash pop and its hi-tech devices; the old group who play a two hour set . . . the teenybop tingle, or the glow of 'serious' acceptance . . .

"I like that aspect. I like the fact that we are a contradiction, in a way, to what people expect . . . things just don't seem to click. We can go up there and we're pure entertainment one moment and then do an LP . . . totally different. That's because there are different intentions within the band.

"What I want to do , the way I see things going, isn't the way everybody else sees it. Mick's much more into entertainment, he likes the idea of the Pop Star; not just that, but it's a main part of what he wants to do. And I think he excels himself on stage, he's a really good performer . . . and his interest in the studio is minimal, he can only stay in the studio for a limited amount of time. He wasn't actually in the studio much while recording 'Tin Drum'. But that's the way it works, and I think it works well."

So is David Sylvian surprised at being a Pop Star? When he sees all those little hands reaching for him at the front of the stage? And not only a Pop Star . . . but a Sex Symbol, too! He has a lot on his frail shoulders. He isn't, after all, a conventional male pin up . . .

"It's not something I worked towards, it's just there. It feels weird. On the last tour it was the first time it had happened in England. I can't say I'm surprised, but it was weird that it was happening and that I was actually going along with the role they expected me to play. And that's happening now. I don't know. At the moment I've found a musical direction, whatever, that I'm interested in, I'm ready to take that on.

"This is like a holiday, a break inbetween where I'm just doing something to get it out of not just my system but everybody's system. And really just cover the ground we did earlier on this year, just so that people get a chance to see us. But I don't take anything of what I'm doing now at all seriously. It's just pure entertainment . . . and I really don't want to be an entertainer . . . because, as I say, I'm not a good performer. That's why I seriously never want to tour again."

But isn't there any part of him which puts on a good show? I say that one of the good things about a Japan performance is that its sensuality is fun, its "seriousness" is quite grandiose but really quite casual at the same time . . .

"Yeah, I like that aspect of what we do, I don't think we ever cross into that . . . pomp side of it. I'm pleased about that, as a band on stage we work quite well. But I personally am not into it. When I'm perfomring I feel I'm just *too* casual. I don't get nervous, I just get up there and do it, and I don't feel like I'm giving that much a lot of the time and I feel I ought to be. There's only one or two songs in a set that I'll actually get into, enjoy playing and I'll think of I'm projecting something . . . and until I feel that I don't think I am giving anything. It's a weird state of affairs. The audience is misguided into believing that I am giving them something, I guess."

Is such easily won power frightening?

"No, I'm not scared of that. I'm sometimes amazed at the amount of power you can have . . . but I really rarely use any of it."

MELANCHOLY COVERS his privacy from the rude thrusts of fame, not quite sure whether he should join in the carnival rhythm or not . . .

"Well, we've got two record companies working on us now. Ariola release a single in January, and if that was to be extremely successful I'd resent it. It's not what I'm doing any more, the fact that it could be very popular would seem very stupid; it's older than 'Quiet Life' and even more irrelevant, it's practically a demo . . .

"But on the other hand, if it's a single Virgin release — which I think is going to be 'Ghosts' — if that was to be very successful I'd be pleased. I'd know I wouldn't have to follow it up with TV and more press, whatever. I'm just taking myself up to the end of this year (1981) doing the things that are expected and then I'm going to stop . . and just work out exactly what I want to do and what I enjoy doing and work from there on. Which is again why we're splitting up, so we don't influence each other."

THE ILLUSION has turned into lustre; the doubt was always there — always a good sign — but it has taken time, tension and a little bit of dirt to reveal Japan's valour.

Not through lack of trying: once, twice, countless times . . . the ghost of Japan passed, no more than a young boy's wish upon some soulful Ferry, Eno, Bowie dream bleached through makeshift shutters.

And then?

'The Art of Parties' sprawling over 12": shocking.

And then again?

'Tin Drum' — a consolidation for the time being, for tired beings: playing.

And now?

A determined beauty that transcends our acceptance of it. An unnaturally calm belief cleansed of condensation, of the accumulated doubts. What used to be ridiculous — at least this is how we are stuck with judging such appearances — is now no longer stagnant with pauses, but pregnant with risk.

The restless ghoul, the travelling melancholic, traipses across the tracks of a society in whose margins groups are beginning to take desperately extreme attitudes . . . of resignation or euphoria, of revolution or entropy, of resuscitation or utopia. Everyone is squatting on a vanishing point.

And so?

Someone like (simple) Sylvian is liable to be shouted down for not exhibiting proof of being on the 'right side'. It is verging on the dictatorial, this literal, loveless banishment — the values of introspection cancelled out. It closes up all the valuable escape valves in language. It has a deadening end.

Our Melancholy sits brooding between ideologies and shinier remedies, frightened to finish a sentence. Sometimes . . . alone, wingless and sexless. Elsewhere . . everywhere, a mass state of mind that finds its cause wherever life is governed by production quotas. By the conveyor belt, Melancholy finds its everyday expression: a state of mind guaranteed by striving for an "average" wage. One and the same article passes by in heartbreaking uniformity . . .

If I could dream tonight, I'd dream of . . .

Our Melancholy finds a way out.

MELANCHOLY IS a sour puss with lovely features, sparkling eyes. Even beneath the powder his skin is white, even behind the glass his eyes are straight. And Melancholy is a Siamese cat?

Why is David Sylvian pulled and pushed by the East: is it social structures, little details, essences . . .?

"This fascination with the East has always been because it's a totally different culture, the way people organise and run their lives is very different and it's very interesting. It's interesting to be in that situation and cope with it, understand why they're doing certain things.

"China . . . I've never actually been to China; fascination for that is maybe purely in terms of imagery. And there's a lot of interest in China now about the political changes they've been going through. It's a state that is changing, therefore the people are under a certain amount of stress living that way of life."

Is it a better life than ours?

"It's very difficult to say. I don't think the Chinese way of life is better. I think the Japanese way is much better way of working in terms of a society; there again, they've got the history, the culture to go with it. So many years . . . it takes . . . the way they live their lives now, as you must know, is based on old ideals and traditions as well as modern technology — that's why it works, they've kept those morals or whatever."

Does the melancholy which surfaces so much in your songs perhaps spring from *our lack of* that kind of basis for living?

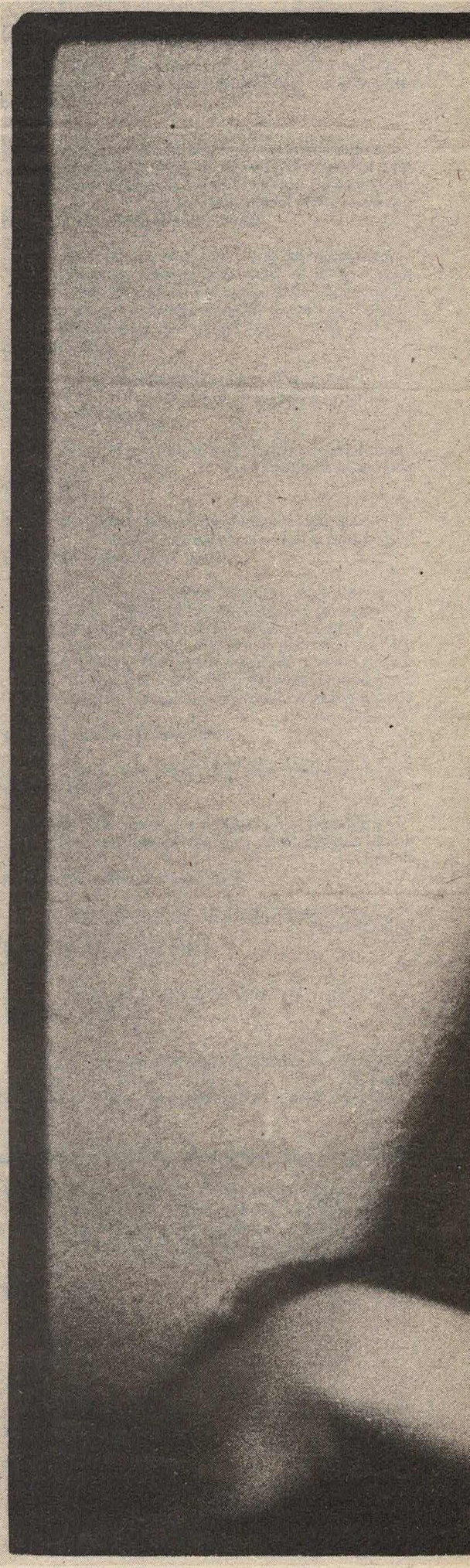
"I think it's feeling isolated in England — you do tend to feel isolated. I think it's quite dangerous, actually, that everybody is cutting themselves off the way they do. A crisis brings a lot of people together . . . which is why I've said that unemployment . . . *in a way* is good, just because it brings those young people *together* and they have to fight for one thing together.

"There hasn't been a war in this generation and war gives some people a cause to fight for; for a certain amount of time after a war people work together as a better community. Something needs to happen in England, something like that. I'm not saying you have to have war, but something that will bring people together and realise that they're working for each other and not just for themselves."

How would David Sylvian answer the accusation that by dealing with China and their social problems and *not* with ours, that he is avoiding ours?

"Well, I'm not really dealing with Chinese problems, or their society as such. I'm just speculating or taking certain things from them. But, I mean, I've been brought up in England — what you're listening to is just a Western version of what's going on in the East. 'Visions Of China' — there isn't that much in the song itself that actually talks about China. A lot of the ideas come from totally different places . . .

CONTINUES OVER



Sylvian ponders a future without Japan

MELANCHOLY BA

There's success and there's success. Japan just found some and their reaction — naturally — is to plough disillusionment, scatter themselves and look remarkably like a band on the verge of breaking it up. David Sylvian bares his all.
Ian Penman, enchanted, records each little tremor.
Pennie Smith looks on.

ABY

Sylvian smiles a fond farewell to Mick Karn.

FROM PAGE 20

"That's what I thought about doing the album at the time: how relevant *can it be* to people in England? — they've got their own problems to hear about. I still don't know how relevant it is but if I can feel some connection between the way I live here in England and what's going on over there then I think that somebody else must do."

MELANCHOLY IS just a little boy who's been hurt; he is also a cynic who knows the uses of melodrama. Is he as unhappy as the mask he leaves you with?

Now I've got him: he has to laugh at that question!

"Umm, well, I'm basically that type of person. I'm a very melancholy person. I do write about myself, my feelings. I hope people don't just listen to it ('Tin Drum') thinking it's about Dhina or about Chinese people. A lot of it is about me, there's a lot of me in there, especially something like 'Ghosts'.

"But I'm not a depressive . . . I enjoy my depressions. I actually find 'Ghosts' optimistic, not pessimistic. I think that on the whole album there's a feeling of hope all the way through."

Why and when did the little boy start writing?

"I guess it was to cope. . ." he finds his way back.

"I first started writing when I was about 12 or 13. I really don't understand the reasons I started, but I think I turned it into something useful. I've always isolated myself from other people and it was a way of coping with the thoughts I had then. As a child, if you spend a lot of time on your own you collect a lot of ideas and a lot of thoughts . . . obviously at that age you're going through a lot of changes, certain problems and so on. I think that you learn a lot more about yourself that much quicker therefore you grow up much quicker. I still do that now. I still find that writing is as exercise for me.

"I don't actually write about the feelings I'm having at that point in time. Nine times out of ten after I've written a song I will experience something *after* writing the song, along the same lines. My moods recurr quite often, and I can always quickly recall a certain atmosphere, a certain mood whenever I need to. I think that's what I'm best at, actually — creating atmosphere."

Even at a young age did he find troubled visions more compelling?

"No, I don't think so. No, I listened to a lot of black music most of the time and most of the people at that time, it wasn't so much imagery . . . I don't know where I got it from. I don't actually spend a lot of time over my lyrics, they either come naturally or I drop the song after a certain amount of time. I work from titles most of the time; the title is the first thing I use and I normally keep that for about two months before I start writing a song, so the overall imagery builds up in my mind without even thinking of the lyrics. The overall feel of the song, how it should sound . . . come before what it should be about."

Does the work respond to discipline or someone more scatterbrained? Fusion or scraps?

"Yes, lots of scraps. I very rarely write an album on time; I very rarely finish an album on time. People who know me call me the most unreliable person because I never work to anybody else's speed or time. That's the way I function. It's very fragmented, the way I work."

I face my subject with a question from my own heart . . . with my Nietzschean mask: do you find fragmented things more convincing, more . . . beautiful?

"It's difficult for me . . . like the way I talk now. I talk in a fragmented way and it takes me a long time to reach a point that I'm trying to make. And that's the way I go about most things. I try and reach the perfection, but I very rarely reach it. After I've finished something I enjoy all the mistakes as opposed to the perfection that remains. While recording or whatever I find those mistakes very irritating and I can't cope with them, that's what takes me so long in the studio. If I get stuck on something I take years. Just over one line I can take three days, which drives everybody mad and I eventually end up liking the mistake I had in the first place."

And are there moments or songs that convince you? Where you've got that. . .

". . . perfect imperfection? Which is something like 'Ghosts'."

Whis *is* something.

"That's the way I like . . . I mean, I like that now, but at the time I wrote the lyrics I wasn't happy with them, I wasn't 100% sure. Once I have an idea I'm excited by it and it's easy to see which direction I want to take that in. Once I'm in the studio actually working on it I get so close to it I can't see it anymore, as a lot of people do. I have to wait a couple of weeks until after I've finished to see why I did what. . ."

Now that our belief in the possibility of truth has collapsed, the process matters more than the product, the courtship more than the consummation, the pleasure of making the mask more than the efficacy of the disguise.

Sometimes we. . .

"I always had a childlike belief in God, but now . . ." he looks forward.

"I don't actually believe in God. No, I actually believe once you did that is that and the spirit dies too."

And what there is of us is dissemblance, error, self-delusion. What there is of us is fragmented — that's natural. You obviously don't think that what you're working around is *outside* or perverse. . ?

"I think people try to make their lives comfortable by, as you said, glossing over these things that are fragmented in life. Or just dropping them completely so they're unimportant. I think that most people do that . . . it all depends what work you're doing. If you're working in an office you won't realise the influences you're picking up as much as you would if you are an artist of sorts. So. . .

"I'm just forced to be more aware of the things I'm picking up, but people pick them up all the time. If they had to do interviews all the time, for instance, I think they'd find just how much they are picking up and how fragmented their thoughts really are.

"That's why I actually enjoy doing interviews sometimes, because it allows me to clear my own mind or. . ."

A charmed laughter.

". . . break it up even more."

MELANCHOLY HAS an almost unnatural capacity for tenderness . . . and a taste for alienation that is quite aggressive in its demands. Melancholy finds its "morality" at each new turn.

Do you have a responsibility to work, to work hard?

"I don't have a responsibility. I avoid responsibility. I have a responsibility to myself. I've always tried to keep it that way. It's just a purist ideal I have . . . that anything I do has to be 100% with me, that if I have to make an album in two months time, if the material wasn't there . . . I won't go for it, I'll lose money or contract or whatever. I nearly called off this tour simply because I didn't like the set. Constantly things like that happen just because of my ideals . . . which gives everybody else a lot of problems.

"That's the only thing I stick up. . ." he finds a truth of sorts.

"Everything else normally changed week by week. Even the thing about God . . . I only came to that about two or three months ago. And it just felt right. But then again, I might change my mind."

We'll make plans for . . . now. We're walking along fragments of the future.

Don't you see yourself veering away from the group?

"Yes, well, we intend to do that. We've got no plans for Japan after the tour. It's just got to the point where we need to break away from each other. We've been with each other — with or without the band — for ten years. Which is a long time to spend working together, no matter how good the relationship is. It's just a good time to leave it. Everyone wants to take 'Tin Drum' in a different direction. My original concept isn't the way a lot of people take it and the way Mick would like to take it and the way Richard would like to take it would be totally different. . .

"So rather than go and make another album that is full of different ideas. . ."

Are you most frightened of reaching a conclusion on something? In case it then evaporates or ceases to be useful?

"Yeah. It's really nice to carry something with you for a while, you feel comfortable, you can relax. I can't actually relax if I don't have something to follow, to pursue. But no, in a way I still like 'Tin Drum'. In a way I'd like to be able to reach a conclusion, move on that much quicker . . . as long as there's something to move on to."

We exchange relieved grins and move away in different directions.

Is the split final? No one knows.

MELANCHOLY HAS two heads, has a heart with a slack beat. Melancholy shuffles the letters of his signature and, like a practised card shark, nearly always gets what he wants. It's a terrible gamble, but. . .

The first two letters in Melancholy remain constant.

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MALARIA

From page 6

about the next minute."

It is perhaps unfortunately predictable that Malaria's music would occasionally be misunderstood abroad. In New York they faced a chilly reception after they unwittingly played Studio 54 on Yom Kippur (a day of fast and the holiest in the Jewish calendar); in Belgium a television company was perturbed when it was discovered they sang in German and they were requested to change their clothes for more conventionally feminine dresses; and Malaria have faced a few examples of a new racism that's just as insidious as the old.

"It showed that they were not listening," says Susanne. "What we do is absolutely the other way around."

Like D.A.F. in some respects, Malaria's songs stress ambiguity, emotion and sensuality.

"We don't want to give messages or anything like that," says Gudrun. "So that everyone can find a personal plan for themselves. There's not too much direction in the songs, there's always a lot of different points of view. All the songs are very personal, sometimes the subject is political, but mainly it is something about love."

"Or it can be just something very physical," adds Susanne. " 'Kaltes Klares Wasser' (Cold, Clear Water) is about the sensation of water on the skin.

"And it's not only physical," explains Susanne. "In German you say if you wash your hands, you are not guilty.

AT LONDON'S BARRACUDA Club Malaria play to a thin audience that contains a disproportionate number of the capital's more curious musicians. They use a sparse, hard beat, recurring synthesizer patterns, a random element of sax and mouth-organ and guitar and those intense, brooding, exaggerated vocals. They are a sharp jolt in the evening, something deep, resilient and direct.

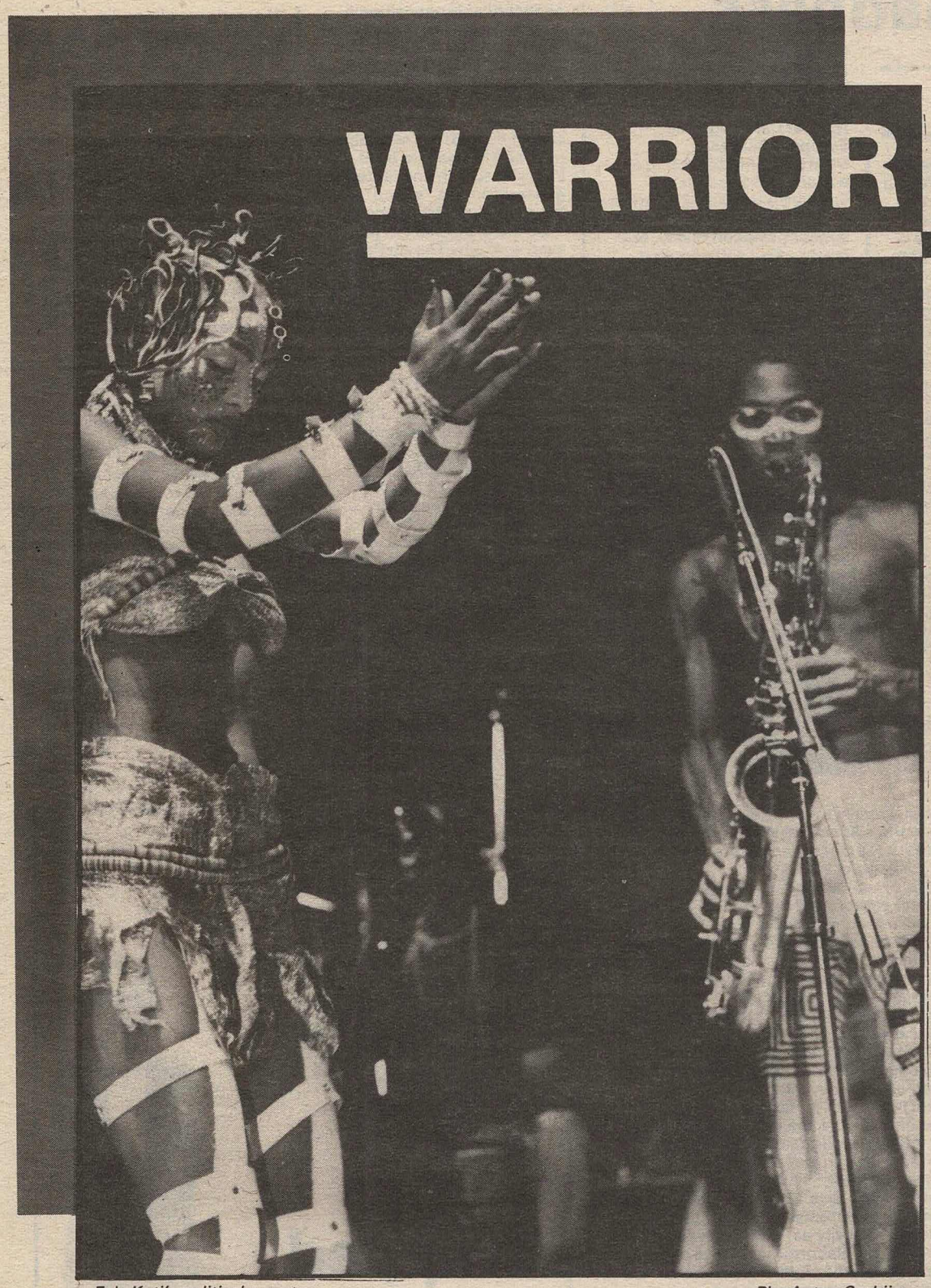
Still embryonic and with a latent promise that's not yet fully realised, Malaria are an initial curiosity that keeps the attention; a radical, reassessing excitement in sex and look and sound.

"When we started everybody came because we are girls. Now a lot of people come because we are German," says Bettina. "But there are also some people who like the music."

Given time Malaria could generate a fresh and healthy fever.

WARRIOR CHARGE!

LPs



Fela Kuti's political paarrty *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

FELA ANIKULAPO KUTI

Original Sufferhead (Arista)

THE FIRST taste of Fela Kuti can come as quite a shock to nice, refined Caucasian sensibilities reared on guitar and synop pleasantries. And no wonder — 'Original Sufferhead', like the majestic 'Black President' which preceded it, is nothing less than a political battle-cry, a call to arms transmitted directly and unself-consciously to Fela's fellow Africans, couched in a kind of pidgin English which allows the outsider in only as far as knowing just who's to blame, but leaves him/her in no doubt as to where they stand (on the outside).

It's both alienating and enveloping, a militant steamroller big-band sound in which the individual instruments and players are merely fragments of the overall texture rather than virtuoso soloists in the Western jazz tradition. The accent here is on inter-tribal togetherness, the *ujamaa* of Nyerere, and the music both reflects and exemplifies this aim.

Kuti's is a massive band — two baritone saxes, two tenors, one alto, two trumpets, four guitars, two basses, three pianos, six percussionists and five back-up vocalists (not counting the dancers who appear at live shows) — with immense textural possibilities, harnessed through repetition into triumphant wedges of punctuative sound propelled by the throaty, deep-brown burrs of the twin baritones.

It's a deeply stirring noise, and one which rubs Colonial noses in their condescending sneers of "primitive", "war-dance" and the lie. *Sure* this is a war-dance — and guess who's the opponent!

Of the two tracks on 'Original Sufferhead', 'Power Show!' is the more low-key, a contemplative dissection of human motives which is nonetheless capable of inspiring a deep, burning righteous anger. It builds up slowly, almost imperceptibly, its climax prefaced by a long didactic rap about the "power show", the day-to-day bureaucratic bullying by the various branches of the state, the war of spiritual attrition practised all over the world in one form or another, and particularly in what are euphemistically called the "emergent nations", puppet states installed by post-colonial multinational masters.

Kuti knows all the ploys of cultural and economic subjugation, and their whys and wherefors; he knows the causes, and he's got a good idea as to the cure. Thus 'Original Sufferhead' itself is almost an incitement to riot, to rise up in dignity and take back the land. More active than 'Power Show!', it burns up to a blistering, hectic call-and-response chant between Kuti and his back-up singers, drilling home the points covered in the rap — an anti-colonial tirade about multinational leeching — with succinct, one-word mnemonic rivets.

Kuti's an oral poet of genius, mingling hard political reasoning with an earthy — often bawdy — turn of phrase and a quite brilliant rhythmic sense: he can contain and condense whole continents of pain and political truth into single barbed sentences. A line like *"Many foreign countries they Africa carry all our money go"* (from Black President's 'I.T.T.') is as pure and concise a summation of African history as can be obtained; everything that needs to be said is *right there,* shorn of political double-talk and Spartist sloganeering. It's pure, it's simple, and it's devastatingly effective in Fela's big-band setting.

Fela's militancy, pan-African pride and political ambitions — he wants to become President of Nigeria — have already earned him a few run-ins with the powers-that-be, such as the time when, in 1977, the Kuti troupe was burnt out of its home, a tenement re-named by them the Kalakuta Republic; the arriving firemen were prevented from putting out the blaze by the military, who systematically beat up the occupants as they fled the fire, killing Kuti's mother as she ran the gauntlet . . .

He *is* a threat, of that there's little doubt; he's Africa's most popular entertainer, his many talents are all harnessed to specific political aims, and he has a diamond-hard and bright demagogic appeal. Hell, I'd vote for any man who can do an 18 minute song called 'I.T.T. (International Thief Thief)', and make it a party from first to last — *without* diluting the anger in the title, and *without* pulling any punches. Wouldn't you?

Andy Gill

Tart, amoral, stupid, crass, vulgar ... and nearly very famous

SUICIDE

Half Alive (Both ROIR import cassettes)

NEW YORK DOLLS

Lipstick Killers — The Mercer Street Sessions

MORE THAN any other major city New York has always equated the inhabitants of the subways with the underground. Most anywhere else that's where they'd have stayed, but after Warhol perfected the art of selling nothing-as-art, turned the city into a freak show and paraded his transvestites, hustlers and addicts before a voracious public, we've come to expect New York legends to be — at best — half alive.

Warhol introduced a self-conscious element into self-destruction. Which isn't to say that the artists following The Factory's wake cultivated bad habits to serve romantic delusions they might have about themselves, but the cassette-only ROIR roster of artists — Chance, Eight Eyed Spy, New York Dolls and Suicide — all understand the attraction of deathly posturing.

However there's a big difference between living a role and acting it out, and that's something the New York Dolls never seemed to grasp. Though their tacky 16-and-soiled, spoiled brat glamour could have come straight out of Warhol, The Dolls epitomised trash and *not* a trash aesthetic. They were tart, amoral, stupid, crass and vulgar, dumb enough not to be cool and thus capable of indiscretions that this latest crop of NY hipsters (with the exception of Lydia Lunch) would never allow to slip through.

These indiscretions — blatant ambition more than their drug use — were of course, what made them approachable. There was something naive about their acquired meanness and carefully made up sneers, as Roy Trakin's sleevenotes on 'Lipstick Killers' make clear; and best of all in this post-Woody Allen New York, they always refused to take neurosis seriously.

At best New York Dolls were a great, grotesque mish mash of slapstick and spiteful satire ('Personality Crisis', 'Frankenstein', 'Human Being'); at worst they were ghoulishly funny exploiters of their once and future myth ('Pills', 'Looking For A Kiss'); and for most of the time they were the oddest most excitable pretenders to The Rolling Stones ever. 'Lipstick Killers' is in effect a greatest hits collection compiled from 1972 demos recorded in Soho, NY. Thankfully they didn't gain much more polish by the time they got to record their two LPs, so this is about as good a Dolls collection as you can get.

New York Dolls were no more and no less than what you saw. Suicide, on the other hand, are performance artists, play actors, sensibly maintaining a distance and remaining in control — no matter how hysterical their characters. Suicide have always understood that commitment to their art didn't necessarily mean wearing it on their sleeve at home, too.

N.Y. Dolls

Alan Suicide *Pic: Christin Losta*

Though never overtly fashionable the distinct blur of Alan Vega's breathless psychobilly vocal urges and Martin Rev's alternating melodic/monotonous electronics anticipated trends ranging from the emotional obsessions of the likes of Joy Division and the sinister, sensual throb of DAF to the pretty pop of Depeche Mode. Before they became the assured dance stylists of their last Island/Ze record, Suicide revelled in provocation through stimulation, touching all those sensitive zones hitherto left alone by rock.

That said 'Half Alive' isn't that great. It represents the best and worst of Roir's enterprise, it being basically a roughshod compilation of live tracks, home recordings and studio outtakes. Still, like the label's other archive releases, it has an accurate sense of its own importance — and unlike the NY Dolls their myth never got bigger than their reality. Suicide's was and is far easier to live with.

Chris Bohn

BONEY M

Boonoonoonoos (Atlantic)

WHEN pop machines take a break and are absent from the charts, beware — because they're probably not only changing strategy, but trying to think and to follow other adult pursuits. If Abba can have affairs with psychoanalysts, and The Police can read Arthur Koestler, then Boney M can get serious too.

You must have heard the 'We Kill The World' single, included on 'Boonoonoonoos' (the album title, given the band's new stream-lined thoughtfulness, is probably some obscure African tribal dialect for 'I feel alienated by life in my village'). *"I see atomic mushrooms"*, the 45 begins, as the three female singers and their kinky monkey man slave pet take to the first refuge of pop scoundrels — ecology. This eco thing is so easy, people; you can appear to be concerned without really trying and make a lot of pleasant sugary noises along the way: there's nothing like talk of mother nature, the use of kids' voices, and generally getting as much mileage as possible out of pathos.

Luckily, Boney M's exploitation of this and even

OVER PAGE

Missile music madness

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Life In The European Theatre (WEA)

IT'S QUITE heartening, people pulling together and marching against the nuclear threat. However, the particulars of the cause (let's unilaterally disarm and stop Reagan from turning Europe into a theatre of war) seem to be in direct ratio to the abstractness of the forces which support it. Can such loose alliance (SDP members to Socialist Workers Party) change anything or do more than old-style CND?

The sleeve notes to this compilation say yes. Roger Deakin of The Friends Of The Earth (to which royalties go, as well as to Campaign For Nuclear Disarmament, Anti Nuclear Campaign and European Nuclear Disarmament) thinks that an eco anti-nuke change of energy policy will do the trick. EP Thompson takes a more complex slant on reality, but lapses into a soft populism: "we have to get a sound going right across the whole continent". Of course, this sound has changed a lot since historian Thomson was part of early '60s CND. Still, if duffle coats, trad jazz and folkies are long gone, they represented, for all their parochial fuddy-duddyness, an *identifiable* oppositional culture. However, most of the music on 'Life In The European Theatre' (put together by John Mostyn and Chas Mervyn who've worked with The Beat) is this only by a kind of default: the selection (maybe it's meant to have no logic) is rag-bag and far too generalised — a "sound" in the most superficial sense.

So much so, that I'm not even sure why The Au Pair's 'Diet', a great onslaught on domesticated bliss, has been chosen. Perhaps it's meant to represent the way in which the anti-nuke campaign can be made to branch out into other areas like that of personal politics?

Ian Dury's 'Reasons To Be Cheerful', The Undertones' 'It's Going To Happen', Madness's 'Grey Day' are more appropriate choices, partly because they don't carry overtly political reputations. The result is a sort of subversive irony — like Madness's ode to ennui becoming the grey day of atomic clouds?

The Clash's 'London Calling', The Jam's 'Little Boy Soldiers', The Beat's 'I Am Your Flag' and The Specials' 'Man At C&A' are obvious and ok inclusions with the thematic variations on apocalypse, anti-militarism and the view from the street.

The Stranglers' 'Nuclear Device' tries to be like this but fails. I've no idea at all what Bad Manners' 'Psychedelic Eric' is trying to be. Peter Gabriel's 'I Don't Remember' is mystifying in a different pretentious way. Memoirs of mutant atomic man or prophecies about future shock? See what I mean about the generalised, the non-specific?

At least The Bunnymen get concrete with 'All That Jazz', but "Meet you down at the barricades, babe" smacks of the political adventurism of a bunch who can bugger off back to their warrens when the going gets tough.

It's only witty old XTC who make musical connections between the concrete and universal or generalised (between theory and practice?). 'Living Through Another Cuba' (remember the '61 missile crisis) cleverly manages to be both non-preachy and propagandist, complete with Cruise dub effects and Latin rhythms. Everybody Salsa. And how about changing the world?

Paul Tickell

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more politicised areas (remember 'Rivers Of Babylon'?) is so slick and slight that it's laughable. Titter along to 'Ride To Agadir', an anti-colonial ode written by Mike 'Womble' Batt and filled out by the London Philharmonic. 'Homeland Africa', written by Boney producer and 'inventor' Frank Farian with the assistance of Gamble and Huff, is little better.

The title track (sounding suspiciously like M's 'Pop Music') and 'Malaika' mean yet more Afro-ethnicity rendered into the international language of pop and yet more flaunting of studio time in GB, the US, Germany and JA. There's nothing inherently wrong with this kind of transcultural process ('Consuela Biaz' signals a change of continent to South America — very 'international'), but does it have to be so bland, limited and banal?

'Silly Confusion', 'Jimmy' and 'Goodbye My Friend' are closer to older Boney M: as potential singles, though, they fall way behind the strong vocal and exuberant inanity of 'Brown Girl In The Ring'. Do the band really want to progress from Tralalas to Boonoonoonoos?

Paul Tickell

Boney

CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT

Two Bad DJ (Greensleeves)

MOST LIKELY to prove a popular success in the wake of the top 30 crossover hit 'Another One Bites The Dust,' included here — side one track one, in true soul business style — and a representative ambassador of the LP's upful humorous bias. The supporting cast assembled in King Tubby's and Channel One included SlyanRobbie and Scientist.

Explicitly political, and mincing no words nor pulling no punches are 'Can't Take Another World War,' which castigates equally the Soviet Union, the American, the Chinaman; and 'Special Request To All Prisoner' a mixture of consolation and militant lamentation, *"Freedom is a must I know."*

In the self-conscious, self referential style are the advertisements for myself mannered 'Hey Mr DJ: Dance It Have Fe Nice', and the 'Tribute To General Echo'. Related is the sexual dance politics of 'Gal Pon The Front Line'; somewhat traditionally chauvinist from the two bad dj's point of view, confidently incorporating Elaine's two-line brush-off, *"Bwoy you can't dance, you better change your style."*

Though it's an LP of predominantly secular concerns, the two bad DJ don't eschew metaphysical considerations altogether. 'Talk About Run' deals with a graveyard seduction and inadvertent raising of a jealous spirit, regretful at his necessary lack of physicality. This is an exception to the general rule.

Also exceptional in the context of the record is the wistfully accusatory 'Sweet Sweet Matilda' — *"The teacher used to say we were meant to be, she never see no lover like the two of we."* The tough get tender and gently reprove the aforementioned female for her upwardly mobile rejection of her roots, *"Me say she turn superstar say she gone abroad, she never 'member nobody down a yard."*

Sad moments are few however, for Papa Eastwood and Papa Saint come fe nice up your area with an absence of cliche and a presence of wit and stepping-up style. Strickly rub-a-dub ina the party and the club!

Mark Cordery

HOLGER CZUKAY

On The Way To The Peak Of Normal (EMI Electrola — German import)

'ON THE WAY To The Peak Of Normal' is Holger Czukay's first LP since 'Movies', a record which by some strange quirk of fate and the weather managed to stumble into the top five (or was it three?) in the *NME* critics poll a year or two ago.

Since then, Czukay's stock has dwindled as style has replaced innovation in the marketplace. Inevitable, really: it takes so damn long to edit and splice together all those little bits of tape that the follow-up's bound to be *musica non grata* by the time it's released. And overlooking the Les Vampyrettes and Czukay/Liebezeit/Wobble EPs and a spot of absurdist French Horn farting on the *Whistle Test*, this is the first project of length and substance since then.

And . . . well, it's not quite as substantial as one might have hoped for. Length is there, for sure, in the side-long opus 'Ode To Perfume', but there's nothing as concisely crafted as 'Cool In The Pool', or as achingly beautiful as 'Persian Love', in the four pieces on side two. The first of these, the title-track, is derived from a spontaneous recording session featuring two radios, Jaki Liebezeit on drums, and the members of young German group S.Y.P.H. on a few other things, the resulting 60 minutes of music later condensed by Czukay into 7½ minutes of quiet tension and foreboding, spoilt towards the end by Holger's odd, vocoder'd vocals.

'Witches' Multiplication Table', which follows, features Conny Plank on "cemetery synthesiser violin", which gives a fair indication of the atmospheres at play in this heavily dubbed unnatural funk outing; very Morriconesque in tone, it's as if the ghosts of all the world's Spaghetti Westerns were gathered at the disco, darting around but really going nowhere fast.

Holger's method for all these tracks involves a constant background rhythm and melodic motif, decorated with delicate bric-a-brac and sundry *musiques trouvees!* There's always something to pay attention to, but you don't *have* to concentrate — Czukay himself recommends listening to 'Ode To Perfume' "whilst rollerskating, driving or flying", and though I've yet to try it in or on any of those, it's OK for just *being there* to, too.

'Two Bass Shuffle' — inspired by Les Paul's speeded-up guitar constructions — is self-explanatory, and 'Hiss 'N' Listen' short but sufficiently extreme, the foreground collage nearly tearing through the Wobble/Liebezeit rhythm backdrop in places.

At the other end of several scales is the aforementioned 'Ode To Perfume', a long and thoughtful instrumental whose progress is visualised by Czukay as "like a trick-film journey into the elaborate weavings of a Persian carpet", the eight sections not so much parts as "stations along the way". Complex, lacking in immediacy and perhaps *too* long, it smacks a little of — gulp! — Floydian excess, though there's plenty to be gleaned from a sympathetic immersion in its low-key, languid dream-sequences.

It's OK, but only to a point; Holger's wandered into an area where the co-ordinates of innovation and aesthetic invention are both askew, a barren corner where the only other options are interior-state tourism and aural Axminster (a kind of up-market wallpaper music). Speaking personally, I think this ill befits a man who'll put a picture of himself like this on his LP sleeve. Surely we deserve more from our Great Individual Loonies?

Andy Gill

Holger Czukay

Ramalama crank-up

Diagrams

THE DIAGRAM BROTHERS

Some Marvels Of Modern Science (new Hormones)

THE Diagram Brothers play an extraordinary, quirky, jerky brand of speedo funk, as if some Pavlovian behaviourist had got hold of The Gang Of Four and started to do tricky experiments on them.

Occasionally the Mancunian Brothers relent, and furious fragmented guitar gives way to something mellower, but only slightly so: the trumpet of 'Here Come The Visitors' is in the spirit of the rest of the album — science before sentience, the didactic before the ecstatic seems to be the unusual anti-rock 'n' roll idea, as the band, using vocals which run from the prosaic to the neurotic, nutty professorial, check out what makes men in white lab coats tick, how neutrons work, and why hypochondriacs feel better immediately that they clap eyes on a doctor.

'My Bad Chest Feels Much Better Now' is a pretty typical Diagrams' title, though it's not my favourite: this space is reserved for 'I Didn't Get Where I Am Today By Being A Right Git'. During this song our musical enquirers and boffins get inside the skull of a careerist for whom people are "useful things", just as on other tracks they humorously penetrate the character armour of policemen and Colonel Blimps.

'The Marvels Of Modern Science' is an album of observations which are never dull, and of music which — in spite of being clinical — is never cold. I quite warm to this kind of off-beat fun and to the proof that the English eccentric spirit needn't necessarily take twee grown-up public schoolboy forms.

Paul Tickell

VICE SQUAD

No Cause For Concern (Riot City / EMI)

LISTENING TO Crisis' 'Hymns Of Faith' I remembered how great 'Frustration' was — I'd forgotten.

Vice Squad's first gig was supporting the mighty Crisis as part of the '79 Militant Entertainment Tour but they first came to light (sound/vinyl) on Bristol's 'Avon Calling' compilation. 'Nothing' kicked some fury amongst the pile of neat, reserved pop toons (I remember) and here it is, two years later, with another twelve of Vice Squad's songs on an album of their own.

When Peel played 'Coward' at three minutes to midnight, at the end of what must have been a Vice Squad session, it cheered me up, Beki's squawling vocals taking me back to 'Don't Dictate' and focussing the guitar fuzz-blur. Here on record, as loud as I want it, as many times as I need it, Vice Squad lash out at lethargy, wake up like a line and no mess. But it's still only Beki's voice that rescues the noise and keeps the dull assault from putting me back to sleep.

Don't play no lead guitar — hand me that cheese grater and butcher the bass drum. Shout!

After the waffle, the album?

Most of it lives up to my expectations but one or two tracks are GOOD. 'Young Blood' swaps drums for handclaps held high and I hear Sham, whilst 'Saturday Night Special' frames teenage kicks Buzzcocks-style — GOOD.

Floor toms thump, mounted toms roll, 'Evil' pummels and

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TOM BROWNE

Yours Truly (Arista)

ANYONE who unleashed that 'Funkin' For Jamaica' bass line could in no way be as conceptually and musically void as that first album suggested. This new set endorses that theory, and confirms that the other one was hastily thrown (up?) around that monster single.

Presumably Browne has learnt that doing that sort of thing can seriously damage one's credibility so he as taken his time and come up with something that he obviously felt happy about and is proud to put his name to, even in spite of the overlong 'A Message' (the fact that it is the last track on side two, gives it a way as filler).

The single 'Fungi Mama/Bebefunkaiscolypso', one of 82's BIG ONES, is in itself worth the price of an album. The remainder of solid funkers, easy rockers and dead-straight jazzers all handled by Browne with considerable respect and style, should make you reach for your pocket.

Lloyd Bradley

1981 CHART POINTS

IT'S OBVIOUS that chart-wise the year belonged to Adam & The Ants — top singles artists and top album, both by huge margins. And though they didn't have the top single, they have three in the Top Ten.

Second chart act of the year must rate as Shakin' Stevens — runner-up singles artist; three singles in the Top 25, two albums in the Top 20. Others figuring strongly in all three tables are John Lennon, Stevie Wonder and Ultravox.

It might be worth mentioning that, as the year ended, the top act was The Human League — but their successes, notably over the last three months, don't appear quite so outstanding in the full-year aggregates. Any bets on them being the top chart act of 1982?

Pic: Anton Corbijn

Adam Ant

SINGLES

ADAM's winning total of 916 makes last year's winning figure (556 by Madness) pale into insignificance. In fact, it's the highest winning total for five years, since Abba just topped the 1,000 mark in 1976.

Both Shakin' Stevens and John Lennon also passed the 1980 winning total — though Madness (at No 4 with 499) weren't far short of their total last year, and full marks to them for consistency.

Points of interest: virtually all of John Lennon's total was amassed in the first quarter of the year (hardly surprisingly). And 190 different acts figured in the singles charts during the year, the lowest number for five years (last year there were 204.)

Top single of the year was 'Vienna' (perhaps predictably), with 10 points more than last year's winner ('Crying' by Don McLean). It's also not surprising to see 'Ghost Town' as runner-up — but a special word for 'Tainted Love' by Soft Cell at joint No 2.

SINGLES ARTISTS

1	ADAM & THE ANTS	916
2	SHAKIN' STEVENS	689
3	JOHN LENNON (including 214 with Yoko Ono and 7 with Elton John)	621
4	Madness	499
5	Ultravox	478
6	Toyah	459
7	Kim Wilde	438
8	Human League	427
8	Stevie Wonder	427
10	The Police	389
11	Starsound	373
12	Bad Manners	352
13	Spandau Ballet	350
14	Soft Cell	340
15	The Specials	335
16	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark	311
17	Bucks Fizz	306
18	Cliff Richard	295
19	Phil Collins	271
20	Imagination	267
21	The Stray Cats	245
22	Visage	239
23	Linx	236
24	The Jacksons	231
25	Duran Duran	228
26	Tweets	226
27	UB40	220
28	Michael Jackson	217
29	The Jam	212
30	Depeche Mode	209
31	Smokey Robinson	202
32	The Nolans	198
33	Electric Light Orchestra	195
34	Godley & Creme	192
35	Abba	191
35	Barry Manilow	191
37	Dave Stewart & Barbara Gaskin (see also Dave Stewart & Colin Blunstone)	190
38	Tenpole Tudor	187
39	Louis Clark & The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra	182
40	Hazel O'Connor	180
41	Roxy Music	179
41	The Teardrop Explodes	179
43	Ennio Morricone	176
44	Altered Images	173
44	Aneka	173
44	Diana Ross (see also Diana Ross & Lionel Richie)	173
44	Status Quo	173
48	Ottowan	172
49	Kool & The Gang	171
50	Odyssey	167
51	Joe Dolce	166
52	Rainbow	162
53	Julio Iglesias	161
54	Coast To Coast	159
55	Elvis Costello	152
56	The Pretenders	151
57	Landscape	150
58	The Beat	149
58	Champaigne	149
60	Sheena Easton	148
61	Rod Stewart	147
62	Queen & David Bowie (see also Queen and Bowie separately)	140
63	Kate Robins	134
63	Sugar Minott	134
65	Gary Numan	132
66	Earth Wind & Fire	131
67	Alvin Stardust	130
68	Whispers	129
69	Third World	127
70	Modern Romance	126
71	Squeeze	125
72	Four Tops	123
73	Quincy Jones	122
74	Blondie	119
74	Graham Bonnet	119
76	Randy Crawford	118
76	Haircut 100	118
76	Queen (see also Queen & David Bowie)	118
79	Bob Marley & The Wailers	116
80	Olivia Newton John	115
80	Diana Ross & Lionel Richie (see also Diana Ross separately)	115
82	Tight Fit	114
83	Elaine Paige	113
84	Freeez	112
85	Lobo	109
86	Reo Speedwagon	108
87	Yarborough & Peoples	107
88	Fred Wedlock	106
89	Dire Straits	102
89	The Look	102
91	Tom Tom Club	100
92	Genesis	98
92	Jona Lewie	98
94	The Who	96
95	Chas & Dave	94
96	The Rolling Stones	93
97	Kim Carnes	92
97	Pointer Sisters	92
99	Motorhead/Girlschool (these two bands also figure separately)	91
99	Red Sovine	91
101	Laurie Anderson	86
102	Gidea Park	85
103	Kate Bush	81
104	Eddy Grant	80
105	Hi Gloss	79
105	B.A. Robertson & Maggie Bell	79
107	Vangelis	77
108	Motorhead (see also Motorhead/Girlschool)	75
109	The Fureys	73
109	St. Winifred's School Choir	73
111	Dave Stewart & Colin Blunstone (see also Dave Stewart & Barbara Gaskin)	71
112	Tony Capstick	70
112	Kiki Dee	70
112	Saxon	70
115	Enigma	69
115	Spurs F.A.	69
117	The Talking Heads	68
118	David Bowie (see also Queen & David Bowie)	65
119	The Boomtown Rats	64
120	Bill Wyman	63
121	Keith Marshall	62
121	Public Image Ltd	62
123	Japan	61
124	The Dead Kennedys	60
124	George Harrison	60
124	Slade	60
127	Gillan	59
128	Siouxsie & The Banshees	56
129	Beggar & Co	53
130	The Undertones	52
131	Matchbox	51
132	Dexys Midnight Runners	49
132	Racey	49
134	Neil Diamond	47
135	Gap Band	45
135	Whitesnake	45
135	XTC	45
138	Echo & The Bunnymen	43
139	U2	42
140	Kirsty MacColl	41
141	Funboy Three	40
141	Heatwave	40
143	New Order	39
144	ABC	32
144	Evasions	32
146	The Creatures	31
146	Kenny Rogers	31
148	The Passions	29
149	Startrax	26
149	Dollar	26
151	Susan Fassbender	24
152	Killing Joke	23
153	Rush	21
154	Department S	18
155	Kelly Marie	17
156	Crass	15
157	Cure	14
157	Debbie Harry (see also Blondie)	14
157	Trevor Walters	14
160	Barron Knights	13
160	Jets	13
160	Thin Lizzy	13
163	Barbara Jones	12
164	Evelyn King	10
165	Heaven 17	9
165	Magazine	9
167	The Clash	8
167	Girlschool (see also Motorhead/Girlschool)	8
167	Pigbag	8
170	The Exploited	6
170	The Hollies	6
170	Bruce Springsteen	6
170	Stiff Little Finers	6
170	UK Subs	6
175	Orange Juice	5
175	The Psychedelic Furs	5
177	Sheila Hylton	4
177	Iron Maiden	4
177	Funkapolitan	4
177	The Polecats	4
177	Simple Minds	4
182	Bauhaus	3
182	Hawkwind	3
184	Mac Davies	2
184	Stevie Nicks	2
184	Sharon Redd	2
187	James Brown	1
187	Kid Creole/Coati Mundi	1
187	Fire Engines	1
187	Bill Nelson	1

COMPILATION NOTES

WHEN artists appear in the charts in more than one capacity, their entries are normally shown as separate listings. For instance, although **Queen** and **David Bowie** appear together as a result of their 'Under Pressure' link-up, both acts also figure individually — and the same applies to the **Motorhead** and **Girlschool** get-together. Likewise, artists such as **Diana Ross** and **Dave Stewart** are shown both as soloist, and in duets with other singers.

This is our normal policy, because if these entries were not shown separately, points would be duplicated. However, we have made one exception this year in **John Lennon** — whose points as a soloist, as well as with **Yoko Ono** and **Elton John**, have all been lumped together — and that's because, in view of the feelings aroused by his death, it's obvious that records were bought solely for his contribution and not for the fact that he happened to be singing with someone else.

ALBUMS

IN CONTRAST to the single charts, the LP lists have gone bananas this year, with no less than 269 different albums figuring in the Top 30 during 1981. Not only does that beat the 1980 figure of 251, but it establishes an all-time record. There must be a moral in there somewhere!

The winning total of 986 by 'Kings Of The Wild Frontier' knocks spots off last year's winner, 'Off The Wall' by Michael Jackson with 722 points — and only just failed to surpass Blondie's 1979 total of 994 with 'Parallel Lines'.

Biggest surprise is probably Randy Crawford at No 6 with 'Secret Combination'. It might also be worth mentioning (as we did last year) the large number of compilations.

1.	KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER (Adam & The Ants)	986
2.	HOTTER THAN JULY (Stevie Wonder)	622
3.	JAZZ SINGER (Neil Diamond)	442
4.	Face Value (Phil Collins)	435
5.	Manilow Magic (Barry Manilow)	429
6.	Secret Combination (Randy Crawford)	428
7.	Double Fantasy (John Lennon/Yoko Ono)	422
7.	This Ole House (Shakin' Stevens)	422
9.	Stars On 45	407
10.	Makin' Movies (Dire Straits)	406
11.	Vienna (Ultravox)	389
12.	Love Songs (Cliff Richard)	379
13.	Duran Duran	357
14.	Hi Infidelity (Reo Speedwagon)	328
15.	Shaky (Shakin' Stevens)	321
16.	Anthem (Toyah)	319
17.	Ghost In The Machine (Police)	271
18.	Time (Electric Light Orchestra)	268
19.	Chariots Of Fire (Vangelis)	257
20.	Barry (Barry Manilow)	253
20.	Disco Daze And Disco Nights (Various)	253
20.	No Sleep 'Til Hammersmith (Motorhead)	253
23.	Kim Wilde	252
24.	Guilty (Barbra Streisand)	245
25.	Dare (Human League)	242
26.	Journeys To Glory (Spandau Ballet)	240
27.	Greatest Hits (Dr. Hook)	223
28.	Dead Ringer (Meat Loaf)	221
29.	Bad For Good (Jim Steinman)	214
30.	Hooked On Classics (Louis Clark & RPO)	210
30.	The Very Best Of David Bowie	210
32.	Visage	204
33.	Tattoo You (Rolling Stones)	200
34.	Abacab (Genesis)	193
35.	Super Trouper (Abba)	188
36.	Superhits 1 & 2 (Various)	186
37.	The Stray Cats	184
38.	Imagine (John Lennon)	179
39.	If I Should Love Again (Barry Manilow)	178
40.	Wired For Sound (Cliff Richard)	176
41.	Queen Greatest Hits	171
41.	Sky 3	171
41.	The Best Of Blondie	171
44.	Bat Out Of Hell (Meatloaf)	170
45.	Wha'ppen? (The Beat)	169
46.	Absolutely (Madness)	164
46.	Prince Charming (Adam & The Ants)	164
48.	Dance Craze (Soundtrack)	156
49.	Rage In Eden (Ultravox)	154
50.	Madness 7	151
51.	Ju Ju (Siouxsie & The Banshees)	148
52.	Architecture And Morality (Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark)	135
52.	Magnetic Fields (Jean Michel Jarre)	135
54.	Flash Gordon (Queen)	132
55.	Difficult To Cure (Rainbow)	131
56.	Face Dances (The Who)	124
57.	Celebration (Johnny Mathis)	123
58.	Southern Freeez (Freeez)	120
59.	Come An' Get It (Whitesnake)	119
60.	Not The Nine O'Clock News (BBC Cast)	118
61.	Autoamerican (Blondie)	117
62.	Pretenders II	115
63.	Never Too Late (Status Quo)	114
64.	Almost Blue (Elvis Costello)	113
65.	Zenyatta Mondatta (Police)	112
66.	The River (Bruce Springsteen)	109
67.	Moving Pictures (Rush)	108
68.	Shaved Fish (John Lennon)	107
69.	Best Of Michael Jackson	106
69.	Long Distance Voyager (Moody Blues)	106
69.	Pearls (Elkie Brooks)	106
72.	Chart Hits '81 (Various)	105
72.	Punks Not Dead (Exploited)	105
72.	Tonight I'm Yours (Rod Stewart)	105
75.	Future Shock (Gillan)	103
75.	Official BBC Royal Wedding Album	103
75.	The Flowers Of Romance (Public Image Ltd.)	103

45s CHART-TOPPERS

Adam & The Ants — 9 weeks
Shakin' Stevens — 6 weeks
John Lennon (including one week with Yoko Ono) — 5 weeks
Michael Jackson — 3 weeks
Bucks Fizz; Phil Collins; Joe Dolce; Police; Queen & David Bowie; Smokey Robinson; Roxy Music; Specials; Dave Stewart & Barbara Gaskin — 2 weeks
Aneka; Altered Images; Human League; Julio Iglesias; Ennio Morricone; Soft Cell; Spandau Ballet; Starsound; Ultravox; Stevie Wonder — 1 week

33s CHART-TOPPERS

Kings Of The Wild Frontier (Adam & The Ants) — 15 weeks
Love Songs (Cliff Richard); Time (Electric Light Orchestra) — 4 weeks
Dare (Human League); Dead Ringer (Meatloaf); Double Fantasy (John Lennon/Yoko Ono); Ghost In The Machine (Police); Super Trouper (Abba) — 3 weeks
No Sleep 'Til Hammersmith (Motorhead); Present Arms (UB40); Prince Charming (Adam & The Ants); Stars On 45 — 2 weeks
Abacab (Genesis); Anthem (Toyah); Chart Hits '81 (Various); Face Value (Phil Collins); Greatest Hits (Queen) — 1 week

Continues over

SINGLES

1. VIENNA (Ultravox) 237
2. GHOST TOWN (The Specials) 233
2. TAINTED LOVE (Soft Cell) 233
4. This Ole House (Shakin' Stevens) . 224
5. Stand And Deliver (Adam & The Ants) 223
6. Imagine (John Lennon) 217
7. One Day In Your Life (Michael Jackson) 216
8. Antmusic (Adam & The Ants) 215
9. Being With You (Smokey Robinson) 202
9. Prince Charming (Adam & The Ants) 202
11. Making Your Mind Up (Bucks Fizz) 201
12. Birdie Song (Tweets) 200
13. Stars On 45 194
14. Lately (Stevie Wonder) 191
14 You Drive Me Crazy (Shakin' Stevens) 191
16. It's My Party (Dave Stewart & Barbara Gaskin) 190
17. Hold On Tight (ELO) 185
18. Souvenir (Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark) 184
19. Hooked On Classics (Louis Clark/RPO) 182
20. Love Action (Human League) 180
21. Jealous Guy (Roxy Music) 179
21. Woman (John Lennon) 179
23. Green Door (Shakin' Stevens) 177
23. Thunder In The Mountains (Toyah) 177
25. Theme From Lloyd George (Ennio Morricone) 176
26. Can Can (Bad Manners) 175
27. In The Air Tonight (Phil Collins) 173
27. Japanese Boy (Aneka) 173
27. Kids In America (Kim Wilde) 173
30. Hands Up (Ottowan) 172
31. Body Talk (Imagination) 169
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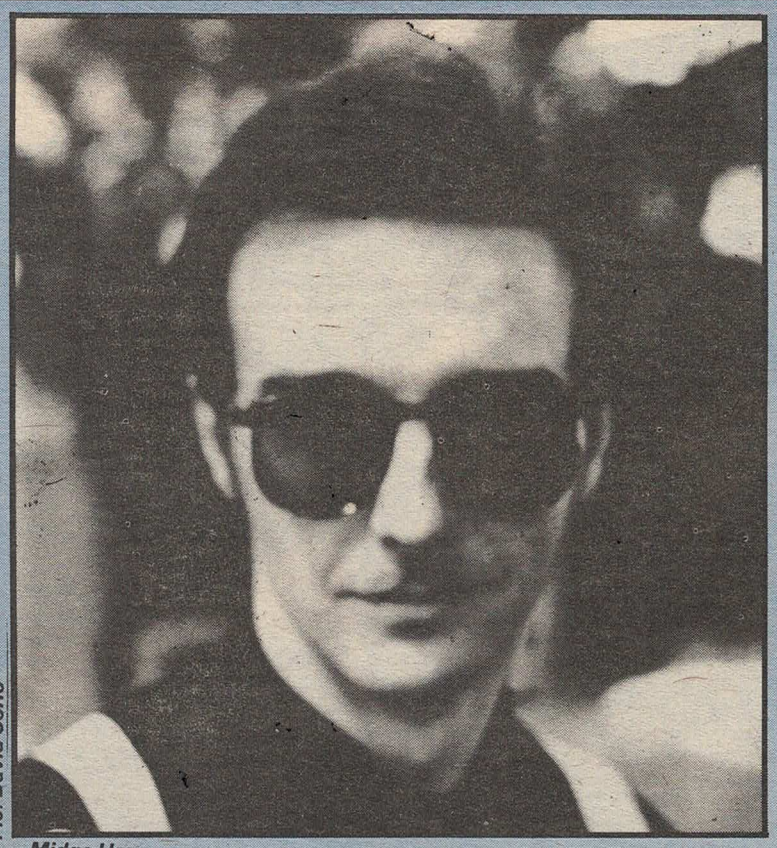

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HOW TO CHART THE TABLES

THE CHART POINTS TABLES are compiled from the singles and albums Top Thirty charts published weekly by *NME*. Every week throughout the year, points are awarded on the basis of 30 for a No.1 placing, 29 for a No.2 — and so on, down to one point for a No.30 position. The resulting lists are a guide to chart consistency and popularity during the year — although, of course, they don't necessarily reflect actual sales figures.

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RECORD NEWS

BUSINESS AFFAIR

SECRET AFFAIR will have their latest album 'Business As Usual' issued on January 29 by I-Spy Records (through Arista). It's preceded on January 8 by a new single featuring two tracks culled from the LP, 'Lost In The Night' and 'The Big Beat', both written by Ian Page and Dave Cairns.

NEW FELA KUTI ELPEE

FELA KUTI — the African political activist, who's become a living legend in his native Nigeria — releases his new LP 'Original Sufferhead' on January 8. Although he's recorded no less than 41 albums during his career, it's only his second for Arista! It was recorded in Paris last spring, when he was playing a season there. Kuti is featured as singer, writer, saxist, pianist, arranger and producer.

PURSEY SOLO ALBUM

JIMMY PURSEY, whose first solo album after the demise of Sham 69 was on Polydor, switches to Epic for his second solo offering 'Alien Orphan' scheduled for February release. In the same month, Mike Love of The Beach Boys has his LP 'Looking Back With Love' out on the Boardwalk label (through Epic). Upcoming from Epic in March is a new album by The Nolans — plus the debut LP from Cheetah, who are described as "two of the most tantalising young ladies to emerge on the rock scene for some time."

ROMANTIC RAPPING

MODERN ROMANCE aim for a hat-trick of hits, with a new single issued by WEA Records on January 8, the follow-up to their recent chart success 'Ay Ay Ay Ay Moosey'. Taken from their debut album 'Adventures In Clubland', it's called 'Queen Of The Rapping Scene (Nothing Ever Goes The Way You Plan)'. The B-side is 'Can You Move', the remixed American version of their first hit 'Everybody Salsa'.

JAPAN B-SIDE BOOST

JAPAN have their most popular stage song 'European Son' — which was originally the B-side of their 'Life In Tokyo' hit, and appears also on their 'Assemblage' album — issued as their new single on January 8 by Hansa (through Ariola). It's been specially remixed by David Sylvian and producer Steve Nye, and the 12-inch version also has additional bass and brass parts.

ELO CONCERT VIDEO

ELO are the latest band to have their stage act captured on video cassette — titled 'ELO Live In Concert', it incorporates much of their best-known material. An odd feature is that, due to a copyright mix-up, it's available on two different labels — VCL and MGM-CBS. At a court hearing to clarify the situation, the judge ruled that the two versions could remain on sale, as both parties had acted in good faith.

XTC back in top gear

XTC, for whom this has been an exceptionally low-key year, swing back into action right at the beginning of 1982 with the release of their first single in nine months — titled 'Senses Working Overtime', it's issued by Virgin on January 8. There are two songs on the B-side, 'Blame The Weather' and 'Tissue Tiger', with a bonus track called 'Egyptian Solution' on the 12-inch version. The single precedes their fifth album by about a month and, because they've recorded such a wealth of material at The Manor, it's to be a two-record set (apparently they don't like the term "double album") titled 'English Settlement' — and we're told it marks a significant change in the band's musical approach, particularly in the wide range of instrumentation employed.

● With **Barry Manilow** about to descend upon the UK, Arista have released a boxed set containing three of his albums — 'Even Now', 'One Voice' and the double LP 'Barry Manilow Live'. It comes in a presentation gift package called 'Manilow Miracles'. With a dealer price of £8.50 plus VAT, it's likely to cost around £12 in the shops.

● January 18 sees the release by EMI of a new **Don McLean** single titled 'Castles In The Air'. His next album 'Believers' follows in February.

● Although still untitled at press-time, WEA have scheduled mid-January release for new albums by **John McLaughlin** and **Sister Sledge**, with an LP by **Donna Summer** set for February.

● Out this weekend on Arista, in both 7" and 12" formats, is the new **Tom Browne** single 'Fungi Mama'. It's taken from his latest album 'Yours Truly'.

● **True Life Confessions**, who've built up a substantial following on the London club circuit, have their single 'Banana Split' issued by A&M this weekend.

● The double A-side single 'Take No Prisoners'/'Killing Time' marks the debut of Belfast band **Sweet Savage**, who have supported the likes of Motorhead and Wishbone Ash in Ireland. It's on the independent Park Records label, through Spartan.

● Rat Race Records, who've been remarkably quiet for several months, swing back into action with the release of a double A-side single by **The Almost Brothers**. Titles are 'Bums Rush' and 'Where The Wind Sighs'.

● New York electro-dance band **Ballistic Kisses** have a three-track 12-inch single out next week on Don't Fall Off The Mountain Records, through the usual indie outlets.

THE FEMININE TOUCH

● HAZEL O'CONNOR greets 1982 with the release of a new single titled 'Calls The Tune', out on A&M this weekend. The B-side features live versions of two songs from her *Breaking Glass* movie, 'Eighth Day' and 'Give Me An Inch'.

● JOAN ARMATRADING has a new single currently available. It was officially issued by A&M on Christmas Day — though how anyone could buy it on that day is a mystery! Titled 'No Love', it's culled from her 'Walk Under Ladders' LP.

● RANDY CRAWFORD will be featuring all her chart hits in two half-hour shows, to be screened by BBC-2 on January 4 and 8. They were recorded at her nine-night season at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal, and feature Randy backed by a five-piece band and the 20-piece Wren Orchestra.

● KIM GOODY — an actress and singer who's not only appeared in such TV dramas as *The Professionals* and *New Avengers*, but has also undertaken a world tour with The Kinks — has her single 'Wait In Line' issued by Bronze on January 8. It was co-written by Kim and ex-Jeff Beck bassist Mo Austin.

● ELAINE PAIGE, pictured above doing her Sheena Easton take-off, has her new single 'The Second Time' rushed out by WEA. Written by Tim Rice and Francis Lai, it's taken from her recent self-named album.

● OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN has her next single issued by EMI on January 18, titled 'Landslide'. It's the follow-up to her recent smash hit 'Physical'.

TOUR NEWS

Pendergrass on the road

TEDDY PENDERGRASS — who played a couple of London concerts in the late spring at the Victoria Apollo, with ticket demand far exceeding supply — returns at the end of January for a more extended visit, this time taking in eight major shows.

He appears at Edinburgh Playhouse (January 29), Manchester Apollo (30), Birmingham Odeon (31), Brighton Dome (February 2), Southampton Gaumont (3), London Hammersmith Odeon (4 and 5) and Croydon Fairfield Hall (7). Tickets are on sale now priced £6, £5.50 and £5 (Hammersmith); £6.50 maximum (Croydon); and £4.75, £4.25 and £3.75 (elswhere).

Extra Sabbath

BLACK SABBATH have added another two dates to their UK tour, which opens with a four-night stint at Hammersmith Odeon from tonight (Thursday) — they are at Leicester Granby Hall (January 10) and Portsmouth Guildhall (15), and tickets for both shows are on sale now all at the one price of £5. The band will have a new single released by Phonogram in mid-January titled 'Turn Up The Night', and there will also be a limited edition picture disc available.

☐ **ANTI-PASTI** play their only UK gig until the late spring on January 9, when they visit Hitchin North Herts College. They then go into the studio to start work on a new album, and don't plan any more dates until the LP is released.

☐ **THE WAVES** — the new band formed by ex-Soft Boys lead guitarist Kimberley Rew, who've been playing a handful of warm-up gigs during December — are planning a full tour starting towards the end of January. It will coincide with the release of their first single 'Nightmare' on Armageddon Records.

☐ **JIMMY WITHERSPOON**, the American blues giant, continues his UK tour at London Putney Half Moon (January 3), Newcastle Corner House (5 and 6), London Chiswick Bulls Head (8), Bristol Hawthorns Hotel (9), Glasgow Black Bull (10), Halifax Acapulco Club (13), London University College (14), Darlington Arts Centre (15) and Sheffield Hurlfield Campus (16).

☐ **MARILLION**, the Aylesbury band who built up a considerable reputation on the gig circuit in 1981, have confirmed the first dates in their two-month New Year tour. They play Chadwell Heath Electric Stadium (January 6 and 27), Cambridge Great Northern (9), London Leytonstone Green Man (11), Luton Mad Hatter (12), Treforest Wales Polytechnic (15), Tonypandy Naval Club (16), London Hampstead Starlight Room (18), Hitchin Regal (21), Luton Technical College (22), Stoke Mandeville HS Club (23) and London Clapham 101 Club (28).

☐ **JAZZ AFRIKA**, the group led by expatriate South African drummer Julian Bahula, go on the road later this month. Dates set so far are Leicester Braunstone Hotel (January 26), Nottingham Black Boy Inn (27), London Oxford St. 100 Club (29), Norwich Flixton Rooms (30), Birmingham Opposite Lock (31), Hull Humberside Theatre (February 1), York Arts Centre (2), Sheffield George IV Hotel (3), Manchester Band On The Wall (4), Liverpool Tom Hall's Tavern (5), Kendal Brewery Arts Centre (6) and Leeds Playhouse (7).

Teardrops are at full cry

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES have now set dates and venues for their New Year tour, plans for which were reported in our last issue. Not only is it the most important tour they've yet undertaken, in terms of the prestigious halls they're visiting, but it also marks the band's first outing with their re-shaped line-up — now featuring new bassist Ron Francois and the return of keyboards man Dave Balfe. A new single will be issued during the tour.

They play Aylesbury Friars (January 25), Ipswich Gaumont (26), Brighton Dome (27), Bristol Colston Hall (28), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (29), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (30), Leeds University (31), Edinburgh Playhouse (February 1), Newcastle City Hall (2), Sheffield City Hall (3), Manchester Apollo (4), Lancaster University (5) and Birmingham Odeon (6).

Then follows a string of dates in Europe, before the Teardrops return to play London Hammersmith Palais on February 21 and 22. These two shows replace the three postponed from January 3-5 and, as reported, existing tickets for the original gigs remain valid for the revised dates — though further tickets are still available at the box-office and usual agents.

Although this tour is strictly in the band's own right, and doesn't come within the scope of Club Zoo, they will be resuming activities with the club afterwards. And Club Zoo will continue to function in their absence — dates are now being set with The Wild Swans, who recently supported Echo & The Bunnymen on tour, and have now been signed by Zoo Records.

● Three Teardrops tracks are featured on the album 'To The Shores Of Lake Placid', released by Zoo on January 28, and charting the label's activities up to the present time — they are 'Camera Camera', the original unreleased version of 'When I Dream' and the never-issued 'Take A Chance'. Also included are three tracks by Echo & The Bunnymen, recorded in 1979

Teardrop overlord JULIAN COPE

when they were a trio plus drum machine — the long deleted 'Pictures On My Wall' and 'Read It In Books', and the first recorded version of 'Villiers Terrace'. Among other acts on the LP are Those Naughty Lumps, Lori & The Chameleons, Dalek I Love You, Big In Japan, Turquoise Swimming Pools (featuring David Balfe and Troy Tate) and the debut of Kevin Stapleton's group Whopper.

Haircut: plans for full tour

HAIRCUT 100 play another major London date on January 27 when they headline at the National Club in Kilburn (all tickets £3), and this is expected to be their last gig before they set out on a full-scale UK tour in March. As reported, they also appear in the New Year's Eve show tonight at London ICA Theatre, as part of that venue's current Rock Week — and they are donating all proceeds from this concert to the Bromley Leukaemia Research Fund.

They'll be promoting their new single, the follow-up to their chart hit 'Favourite Shirts', which is released by Arista this weekend — titled 'Love Plus One' coupled with 'Marine Boy', packaged in their distinctive picture bag, containing a limited edition of picture cards each portraying a different member of the band. Their debut album is scheduled for February release.

RETURN OF RY COODER

RY COODER returns to the UK in the late winter for his first appearances in this country since October, 1980 — and his schedule includes three nights at the Hammersmith Odeon. He'll be backed by an all-star band whose line-up includes renowned drummer Jim Keltner, Tim Drummond (bass), Jim Dickinson (piano) and William 'Smitty' (organ) — plus vocalists Bobby King and Willie Green Jnr, who sang with Cooder when he was last here.

His concerts are at London Hammersmith Odeon (March 4, 5 and 6), Birmingham Odeon (7), Dublin Stadium (9 and 10), Manchester Apollo (12) and Glasgow Apollo (13). It's expected that he'll also be appearing on TV during his stay in Britain, probably an *Old Grey Whistle Test* spot.

Tickets for all shows go on sale this Saturday (January 2). Prices are £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 (Hammersmith); £7, £6 and £5 (Dublin); and £5, £4 and £3 (the other three UK venues). The concerts are promoted by Paul Fenn of Asgard.

THREE ONE-OFF JANUARY SHOWS

☐ THE GO-GO's, who will be supporting The Police on their upcoming European tour, take time out to play a one-off London show at the Hammersmith Palais on January 12 — tickets £3 (advance), £3.50 (on the doors) — and it's promoted by Capital Radio in association with the Derek Block Agency. The group will also be appearing on BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* during their visit.

☐ BOLLOCK BROTHERS, Mood Six and Naked Lunch are among those appearing in a futurist show called 'The Alternative All-Dayer' at London Strand Lyceum Ballroom tomorrow (New Year's Day). Others taking part include Tik & Tok (from Shock) and Plaza, and there will also be a wide range of videos. Tickets are £3 (advance) and £3.50 (doors).

☐ MOOD SIX, Miles Over Matter and The High Tide are featured in a psychedelic evening at London Charing Cross Heaven on January 11. It aids promotion of the WEA compilation album 'A Splash Of Colour' (announced in our last issue), on which these bands — among others — are featured. The High Tide have a single from the LP, titled 'Baby Dancing', issued next week. Another promotional gig is by Miles Over Matter at London Islington Hope & Anchor on January 10.

Ohio Players in late spring

THE OHIO PLAYERS are returning to Britain in the late spring to play a mixture of concert and cabaret dates. Their first two engagements are at Watford Bailey's (June 7 week) and Manchester Golden Garter (14 week) — which is the furthest ahead we've yet progressed into 1982! Their one-nighters will follow during the week commencing June 21 but, not surprisingly, these haven't yet been confirmed. Meanwhile, their new album 'Ouch' is released in February on Boardwalk Records (through Epic).

☐ **RHYTHM OF LIFE** are a new unit formed by Paul Haig who, until recently, was the central figure in Josef K — and they make their stage debut on January 12 at London Victoria The Venue. This is their only scheduled UK date at present, though they'll shortly be touring Europe with The Durutti Column and Richard Jobson. They've just released their first single 'Soon' on their own label via Rational Records, with a second single titled 'Uncle Sam' to follow in a week or two.

☐ **SPIDER** have now lined up the first dates for their New Year tour, and the schedule includes most of the venues they were forced to cancel in December, when they were invited to join Slade's Christmas tour. So far set are Chadwell Heath Greyhound (tomorrow, Friday), London Hammersmith Clarendon (January 5), Birkenhead Sir James Club (6), Blackpool JR's (8 and 9), Hereford Rotters (15), Kidderminster Boars Head (16), Worthing Balmoral (21 and 22), Wollaston Nags Head (23), Gravesend Red Lion (29), Balloch Ben Lomond Hotel (February 5), Bathgate Cairn Park Hotel (7), Bannockburn Tamdhu Atom (8), Whitburn Whitedale Hotel (11) and Edinburgh Abercorn Inn (12). More are being finalised.

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Main Band
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No 98 Night Bus to Central London

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SPIDER + Desolation Angels

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Sunday 3rd January £1.00
8 pm-10.30 pm
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Monday 4th January £1.00
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Heavy Rock
STAMPEDE (ex Wild Horses)
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Tuesday 5th January £1.00
7.30 pm-10.30 pm
Under 18's Night
SMALL WORLD

Wednesday 6th January £1.00
8 pm-12 midnight
MARILLION
+ Duphoria's Last Chance

Thursday 7th January £1.00
8 pm-12 pm
Mod Dance Night
THE GENTS + The Dads

KINGS HEAD
4 Fulham High St

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THE 45's

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Phone For Details

Saturday 2nd January £1.50
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Sunday 3rd January £1
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Wednesday 6th Jan — *Phone For Details*

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Thurs 31, Fri 1
Closed — Happy New Year

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+ The Creamies

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Saturday 2nd January £1
25th STREET
+ Souls Valiant

Sunday 3rd January
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DEVOTION
+ The Three Laws

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THE TRANSISTORS
+ Kameloen

Wednesday 6th January £1
RYE AND THE QUATERBOYS
+ The Reactions

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SKANKA ORCHESTRA

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PLUS GUESTS
TUESDAY 12th JANUARY 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS £3.00
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Nationwide Gig Guide

A VOID on the circuit this week, and perhaps one you should avoid (our first and only pun of 1982, we promise). It's the usual lethargy which invariably follows the festive season, complicated this year by two other factors — many bands and venues failing to heed our warning about submitting dates before the pre-Christmas deadline for this page, and a postal dispute delaying gigs sent in by those good people who did try to catch that deadline.

The only new tour starting this week is by BLACK SABBATH, who kick off with a string of four nights at London Hammersmith Odeon from Thursday — though ADAM & THE ANTS resume their travels with a three-night stint in Manchester from Sunday. And THE POLICE complete their concert series with a New Year's Eve special in Edinburgh. New Year's Eve offers the pick of the week, not surprisingly, with several one-off gigs of interest — and ICA's Rock Week continues through until Sunday. Otherwise, the picture is pretty bleak. But things should start picking up from next week . . . Barry Manilow, for instance!!

Thursday 31st

Wilko Johnson: London

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Blackburn New Regent: **Boobz**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **The Amyl Dukes**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Purple Hearts / The Heartbeats**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Chiddingly The Hall: **Mobiles / The Skirts**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The D.T.'s**
Darley Dale Northwood Club: **Saracen**
Edinburgh Royal Highland Exhibition Centre: **The Police**
Hailsham Electric Theatre: **Anti-Nowhere League / Peter & The Test Tube Babies / Panic Button**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **The Same Old Blues Band**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Precautions**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Battersea Arts Centre (afternoon): **Mike Mower Quartet**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Inmates / Wreckless Eric**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Chris Thompson & The Islands**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Rouge / Gaye Brown**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Black Sabbath**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Mothers Ruin / This Colour**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **SFX**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Fred Hunt**
London Lambeth The Angel: **The Up-sect / Loose Talk**
London Marquee Club: **Wilko Johnson / Juan Foote 'n' The Grave**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Delia Bongo / Tucker Finlayson Band / Root Jackson**
London Putney Half Moon: **Crannog**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Matchbox / Blackcat**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Haircut 100 / Buzzz / China Crisis**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Blondes / Drastic Measures / Howard Jones**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Johnny Mars Band**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St.) The Albany: **Room 13**
Long Eaton Sawley Soldiers & Sailors: **Dawn Fury**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Midnite Follies Orchestra**
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **Spider**
Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial Hotel: **Fireclown**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Rock City: **Nine Below Zero**
Oxford (Harston) Bricklayers Arms: **Walkin' Wounded**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Vetoes / Vixen**
Portsmouth Palm Beach Club: **Terry & Dennis Revox**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **The HeeBeeGeeBees**
Stockport Poco Poco Club: **The Nashville Teens (for three days)**
Stoke Wagon & Horses: **Rockin' Horse**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Sub Zero**
Wokingham Angie's: **Travellin' Shoes**

Friday 1st

Naked Lunch: London

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Spider/Desolation Angels**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Guernsey C.I. The Hermitage: **The Pulse**
Harrow The Roxborough: **The Nighthawks**
Hatton Cross Hall of Rock: **The 01 Band**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band.**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Philip Jap**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Black Sabbath**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Neon Blondes/The Attendants**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **The Exciters/Paz**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Jazz Africa**
London Putney Half Moon: **Chicken Shack**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Harry Gold's Pieces of Eight**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Bollock Bros/Mood Six/Naked Lunch/Plaza/Tik & Tok**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Maximum Joy/The Past Seven Days/The Chameleons**
London Victoria The Venue: **Soul All Dayer**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Sunfly**

Saturday 2nd

Barrow-on-Humber Haven Inn: **Whammer Jammer**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Blackburn New Regent: **Boobz**
Bristol The Green Room: **The Controls**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Littlehampton The Spotted Cow: **Ho Ho Ho / The Lurking Turds / The Beekeepers / Scrodini / The Turks**
London Acton Town Hall: **Freddie McGregor / Linval Thompson / Al Campbell**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Julie Amiet Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**

Aztec Camera: London

London Hammersmith Odeon: **Black Sabbath**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The News / Steve Leyton Band**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Bim / Survivors**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Cobras**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Sanity Clause / Surfing Llamas**
London Putney Half Moon: **Crannog**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **The Wailing Pumas**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Cambridge City Jazz Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **25th Street**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Aztec Camera / King Trigger / Artery**
London Victoria The Venue: **Kokomo**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
Maidstone Mote Park Pavilion: **Stark./ The Ferrets / Dicemen / Appropriate Noise**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Mosquito's**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **The Deltas**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverhampton Barley Mow: **Sub Zero**

Sunday 3rd

23 Skidoo: London

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Mad Shadows**
Edinburgh Ital Club: **Senator**
Gravesend Red Lion: **The Wailing Pumas**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
London Barons Court Tavern: **Xena Zerox**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Results**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Future Daze/Le Jet Set**
London Finchley Torrington: **Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Black Sabbath**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The 45's**
London Kennington The Cricketers (lunchtime): **25th Street**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour Quartet (lunchtime) / Frames (evening)**
London Oxford St. 100 Club (lunchtime): **Don Weller**
London Putney Half Moon: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt Trio**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **23 Skidoo / Mark Springer / Dislocation Dance**
London Victoria Palace: **Herb Miller Band**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Adam & The Ants**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Trent Bridge Inn: **Connexion / Dubious Intent**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **Bollock Bros / The Eternal Scream / Here Comes Everyone**

Monday 4th

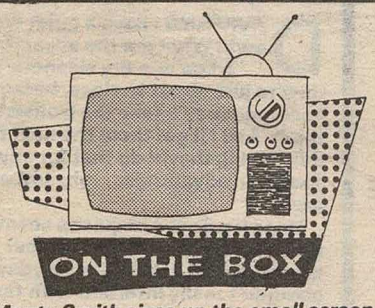
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Blackburn New Regent: **Boobz**
Bristol The Stonehouse: **Louie's Friends Uptown**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **720 / Devils Chariot**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Dont Panic Dance**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Next**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Discovoid**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Eddie Thompson & Matthew Ross (for a week)**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Harfoot Brothers**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Brian Lemon & Friends**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **James Moody Quartet / Gonzalez (for two weeks)**
London W.1 (Baker St.) The Barracuda: **Eurythmics**
London W.1 Gillrays Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 (Margaret St.) Xclusive Club: **Combo Passe**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Adam & The Ants**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Bucks Fizz (for a week)**
Watford Bailey's: **Chas & Dave (for a week)**

Tuesday 5th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Small World**
Keighley King's Head: **The Cause**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrecktangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Big Stuff**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Daughters/Red Shift**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Fix**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Spider**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The 45's**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Flying Pigs**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London W.1 (Wardour St.) Whisky A-Go-Go: **Nick Plytas**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Adam & The Ants**
Newcastle City Hall: **Black Sabbath**
Newcastle Corner House: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
Sheffield The Mailmakers: **Points And Lines In Space**

Wednesday 6th

Aldershot West End Centre: **Dave Kelly (from The Blues Band) & Friends**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Birkenhead Sir James Club: **Spider**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Marillion / Duphorias Last Dance**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Dudley Faculty of Education: **Sub Zero**
Croydon The Star: **The 45's / The Marines**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **The Special Guests**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Zero**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Nightdoctor**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Simon Purcell & Jeanette**
London Euston The Golf Club: **Kabbala**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Streetwalkers**
London Fulham Peterborough Arms: **Bert Jansch / Pete Berryman**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Calling Hearts**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Harfoot Brothers**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Alex & Le Roc Bizarre**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm / The Elite**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **The 01 Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kenny Clare Trio with Al Cohn**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Sad Among Strangers**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Newcastle City Hall: **Black Sabbath**
Newcastle Corner House: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
Southampton Lautrec's Wine Bar: **Dancette**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Prefab Sprout**



Monty Smith sizes up the small screen

Thursday December 31

FIRST MEN IN THE MOON (Directed by Nathan Juran 1964). Silly comic-strip version of the H.G. Wells story, Edward Judd and Lionel Jeffries (splendid as the blustery professor) leading a Victorian expedition to the loony landscape. **(ITV)**

SPEEDY (Ted Wilde 1982). More classic comedy from Harold Lloyd who — on the evidence of this, *Safety Last, Never Weaken* and *The Freshmen* — must now be firmly established as the funniest of the great silent comedians. Well, Stan Laurel always thought that anyway, and he should know. **(BBC2)**

ELVIS — THE MOVIE (John Carpenter 1978). Thank Christ it's not *Elvis — The Cheeseburger,* because this goes on for two-and-threequarter hours. All you need to know — apart from the fact that Kurt Russell does a reasonable impersonation of Mr Pelvin (though it's Ronnie McDowell singing) — is that Carpenter thinks it's crap, too. **(BBC1).**

THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE (Melvin Frank 1975). Acid comedy from Neil Simon, played to perfection by Jack Lemmon and Anne Bancroft. Gene Saks is also quite brilliant, as Lemmon's older brother Harry. Never mind the stagey direction, enjoy the jokes (a belter every other minute). **(BBC2)**

Friday January 1

ANCHORS AWEIGH (George Sidney 1945). Gene Kelly dances with Tom and Jerry, Sinatra reckons 'I Fall In Love Too Easily'; Penman will probably tape it, camp little bleeder. **(BBC2).**

SPARTACUS (Stanley Kubrick 1960). Laurence Olivier as Marcus Crassus, John Gavin as Caesar, Peter Ustinov as Batiatus and Kirk Douglas as Biggus Dickus in Kubrick's long and long-faced Roman circus. **(ITV).**

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (Stanley Kubrick 1968). Kubrick continues to catalogue man's inhumanity in this misanthropic masterpiece, full of sequences so chilling that they're the equivalent of the director's baleful stare. The complete antithesis of Spielberg's populist *Close Encounters,* and even further removed from the current sci-fi juvenilia. As to whether any of it will make any sense on the little screen, well ... it's all about this black slab, see ... **(BBC1).**

UP POMPEII (Bob Kellett 1971). Wajda's *Man Of Marble* is on BBC2, so sensible people will be getting stuck right in to Frankie Howerd and friends. **(BBC1).**

THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD (Gordon Hessler 1973). Ray Harryhausen to the rescue again, with lots of daft monsters for a colourless cast (John Phillip Law, Caroline Monro, Tom Baker) to overcome. **(ITV)**

Saturday January 2

CARQUAKE (Jonathan Kaplan 1976). Trashy Roger Corman flick, a kind of toned-down *Death Race 2000,* again starring David Carradine. Honestly, it's so bad it's good, dear, don't you see . . . ? Pure junk. **(ITV)**

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS (Victor Fleming 1939). Spencer Tracy won an Oscar for doing a Manuel as a Portuguese fisherman who befriends spoilt brat Freddie Bartholomew; maybe they gave it to him fortitude above and beyond etc. **(BBC2)**

Sunday January 3

CARRY ON SERGEANT (Gerald Thomas 1958). The first, the very first *Carry On. You do call it Carry On,* don't you? **(BBC1)**

THE CHEAP DETECTIVE (Robert Moore 1978). Neil Simon again, carrying on from where *Murder By Death* left off, concentrating on the Peter Falk character, Lou Peckinpah. Lots of laffs at Bogie's expense and a terrific cast make the most of the one-liners: Sid Caesar, James Coco, Dom DeLuise, Ann-Margret, Eileen Brennan, Madeline Kahn and — are you ready for this? — Phil Silvers. What a treat! **(ITV)**

MAN OF IRON (Andrzej Wajda 1980). Cannes Grand Prix winner last year. No Gdansk, Andy! **(BBC2).**

BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID (George Roy Hill 1969). Not a misprint; it's definitely on again. (BBC1).

Tuesday January 5

PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK (Peter Weir 1975). Probably the finest film yet to have come out of Australia, an extraordinary mood piece that resembles nothing so much as a modern Val Lewton film in that a genuine sense of foreboding and lurking evil is evoked without very much happening at all. Beautifully judged and haunting as hell. **(BBC2).**

Wednesday January 6

HANNIBAL BROOKS (Michael Winner 1969). Oliver Reed and Michael J Pollard meet stiff resistance from the Germans and an elephant in a lightweight WWII farce. Not bad for an ex-*NME* writer, though. **(BBC1).**

THE INTELLIGENCE MEN (Robert Asher 1965). Eric and Ernie, a delicate duo at the best of times, come a right cropper on the big screen. Not funny. **(BBC1).**

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3: CALIFORNIA DOLLS (X) Sep Progs Wk & Sun 2.00, 5.00, 8.40
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APOCALYPSE and Friends

DOLLAR

From page 17

A thing I like about Dollar is that they show truth up to be what it is. Bent. A kissing black thing that mucks up our dreams. In my dreams I adore Dollar: I think they're super. Then I wake up and I still like Dollar. Maybe it has a lot to do with my burning optimism. Maybe it's because I am dead.

IN THE PLAYGROUND, the three of us play hop skip and jump over the cobblestones of bitterness.

"I think it's a very good thing to be able to enjoy playing," claims Thereza, who might be a bit of a bully.

"We bump into people who work so hard they've forgotten what it's like to be lighthearted and go out and play, forget about their work and their worries. It's very sad, because they've made it but they've forgotten why they fought to make it. It's very important however hard you work to keep hold of that lightheartedness."

Thereza hops and skips and floats away.

"Yeah, there has to be a balance," David tells me while he has a chance. "But I mean, I'm not balanced at all. Going out to clubs all the time, getting drunk . . . I shouldn't do it, I should be a bit more moderate."

He doesn't really believe it. Thereza comes down to earth.

"You're just excessive."

TALKING TO David and Thereza was like talking to Phil and Joanne in five years time.

"We sometimes camp it up and go over the top acting out the lovey dovey couple. . .it's great fun sending yourselves up, playing on the boy girl thing."

All life is there, really.

"We try to get people interested in us as ourselves. We didn't want to be known as just a dumb singing duo that didn't have separate personalities. We enjoy being spoken of as David and Thereza and not just Dollar the brand name. This means our private lives are exposed and we get pestered. . .you never fade away. But we decided that's what we wanted and it is fun."

Manipulation that isn't that far removed from the techniques of a Bob Last.

"We thought it would help our career in the music industry," mock giggles Thereza.

So it's just a means to an end?

"Our careers and our lives are inseparable. Our life is our career."

So you don't mind appearing in the dailies as a couple of ill-tempered brats, burning table cloths and scratching each others cheeks?

"We've never appeared as a couple of ill-tempered brats!" protests Thereza, eyes burning, voice rising. "We were very fraught because of all the pressures on us. I've always thought we've come across as a very smart good looking couple!"

She lets out another challenging burst of giggles.

"But it's funny all this love thing. . .people like it for all those who take it too seriously."

David decides that: "It can be sickly. . ."

"Oh, sure, we lay it on," continues Thereza. "But in such a professional way you can't knock it.

"We did live together for five years. We broke it off last year. It was dreadful! You just cannot work and live together. It's impossible or it was for us. Every time we were having success in the business it highlighted things that were maybe going wrong in our private lives. It exposed them more for some reason. . .because we were feeling satisfied with our work but empty emotionally.

"Every time we had a tough time in work we were very close. We were seeing each other 24 hours a day. It was ridiculous. But, you see, we've been through so much together, both in business and emotionally, that it has led to us taking our music and our careers really seriously. We take our music much more seriously than I think people realise. We are involved on every level. We almost live in our record company."

The steel in Thereza's eyes cuts my chin.

IN THE PUBLICIST'S office I sit on one side of a coffee table. The other side tough Thereza and daffy David sit next to each other on a soft sofa. I take the liberating quality of their music as a point of departure.

"When we were in Guys And Dolls we used to say to them — the music is dreadful, humiliating, we have to stop everything and re-think the kind of records that we're going to make. They wouldn't listen, so we left. We wanted to make a quality pop sound. Perfect, if you like."

Why did two show business preeners want to refine and re-define the lightness and transparency of MOR music?

"Because we want to stand out," says David. "Trevor Horn's attitude to producing," explains Thereza, referring to their latest producer, "is that he makes a record assuming that everyone is going to hate it, so he has to make it special on every level, so that they will have to listen to it. He wants to change people's minds, and so do we. We want indifferent people to be surprised. So everything we do on record has to be special. Nice isn't good enough.

"Before, we made records that were like bland, a gentle washing over, and that just doesn't interest us anymore. We prefer to use sounds and instruments that are imaginative and a bit odd within the context, the context being very important. Sounds and textures that make you go ah! that make you listen."

Do you attempt to define the value or function of entertainment?

"David and I have always been very involved in entertainment and we appreciate its energy. We're very critical of everyone else and apply that criticism to ourselves. You can't really guess what it's going to do for people, but you can make sure that for yourself it's different and exciting. We don't want to do anything that's been tried before — again, in context.

"We think it's unfair to be taken out of context and criticised, because we never claim to be anything other than popular entertainers. But that tradition is strong. It certainly doesn't mean that we settle for being banal or boring.

"I don't think we've done anything nearer, but we've been close and we intend to get nearer and nearer. We want to be different and we want to make better pop records than anyone else."

Who are your contemporaries at the moment?

"The obvious ones," sighs David, "are Nolans, Easton, Fizz. . ."

Thereza objects. "They're all good at what they do but more MOR than us."

"Hang on," David demands. "What I want to say is that we are slightly removed from that. . ."

Thereza contemplates the situation. "I find it very hard to compare us with that lot."

I would consider Human League to be closest: Dollar are pure where Human League might be theory. Duran Duran try to be judges. Dollar are simply faithful to their duty.

Dollar are sheer entertainers: no snobbery, no guilt, no presumption. They can articulate better than most the details and designs of their art: are completely aware about the gift of pleasure. Dollar don't pretend. They make believe. They can't have the ground pulled from underneath them because it isn't really there.

They show up the twits (Genesis etc) who won't talk to the press as the defensive, unnecessarily proud con-performers we know they are. Dollar's calculations are excellent.

"In sound we're nothing like Bucks Fizz but we get tagged with them because we originally come from that sort of area. I'm glad we did. But we're certainly moving away from it.

"I mean, I like Ultravox very much. . .we would like to be classed with them more than the bouncy bounce of Sheena Easton or The Nolans. We're not either really."

"I suppose," says David, "we're retaining that sugary fluffy MOR thing and developing a kind of modern edge that isn't easily defineable."

"And it's fun, because we can alternate between the two, between variety shows and *Top Of The Pops*. A lot of these new groups are trying to introduce elements of show business, but we're already there. And I can tell you, it's very tough, to do it properly."

Dollar put a lot of people in their place.

Put a lot of things in their place.

After all. . .what are those sounds and where are they going to and what do they do? Dollar make sounds and I can approach those sounds so that sometimes they're not that distant from Throbbing Gristle's wicked pop scheming or Steve Reich's settled trance music.

Dollar fit into the 'real world' quite comfortably: but you must not take them for granted. I never do, and I spread them generously over one corner of the perpetual mystery of (my) life. I'm glad to say that my fondness of Dollar is not accompanied by guilt. I'm glad I made the choice to like Dollar rather than buy a car to get about at the weekends and then spend every weekend cleaning it.

David and Thereza and I hover above the Dollar body, caressing it with a paper thin touch, enveloping it with infinite tenderness. I congratulate them on their divine self-sufficiency. They say nothing. It's better that way.

DAVID AND I have a quiet word on our own. What are the attractions of fame?

"If I go to a dry cleaners, right, and they're just about to close, because they know me they'll take the trousers in and clean them. And I'll get them the next morning. I don't think they'd do that for anyone else. That's an advantage. . .oh, and women as well."

Does it ruin the exquisite cosmotology when Dollar open their mouths? The grim, asymmetrical details of everyday life shouldn't really interfere with the richness of Dollar.

"EVERYTHING IS such a rush," cries Thereza. "But we're thinking constantly about what we do. Like we did a TV spot yesterday and we sat for seven hours in the dressing room and talked about Dollar the whole time. We do eat, breathe, sleep Dollar. . .it sounds terribly boring, but it's not.

"I don't even have a hobby! I really do need to find a hobby! Something that when I have a day off I can totally absorb myself in. I used to dance when I was a little girl."

Find a hobby for Thereza. Write down your suggestion on a postcard and send it to me at the *NME*. The five entrants whose suggestions Thereza likes best will each win a copy of Dollar's 'Mirror Mirror' single and Throbbing Gristle's 'Greatest Hits'.

I DECIDE I cannot be dead because I like Dollar.

Adam buckles his swash

Pic: Justin Thomas

ADAM'S XMAS ANTOMIME

Adam And The Ants

Theatre Royal

"COR! THAT was great mum, wunnit?" is one small gentleman's verdict on the first of Stuart Goddard and friend's yuletide spectaculars at Drury Lane. And great of course it was.

Stuart stood proud on castle turrets, enveloped in dry ice upon the prow of a schooner, strutted the stage like Napoleon, swam the Dardanelles like Byron, jumped in the air like Jim Morrison, gazed eagle-eyed at the Pacific in the manner of stout Cortez, and performed various other pursuits as befits an artist railing against the restrictions of academic Classicism. It's not so much that Stuart has developed since the first and last time I saw his hymenopterous brood onstage at the Nashville four years or so ago, as that people now appreciate his worth, and his works.

In particular, his works. The videos of 'Stand And Deliver', 'Prince Charming' and 'Ant Rap' occasioned more barely suppressed hysteria than his brief appearances in the flesh even. Also utilised between the dismantling of the props was a team of dancers instructing us in the correct pose for the instrumental version of 'Favourite Shirts'.

It must have been their first gig for many of those present. The cheap scent that mothers buy their daughters at the onset of puberty hung heavy in the air. The atmosphere was warm and cosy in true pantomime spirit, and a long way from the clasically proper behaviour of bomber-garbed watchdogs that these innocent stargazers will be encountering when they visit more arcane venues in Finsbury Park and Hammersmith in a few years' time. Stuart's rendition of 'We Are Family' exemplified this snug Theatre Royal gayness, as well as providing his superior attempt of the evening in the matter of singing.

Stuart Goddard sold more magazines than any other personality during 1981, his pretty pigtails dangling in front of us from every recess of the newsagent's shelf. Sometimes there is something sinister about him, a hint of the stormtrooper. Mostly, however, he preserves the myth that the queen moon is on her throne surrounded by all her starry fays.

My only advice to him would be, don't you ever stop being dandy, showing me you're handsome.

Penny Reel

The Police

Wembley Arena

THE LAST night of a residency can be many things: a blow-out, a piss-up, a tired release, a last lunge for the heights. I don't know about the other days; but The Police's final show in the Wembley Arena — a great barn of a place hardly conducive to niceties like 'communication' and 'warmth' — panhandled the obvious and still managed exhilaration in heavy doses.

Big sweeping rushes are what The Police are all about: so in spite of their slim range of ideas they have no trouble in pacing a set to weave through a series of crescendos. That's just fine for a venue like this, where *that's entertainment* considerations overtake subtlety. Given the comparatively low-key nature of 'Ghost In The Machine', something a little more broody might have been envisaged — but no, The Police give 'em the hits, and the hits are what's ordered.

Hits are what The Police are about. All their LPs are pretty hopeless, really, a few tracks intended to run at 45 padded with a sackful of scrapings from the lining of the sofa. The singles are so smartly designed. 'Roxanne' chunters along with you waiting-waiting-waiting for that flawless harmony hook to squeak along with. 'Walking On The Moon' has enough entry points — the perfect chang-chang guitar line, the dialect-cheek of the vocal, the unexpected construction — for any span of brow to attach affection. And there's the ensnaring accelerando of the intro to 'Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic'. Or the way 'Message In A Bottle' seems to get faster and faster until it wants to burst.

'Message' is what they play first on this night, Sting thrumming an upright, Eberhard Weber-type electric bass and safely behind his microphone. For a stadium supergroup, The Police make surprisingly few concessions to the requisite accoutrements of spectacle. An uncomplicated lightshow, no dry ice or anything — this might be some scruffy little club band! They haven't altogether forgotten the old days.

A certain whiff of disbelief is what The Police are about. Andy Summers can obviously hardly believe it still. Years of Brit-rock worthiness behind him and suddenly this bass player with the shapely torso and the bathtub Caruso voice skyrockets them up into the megastar league. Old Andy, with his baggy blue trousers and glittery jacket, seems to know he's the lottery winner of a sort. He does his best to forget those old guitar immortal posturings but when there's not much else happening he sidles to the front of the stage and leans tentatively back in a half-remembered gesture of heroics. Then he goes guiltily back again.

Stewart Copeland is even less intrusive. For a man of (we were told) giant ego this might be a surprising reserve. Perhaps, though, there is not much else to do when stuck behind a colossal drum kit other than stay in the engine room. Copeland birches his gear with desperate conviction, as if determined to drive it to the front of the stage. Otherwise his is a taciturn, vaguely sulky presence.

Of course, Sting is what The Police are about. It's not the clothes, it's the way you wear them: in what looks from my middle-distant perch to be a rather careworn suit he is still exactly the part. Only he speaks; he does nearly all the singing, letting the familiar tonsil athletics go when necessary yet — miraculously — keeping the "yo-yo-yos" to a minimum; and he has the grace to spare us his saxophone playing (a discreet three-piece horn section play on some numbers). Stars, they don't bother me, but this one does twinkle some. Two young things on my right, out for the night with their mum and pipe-smoking dad, give up their hearts to him without any qualms.

The alleviation of the wretched connotations of ta-ran-ta-ra pop shows is won by The Police's knowledge of time and limitation. By concentrating on those spare, golden hits, intelligently programmed, sequinned by an occasional twist that is probably unnoticed, they are assured of a double triumph. Hits shows usually leave me cold: this one is so unerringly appropriate that, heck, I'd've been disappointed if they'd left one out!

Something for everybody — the slight, suspect heaviness of Summers' guitar breaks, a pinch of psychedelia ('Shadows In The Rain') and the manifesto of Police politics: "A political message — one world is enough for all of us" says Sting, and there is earnest acclaim. 'Invisible Sun' is played with the backdrop of The Video, and hearts tighten in distant sympathy. They follow that with 'Roxanne', though, and the dark spirits are gone. Good Bloke politics: perhaps it's all that can be asked of a very big pop group.

These great splurging emotions — this indiscriminate potato love (see *Herzog*) — they are well suited to The Police. It is a brilliant performance, one which sees them talking down to their worshippers with such a beaming, roisterous benevolence it would make a dissenter a drab, miserly spirit. The exuberance of the grandstand played to a thrilled multitude. What The Police are about.

Richard Cook

Duran Duran *Pic: Santo Basone*

This One'll Duran Duran

Duran Duran
Talk Talk

Hammersmith Odeon Hammersmith Odeon

IN HOME-MADE headbands they came, and mail-order baggy shirts (a few tentative touches of male make-up as well). These Duran nights are *events*, long looked forward to and measured in magic moments, with memories and merchandise for souvenirs. I suppose to understand, you need to be a fan. For anybody else, the evening's just a lengthy feat of enDURANce . . .

First there's a support act to be sat through — though the junior Duranners are politely patient. And the group, Talk Talk by name, are actually worth paying attention to. Four boys — singer, synth, bass and drum — whose strength is in their melodies, Talk Talk impress despite some lack of self-assurance. The songs are excellent, generally slow without being draggy, and instant but not superficial. 'All You Do To Me' and 'It's So Serious' sounded especially good.

As a live act, their projection is uncertain (three willowy futurists and a vocalist with the manner of a new romantic Lee Brilleaux), and maybe some thought is needed on set dynamics — that is, they don't build, they just continue. But Talk Talk are the first attractive new band I've heard in too many weeks, and I hope you'll hear them as well.

Nearly Duran time now, and the fans sit quiet with excitement. Only when the lights go down does something a little like hysteria erupt. As the instrumental 'Tel Aviv' fills the PA, seats are emptied and squeals are squealed, and then they're on! The five Durans arrive in a splash of light and colour and 'Friends Of Mine', leading into 'Anyone Out There'. And on and on they bounce, bouncing blandly on.

LP songs, single songs (from 'Planet Earth' to 'My Own Way'), new songs like 'Last Chance On The Stairway' (as strong as anything they've done before) . . . the whole show unfolds with neat predictability, and why should it not? It doesn't matter. I could go on muttering how they don't hold a light to Bolan in '71, or Ziggy in '72 or Roxy in '73, the shows that dazzled *me* — but I might as well be Albert Tatlock waving his Great War medals for all the relevance those comparisons hold for thr Duran audience. Unless you long to look like John or Andy Taylor, or go to bed dreaming of Simon Le Bon, then there's no point going to see Duran Duran in the first place.

Underneath the dry ice flash and the powerchord crash, it sounds to me like drab glam, just the squeaky noise of pop turning another cycle. One day Duran Duran will either be Queen or they'll be sitting in pubs telling people they used to play in a pop group. I don't care much either way. Meanwhile, they look the part and play their parts and enjoy all the attention. And, it's true, I had no business being there at all.

Paul Du Noyer Paul Du Noyer

Anthony Moore
The Invisibles

The Circus

LAST NIGHT at the Circus and a bearded feast of serious music lovers take their seats in the small theatre adjacent to Raymondo's flatulent revue show. The Invisibles did nothing to excite me. They were a group of Neo-virtuoso musos fronted by a girl whose eyes told a tale of a thousand tabs a day . . . Is this Jazz-Rock? It sounded like a thousand schoolboys pissing against a urinal, and nearly as pungent. Pull up your socks, zip up your fly and wait patiently for Mr Moore.

Mildly worth it. Splitting the set into three by the introduction of strange moral tales told semi-comically by a pair of fringe theatricals, the music was solid British rock songs taking over from where the Only Ones terminated (Thank God). Sung with undeniable passion and complemented with the use of tapes, percussion and some excellent keyboard work, Mr Moore has a great skill for injecting all the songs with the exact dynamic at the right time. His band serves him well. Maybe it's the last of a dying breed, but Anthony Moore is obviously a good person overwhelmed by his nostalgia for days of old.

Simon Fellowes

Squeeze

Hammersmith Odeon

THEY DRESS so unfashionably — straight-leg trousers, neat shirts, and sensible (if colourful) jackets. It's what used to be called a new wave as opposed to a punk look. But these distinctions are years old — just as Squeeze have been around for years. Don't hold it against them, because — especially as Elvis Costello is up the nearest creek to Nashville — there's nobody else around turning out pop with quite the same combination of incisiveness and vision, realism and lyricism. Like Costello at his best, Squeeze hold a mirror up — to themselves as well as their surroundings.

As if to rub in these comparisons, the band have just had a hit with 'Labelled With Love': it didn't require a transatlantic expedition, yet it's far more country than any of what F-Beat's best boy (ironically Squeeze's last producer) has to offer in the genre.

This is the song with which the band end their set, as a gauze curtain descends to throw Glen Tillbrook (his hair grown longish and dangerously close to an Arsenal FC perm) into giant silhouette. The ploy is of exactly the right kind of understated showiness to milk the ballad of sentiment — and sentimentality. That, of course, is the strength of Squeeze: they can draw a line between similar emotions, but actively, very sharply. Live, the outfit are a good deal harder and more direct than you might think: most of the moments preceding 'Labelled With Love' were much less luxuriant, much more active.

To put it another way, Squeeze really SWING. John Bentley (bass) and Gilson Lavis (drums) play straight and true, though that's a bit of an illusion, because they're full of little turns and tricks and changes of emphasis. 'Goodbye Girl', 'Someone Else's Bell', 'Is That Love', 'Another Nail In My Heart' (need I go on?) are all numbers which require, and got, that treatment. As if to accentuate this swing, new keyboards player Don Snow (formerly of The Sinceros) plays very rhythmically, even when he spins into more complex passages.

It's no surprise, then, that songs like 'In Quintessence' and 'Piccadilly' nod to Booker T and take on a funky soulful edge. The remarkable thing about Tillbrook and Chris Difford (as both guitarists and songwriters) is that they make these influences an inseparable part of a very British and Beatlish quality. Their voices (in harmony and as separate entities) work towards this, as well as ensuring that the material unfolds with an inevitability which is, like a Band tune, very refreshing. Having a way with the vernacular and being poets of the ordinary helps: *"He started me on Monday"* from 'Up The Junction' is both an obvious and amazing line . . .

Tonight Squeeze open the book of emotions and look at love, but they keep to a set of rules — remember that dividing line. This is why they play in such a disciplined manner. It's almost cruel, this absence of indulgence and the way it labels the way love hurts. 'Tongue Like A Knife' (a new song with a sliding beat and an ending in waltz time) could serve as a metaphor for the way Squeeze carve up a song yet come out of it with a certain humanity.

Sometimes the hurt takes on disturbing proportions, like 'F-Hole' and 'Mumbo Jumbo' from 'East Side Story'. These songs — unless they were the first two numbers which I missed — don't get played. A pity, because I'd rather hear them than the Dury-esque 'Cool For Cats' or encores in which Squeeze set out to prove that they can rock 'n' roll and boogie and generally rip it up. It's enjoyable, but a let-down after all that pop with its soft-centres as well as its teeth and claws.

Paul Tickell

Zion Life Itself

Aswad

The Venue

I LIKE Aswad's vinyl work, especially their recent 'New Chapter' album on CBS. I wouldn't describe it as hard, though: more like lover's compromise with heavier sounds. Again, the militancy of the lyrics isn't always backed up by the music; however, that's not necessarily a drawback, as it leads to a sort of sly, sweet strength.

To put it another way, Aswad can be very catchy, even if it takes them a long time to do the catching. They're an acquired taste.

I don't believe it, then, when the MC of the evening introduces the band as "the hardest". But by the end of their set — no, the middle — I'd changed my tune.

Live, Aswad can play *very* hard. It's that drumming: Angus Gaye sets up some subtle cross-rhythms, but that doesn't stop him from using his snare more like a funk drummer — not for him that reggae click on the rim, rather a fuller, more accentuated beat.

Angus is exactly the right person to lead the band out of their more expressive, contemplative passages and into something harder and sharper, so giving much of the material an enticing but strong shape. 'Rainbow Children' was in that kind of good shape, but even more were these dimensions thrust upon the newer material, especially 'Tuff We Tuff', the lyrical and poppy 'Didn't Know At The Time', 'Natural Progression', 'Ways Of The Lord', and the grandiloquent 'African Children' which seems to be taking over from

Hambi And The Dance

Moonlight Club

CRAMMED ONTO the tiny stage, Hambi And The Dance are a funny bunch, halfway between rugged waiters and suited wassailers, neither inanimate nor convulsive. Though no complete shock to the taste-buds, H and the D are an articulate enough amalgamation to entice the senses.

Hambi himself is the secret. He's a short fellow of Greek extraction (actually a product of Liverpool), struggling with baggy trews and a spacious black jacket. His features are bold, his face expressive, his hair in need of scissors. A little grimy, a little possessed, Hambi sings with epic effort in a resonant manner, slightly reminiscent of what most of us will know as piped kebab music. Or is that just fancy?

Hambi has passion. He flings himself into every song, pours perspiration, wails, moans, serenades, and seems likely to float off the floor at any time. Whoooaaaa!

The set builds from well accessible minor pop cameos, tightly delivered from a robust new rock rhythm base (John Maher is the drummer here), carved up with some harsher bursts of keyboard and guitar. Later, the songs become lengthier, building into dramatic scenarios, erupting into cinematic climaxes. Hambi's breast, it swells. Hambi puts a towel on his head, gasps amiably between tunes. There are scarcely sixty people being attentive, yet the man sings like the world is crumbling and only his voice can stop it. It's the dry vigour of the band, and The Star's verdant, romantic involvement which carry them intact through the odd number which approaches the routine.

Hambi communicates. He has eccentric starlet appeal. An unexpected seducer, perhaps? What's more, he has a few songs, and Virgin have him. What all this means is that Hambi And The Dance are unlikely to disappear, and nor should they. Take them to your bosom.

Dave Hill

Glen Tillbrook and the Amazing Floating Mike *Pic: David Corio*

'Warrior Charge' as Aswad's anthem.

If the drummer was spot on (Angus also took some pressing clear vocals), then so were the rest of the band — *Babylon* star Brinsley Forde on guitar and soulful vocals, Levi (percussion) and Tony Robinson (bass). This nuclear Aswad were augmented by Clifton Morrison on keyboards and Martin Augustine on guitar, who meshed in well to form an extended musical family. It was entirely appropriate, then, that Forde's small son should have been on stage dancing throughout the set. Normally I can't stand such communal gestures, but tonight it worked.

What really made the evening was the addition of a three-person brass section featuring trumpet, sax and trombone. As a trombonist Vin Gordon (the old sessioneer) goes straight to the soul; Rico works in swathes of emotion, Vin by punctuation and heart-rending economy. Did he and his two fellows BLOW, especially during the two encores.

When people talk about the wretched redundancy of the live gig, they should remember that sometimes these occasions, like this one, do turn out to be events, taking the audience out of themselves and their habitual surroundings. It seems right that Aswad should be the messengers of this kind of transcendence: they play music which invites people, especially blacks, to pull together — not in any cosmic/Rasta/neo-hippy way (even if that is an element), but in a way which stands out against the way things are and against the rulers of the roost. Aswad make their sprituality relevant to the material conditions of Britain today. Hard. Till the last note was played nobody left: everybody moved.

Paul Tickell

Incognito

The Venue

EXTRAORDINARY. Incognito are so commonly handcuffed to the Beggars, LOTWs and so on of this island, yet they bear little relation and no comparison.

Here we have a pretty smug show. A back-slapper's picnic. Jean-Paul Maunick, a known and apparently artistically ambitious figure in this thing we are stuck with calling Brit-Funk, has served time with the above aggregations, but now prefers a looser scheme. He's got in some friends to help him realise his particular dreams. Informal, shall we say.

Incognito horribly gather together all the worst features of unfocused, self-indulgent 'jam' theory. Hence there was no *energy* here, not one clear, capturing idea, no groove to grab you, no edge of conviction in anything beyond just being the centre of attention. Nor was it 'inventive'. Not so much varied as willfully directionless.

Such ill-formed public dabbles can only provide stimulation through the snap of personalities, but Incognito's are unpleasantly over-defined. Embarrassing. Maunick himself, an over-confident spaniel in lurex jacket, is invariably buddy-boy in his behaviour, jumping and flopping about with obvious excitement at the assumed importance of his slovenly 'fusion' efforts.

Tessa Webb is Maunick's glossy vocal discovery, a woman whose yukky insincerity and passive acceptance of a dumb-blonde stereotype is the stuff to make the mildest of feminists beat the ground in despair. Dear, dear. Cringe. Poor Tessa (whose voice you could hardly hear, if it mattered) was reduced to nothing more than a decorative item of the classic type. A programmed, animated lampstand. A prop for the boys. At one hideous instrumental moment, Maunick turns, bows and grotesquely slobbers a kiss upon Tessa's limp little hand. A planned move. UUURRGHHHH!

The remaining players are studious, 'What's Going On' types, clearly capable, but basically subservient to the wet posturing before them. Apart, that is, from bassist Randy Taylor, whose limited singing parts provided the only places where any sweat was lost.

Incognito are huff, puff and ham. A shameless homage to an imagined world of cocaine, pools and very beautiful relationships. A knowing audience were properly appreciative, and everyone went home stuffed with self-esteem. Not a nice night out at all.

Dave Hill

A Certain Ratio
The White Brothers

Leeds

DAMN. I *KNEW* I should have bought that black beret from the Army and Navy stores. Even by Yorkshire standards, there was a distinct air of exclusivity about this gig. Rockerfellers is one of those places where you pay dearly for the carpets, the chrome and the drinks. It's neat and tidy, you see.

That's certainly what ACR were; however, to help pass the interminable wait for their appearance we were subjected to The White Brothers, a London quartet who are a cross between a John Osborne play and John Cooper Clarke. High-speed rapping with badly-played bass guitar over struggling drum machine. We got the joke by the end of the set but I've forgotten the punch line . . .

Richard Strauss drifting majestically from column to column through the PA; lights lowered . . . the berets and the baggies, the jumpers and the jodhpurs settling like beached seaweed at the foot of the stage. There was an air of subdued reverence here.

It was a totally justified mood; ACR's entry into the arena gave the impression of the bride stepping down the aisle. Their human presence is clinical and bordering on the sterile. But when they play, something long forgotten stirs. When it comes to Latinised Electro-funk . . . (well, what *do* you call it?) this combo are light years ahead of a dozen whistle-blowing, 'Ay-Ay-Ay' moderne Turks.

They play like classical musicians; total commitment and concentration on the end result; namely the sound *you* hear out on the floor. It goes from the speakers and straight to the heart. On stage there's little, if any, show of emotion; no leaping, screwing up of eyes and yelping at the sky. Everyone in the six-piece line-up is too busy constantly swapping roles for that. A drummer who looks and plays like Billy Cobham but doubles on bass; a tiny girl who sings high and clear then hits the keyboards . . . dazzling pyrotechnics on every percussive device in Boosey & Hawkes' catalogue. Tapes of men marching, effects galore. But most of all, discipline and dedication. Forty minutes and no encore was quite enough.

At the door as we left an obvious Kerouac clone adjusted his beret as his friend asked:

"Well . . . verdict?"

"Mmmm . . . total let-down."

They must have been White Brothers fans.

Roy Bainton

Dave Grant

Pic: David Corio

And So This Is Linxmas . . .

Linx

Dominion

LINX PROMISED only one thing. A party. And, despite the odd, worrying moment, they delivered one. Celebration parties only *confirm* things. They don't surprise you too much. But Linx finally succeeded in proving why it was they matter; and there was a great warmth at work here.

Linx's real success has been in combining a shiny expression of pleasure and activity with an affable cynicism and pure sorrow. They do it so naturally and with a distinctly *personal* charm, and they apply it to a mix of very tough facts of private and social (not *just* clubland) life. And it's with this potent knack that Linx, like so much of the best music, have touched a collective national nerve.

These lads aren't ashamed of enjoying great throwaway ciphers for freedom and untouchability, like the ecstatic dazzle of E,W & F, or the omnipotence which allowed Jimi Hendrix to get away with showing off. It gives them a kick. And these tastes held great sway in an extravaganza evening which would have spoiled many groups. We look at an elaborate set based on the 'Go Ahead' sleeve. A great mass of musicians. Showers of golden 'rain'. Bright backdrops setting off the white ramps and railings. Streamers, hats and Polaroid snaps. Mums and dads and grans look on from the privileged boxes. It's a homespun soul soap-opera!

David Grant (yes, a *dream* dancer) struggled with the opening numbers; the punch was not quite there (opening night, see) and everyone could sense the responsibility. The comedy moments were flat ones, the sentimental ones sincere, but a little damp. Only on occasion did Linx really *go for it:* 'Tinseltown', a timely touch towards the end of a tinsel evening, was one instance, and the terrific J.J. Belle, guitarist, nearly snapped the song into bits. 'Throw Away The Key' — a devastating shrug rather than a moan — worked marvellously too.

Like Tamla, Linx's music is full of pride, dignity and intelligence; it absorbs, clarifies and respects hopes and tribulations, and represents them in a way that soul music seems almost to have forgotten.

Classic figures of hope and glory, this razzamatazz show never cheapened anything that makes Linx rightly loved. We all had fun together. This was both a pleasure, and a neat verification of the things that make Linx so good.

Dave Hill

Yorkshire Actors Company

Rotherham

THIS IS a play with songs in it. Or a cartoon strip. Or a piece of graffiti. Or a song with actors. The group is called Yorkshire Actors Company. They grimace a lot and they move around a lot while they play their instruments because their instruments are themselves. The play is called *Cry Wolf* and it's by John Godber, so it's him we've to blame for the occasional lapses into playspeak, as in *"Rivulets of sweat run down my chin."* Rivulets? The music is pre-recorded by the Angelic Upstarts, and guess what? Mensi's got his finger in his ear instead of up his nose. He's found Folk like some people find Jesus; he's rubbed it in twice a day and it shows. And it works. The songs are good. The actors are good. The dialogue is sometimes dodgy but mainly good. The chairs are good and solid. The audience is good and young. One cool girl with very tight red legs comes in at 8.15 for a play that ends at 8.45. That's the trouble with a play. You have to see it all. But what's it all about? Well, it's a 1980's roughcut newsflash about violence and sex and attitudes and Belfast and gravedigging. Let me give you a clue: Tony Hart wouldn't draw it. In the end the story isn't all that important. Sometimes the play cries wolf and you listen, sometimes it flies too near the sun and its wings fall off (Rivulets?), sometimes it limps off the plane and waves the piece of paper, but mostly it leaps off the board, somersaults and lands downright *upright*. It moves and the direction is good. It moves like a maths problem: "A man has two turtles, one called Rock and the other called Theatre. If they wrestle for just over an hour . . ." And so on. The promise is there. The jukebox dream *can* get up and walk with a heavy book on its head. But be careful: the chairs are hard, and the tight red legs will always come in late, because they think they have to.

Ian McMillan

Dali's Car his CREATE he Colony

Woolwich

A chance to see local bands play a local benefit, a welcome reminder of where rock dies and survives (Small bands play small benefits), a night out in the docks — go see what South East London has to offer; come and see Dali's Car and learn a little lunacy from some caring commies.

Colony xerox the black and grey of A Certain Ratio; everyone talks wise and drops references to 23 Skidoo in loud voices while Colony's horn-playing vocalist thinks aloud about Pete Murphy. The horn moans and falls (a certain reverb) in this the year when muck and brass have, at last, found favour.

For a while the tom toms punctuate with precision and the drums rattle and rail, percussion (sitting and standing) bickers and the audience listens in with fascination on someone else's argument, but the set drags and dulls the feud. Try again.

His CREATE he must have forgotten that benefits mean 'protest and enjoy' because there's little of either, no matter how much the singer hops about and tries to look active and pretend there's buckets of both.

The singer kneels down (everyone kneels round here) and the collection comes round, not for his CREATE he, who wouldn't get much, but for G.A.G.O.U. (just tell me which name's more ludicrous cos I see two and I'm not drunk). For a first gig his CREATE he look unconvincing but most of the crowd aren't there to see — the few that remain make a lot of noise and his CREATE he (Gordon Bannett! It's not a name, it's a passport to obscurity) encore out of tune and out of place with some rock 'n' roll.

"I'd like to introduce Dali's Car," says Colin and lets loose some demented vocals before propping himself up on the mikestand, pushing back his specs with the microphone and warbling through 'Spy Story'. The snare is as hard and fast as Brad Special's, snapping and biting while bass and guitar go soft, smooth, and harmonise.

Colin introduces a mate from the floor, hauled onstage with a nervous clarinet in tow. "He's going to play this instrument but he's never played it before, so he might not." The victim guest steps up to the front, puts reed to lips and knocks the mikestand over. The unemployed kids applaud and the band play 'Street Party', a quick pop-tract on the summer's riots *("Just a working class street party")*.

Dali's Car play a lot of benefits but, 'zwept, the sound shakes up preconceptions about a benefit band, the song titles take you by surprise and the guerilla-guitarist, rebel pose rock image is junked for a sartorial sensibility nearer The Distractions than The Clash.

"I Don't Like Shirts Cos I Have To Iron Them' cuts and jumps and puts your doubt to shame. It's unusual for keyboards to be anything but superfluous in a small band but this time they throw in nursery rhyme simplicity, this time they are essential, and anyroad, Dali's Car aren't a small band.

'Tesco Takeover' settles it. Dali's Car punchline the joke with punk thrash guitar while Colin stays asylumbound (straitjacket me down!) and, verging on heresy, raps "Boots up Maggie's arse" to a slick, back-combed beat.

Quirk with sting. XTC with ugg!

Take over . . . 1.2.3.4 . . . Tescos!

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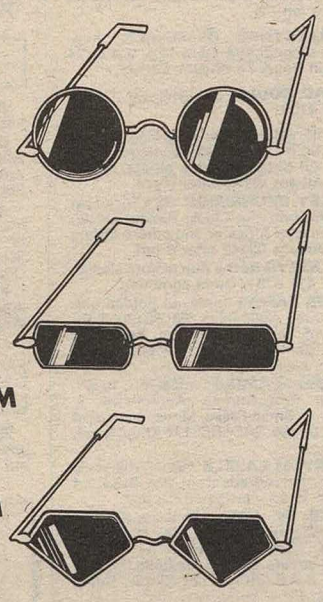

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As I try to write this — post-Xmas excess sweat waterfalling over my eyebrows, waistband wandering — it's not even the New Year yet and no one here knows if the trains are running never mind what we intend to cram into the next issue at the last moment...

The exciting things haven't made their minds up yet. (They never do, do they?) Meanwhile, the face of things discouraging surfaces in a piece on Polish youth culture (not itself discouraging but rather discouraged, which is discouraging, if you see what we mean) and the sound of something sweeter inveigles us in the shape of UK Lover's Rock Queen Carol Thompson. And...the rest isn't yet history. Right? Wooh. Well, can I get back to my jacuzzi now? Don't worry, it's a new model — special Prole recession credibility design snapped up in the sales. Called a donkey jacuzzi...

X-Press

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Across

6. Spoon, 8. Cello, 9. Chart, 15. Heaven, 16. Rock cults, 17. Benyon, 22. Stacks, 23. Events, 24. Zoo Club, 25. The Dead, 27. Private Benjamin, 30 Wasted Youth, 31 New Romantic, 33. A reel-to-reel, 35. Steep, 37. Teds, 40. USAF, 42. Parts, 43. Mute, 44. Epic, 45. Fan, 46. Green, 52. Ovate, 53. WEA, 55 Landscape, 58. Any trouble, 59. At a funeral, 60. NF, 62 EMI, 63. Sax, 64. IPC, 65. DJ, 68. Tenpole Tudor, 69 Lyric, 70. *Errol*, 71. The Stray Cats, 73. DT, 75. Jet, 76. Joy, 77. XTC, 79. SM, 80. It's Ian Dury, 83. Clash dates, 86. Rehearsed, 89. Dub, 90. Strap, 91. Dread, 92. Hip, 95. TV 21, 96. Abba, 99. Clear, 100. Seen, 104. Reps, 105. April, 108. Paul Du Noyer, 111. Imagination, 112. Jeremy Irons, 115. The Comsat Angels, 116. Marquee, 117. Version, 118. *'Grease'*, 119. Oboist, 121. Linton, 122. Steel Band, 123. Fender, 126. Spain, 127. Debut, 129. Hansa.

Down

1. and 124. Top hit, 2. and 127. AC DC, 3. Black Sabbath, 4. and 128. TOTP, 5. and 125. The Jam, 7. Press, 10. Reeds, 11. Gary U.S. Bonds, 12. Rock Garden, 13. Steve Jones, 14. Cynthia Rose, 18. Floater, 19. David, 20. Enemy, 21. The Beat, 26. Shades, 27. Pits, 28. Noel, 29. Friars, 32. Oscar, 34. Usher, 36. Pirate, 37. The Boomtown Rats, 38. Bush, 39. Linx, 41. Favourite Shirts, 62. Patter, 47. Nils Lofgren, 48. Ant, 49. Aswad, 50. Daf, 54. Antipasti, 55. Lemmy's ear, 56. Exploited, 57. Hard Clues, 61. F Beat, 56. Dates, 66. PIL, 67. Ure, 72. Toyah, 74. Jitter, 78. Yamaha, 81. Shy, 82. LSD, 84. Punch, 85. Devo, 87. Tuba, 88. Fills, 93. Penman, 94. Keith Levine, 97. Depeche Mode, 98. Trendy, 101. Busk on site, 102. Pubs and clubs, 103. Lydon's band, 106. *Tin Drum*, 107. Pout, 109, *Tess*, 110. Dindisc, 113. Beret, 114. Dexie, 118. Group, 120. *Tzers*.

As you're probably still struggling through the Bumper Xmas X-word, we've held over this week's puzzle until next week. See you then.

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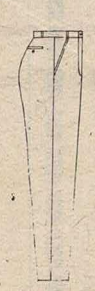

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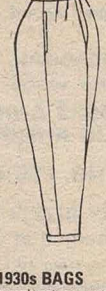

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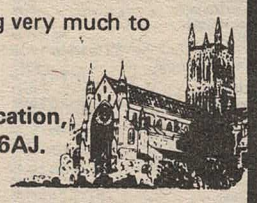

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RAIDERS OF THE LOST DUB (Island)

ONLY LOOSELY based on the movie, a mixture of dubs from assorted Island recording artistes; the most frequent combination being Black Uhuru mixed by Sly and Robbie. 'Guess Who's Coming To Dinner', and 'Sinsemilla,' re-signed as 'Who's In The Tomb', and 'The Monkey Is A Spy', are among the most successful tracks. Burning Spear's 'Social Living' is less stimulatingly re-made; it's jazz tinged near perfection renders de-construction a mite gratuitous, where Black Uhuru's mighty strength of hookline translates with useful emphasis.

A peculiarly truncated and flat snare sound on several tracks is really one of the LP's most distinguishing features, and I feel it's release may well be explained in terms of it's proposed relation to the Babylonian tradition of filling stockings with goods of a commonly slight and ephermeral nature.

Mark Cordery

THE GAS
Emotional Warfare (Polydor)

YOU already know that The Gas are three young men with stacks of imagination and drive; last month they produced the first independent rock video. They don't mess around. This album picks you up, kicks you in the face and knocks you to the ground.

Hey man, uncool! Let's have a drink! Do you dance? This kind of music isn't very fashionable these days . . . Uh? Oof! Blam! Whack!

The Gas specialize in energetic, melodic rock songs like early Members or pre-1981 Jam. At first some of the influences seem too obvious. 'Love Bites' is Tom Petty; 'Treatment' is Graham Parker. But the operative word is *pure*. The songs are simply too good for the album to be written off as a 'Jesus of Cool' exercise in copycat rock.

The Gas have two options open to them. They could go to America, mellow a little and take over the market which Bram Tchaikovsky left behind. Or they could stay in London, broaden their influences, work on a more distinctive style of their own, become extremely popular, attempt world domination . . .

I hope they adopt the latter course.

Ed Fenton

Benyon

"JUST WHAT I WANTED, A FUTURIST DRESSING GOWN — TWO SIMPLE CHORDS, AN' VERY LIGHT WEIGHT!"

Reggae Runnings

'Eek-A-Mouse

By PENNY REEL

FORTHCOMING in the New Year from Greensleeves of Shepherds Bush is the dubut album from one of 1981's new discoveries jay-style toaster **Eek-A-Mouse**: 'Wa Do Dem' (GREL 31).

Produced by Henry Lawes, the LP is a 10 track set recorded at Channel One and King Tubby's studios in Jamaica, with backing by the Roots Radics musicians.

Eek-A-Mouse came to prominence last summer with a sprinkling of pre-release titles and recently topped the UK reggae chart with 'Wa Do Dem'. Also included on the set is a further former single 'Noah's Ark', plus more recent waxings 'Ganja Smuggling', 'Operation Eradication', 'Lonesome Journey' and others. Most recent Eek-A-Mouse successes have been the 10" 'Georgy Porgy' and 'Once A Virgin' for Joe Gibbs.

Another toaster to emerge with an LP is **Welton Irie,** who surfaces on the Joe Gibbs owned Super X Rated label with an Errol Thompson production entitled 'It Feels So Good' (JGML 6043), which describes a "blue" eight track in the style of some of General Echo and Ringo's more smutty offerings as on titles such as 'Cocks Man', 'Toilet Sex', 'Fishie Anniversary', containing lyrics too explicit for reprinting in a family magazine.

Also due on the Copasetic label is the new LP from **Ranking Joe**: 'Disco Skate' (COTLPS 003).

Up from Jamaica on Top Ranking International is a nine track instrumental LP from the **Fat Man Ridim Section** titled 'Tribulation Dub' (TRI 3244) in lieu of organ led workouts of the nature of 'Time Wasting', 'Runnings', 'Gates Of Zion', 'Hill Rockers' etc.

New 12" discomix titles include: **Sugar Minott,** 'Simple As That' (Black Roots BR 031); **Louisa Mark,** 'Mum & Dad' c/w **The Bushrangers,** 'Parents And Children' (Bushrays BFM 150); **Delton Screechie,** 'She Is My Woman'; **Early Brown,** 'Make Love To Me' (Moa Anbessa International MA 004) — produced and arranged by Cleave Johnson; **Arema,** 'In Love' (City Boy CB 001); **Hugh Manzou,** 'How About Us?' (Russian Roulette RURO 2) — producer J Ellis; **Michael Prophet,** 'Here Comes The Bride' c/w **Mistic Eyes,** 'Bring The Kouchie Come' (Greensleeves GRED 73) — produced by Henry Lawes; **Nico Demus,** 'Gunman Connection' c/w 'It Have To Ram' (Cha Cha CHAD 44); **Bingy Bunny,** 'Young Lover' c/w 'Him A Natty Dread' (Cha Cha CHAD 43); and Michael Prophet, 'Sweet Reggae Music' c/w **Stepping King Miguel** and the **Lone Ranger,** 'Dance Hall Style' (Selena SD0 11) — produced by John Williams.

NEW 7" pre-release titles include: **Ringo,** 'Model With Me' (Musical Ambassador); Lone Ranger, 'Annie Palmer Original' (Thrillseekers); **Tony Clarke,** 'Hey Little Girl' (Zither); **Massive Dread,** 'Just Cool Melba' (Up Front Organization); **Michael Levy,** 'When I Get My Freedom' (Sosee); **Delroy Wilson,** 'Got To Get Your Love' (Heavy Duty); **Anthony Blackwood,** 'African Woman' (Black Ghetto); **Leroy Smart,** 'Stop Criticizing' (World Wide Success); **Larry Marshall & The Evernears,** The Ark Of Jah Covenant' (Gorgon); **Ruddy Thomas,** 'Go Home Son' (Ruddy T); **Ranking Toyan,** 'Too Young' c/w **Roots Radics,** 'Barnabas Meets Sogie' (Scandal); **Lord Sassa Fross,** 'Raiding Party' (Horseman); **Paul Hamilton,** 'African Queen' (Timmings); **Lee Van Cliff,** 'Stay Alive' (Crazy Joe); **Django,** 'Bubble With Me' (African Museum); **Jah Walton,** 'The Radio Show' c/w A M Dial' (Black Successors); **Phillip Frazer,** 'Blood Of The Saint' (Corner Stone); and Ringo, 'Married For The Opportunity' (Bent Vibes).

Finally, there is a newly organised **Augustus Pablo** fan club operating out of Toronto in Canada. They state their goal as the setting up of a network for fans to communicate within and supply information on all Rockers International artists such as Delroy Williams, Tetrack, Norris Reid, as well as the great melodirocker himself. Send $2.00 (90p) handling charge to Dave Kingston and Beth Lesser, "Live Good Today", 10 Walmer Road, Box 2100, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M5R 2W4.

VICE SQUAD

FROM PAGE 24

pounds behind the drumkit, Buzzcocks meet Sham and lose — BAD.

This is easy!

'Coward' speeds up and it's Beki's vocals that swing along the song again, 'specially when she sneers the punchline, *"Easy to control"* ('cept she punchlines the sneer: *"E.Ze.Toucantro-oh!!)* whereas 'Offering' is Vice Squad messing up and messing in, guitar fuzz-stabbing sporadically against the unhealthy rhythm heartbeat until the close of play — a number that is punk reduced to the four elements (you can join the dots/make the connections).

The rest? Vice Squad write seminal anthems but here, with this production, they're just part of the haze. There's the INEVITABLE 'Punk Is Dead' anti-Clash song titled (how about . . .) 'It's A Sell-Out', conjuring images of Vice Squad sat in EMI's offices pulling faces at The Clash 'cross the road at CBS. Vice Squad lament, *"More young blood lost everyday / Isn't it a shame"* but at least The Clash, even if they didn't offer a marxist analysis of lumpen warfare, offered some reasons in 'Remote Control'. (Aw, go listen to 'Know Your Rights' and I'll argue it out later).

After the obvious 'Tommy Gun' intro of 'Sell-Out' comes the surprise of the best of the thirteen: last track, side two, 'Last Rockers'. The wind blows into The Skids' 'Wide Open' EP and 'Last Rockers' takes off as Beki cries to her daddy on the telephone — a rare beauty. Vice Squad leave with a Subs 'World War' explosion fuzz-ending and the wind (still) blows till the needle reaches the label and the needle gets stuck and the wind (still) blows . . . the saints are coming.

I listened to 'No Cause For Concern' pissed and sober, I listened to Vice Squad fuzz it up and hated the lyrics both times but then I wouldn't analyse the lyrics of 'Let's Groove', the best single of last year, or try to understand the lyrics to 'This Sporting Life' (the best Mekons single of last year).

Whatever's late night listening for the late night literati, this is late night listening (all day listening for the unlucky ones) for an army of youth conscripts. This is material to fight back with, anger to channel and strength to enjoy — I remember.

It's 1982 and Vice Squad only cheer me up where The Clash wound me up sometimes, when the guitar cracks and Beki's voice dips, they crank me up, too.

Vice Squad are nothing special, nothing extreme, no reason to drop your latest summer fashion (no reason for Oi! to be re-defined as anything but overwhelmingly flaccid) but listening to 'No Cause For Concern' I remembered how good 'punk' can be. 'Course I wanted to hate it and pretend the punk I had was more vital — what I want to know is who'll be playing punk for Phil and Joanne's kids?

X. Moore

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Slipstream — The Best Of British Jazz-Funk (Beggars Banquet)

JAZZ-FUNK is a form that inspires all concerned to take great care to keep exclusive to an ever-decreasing clique.

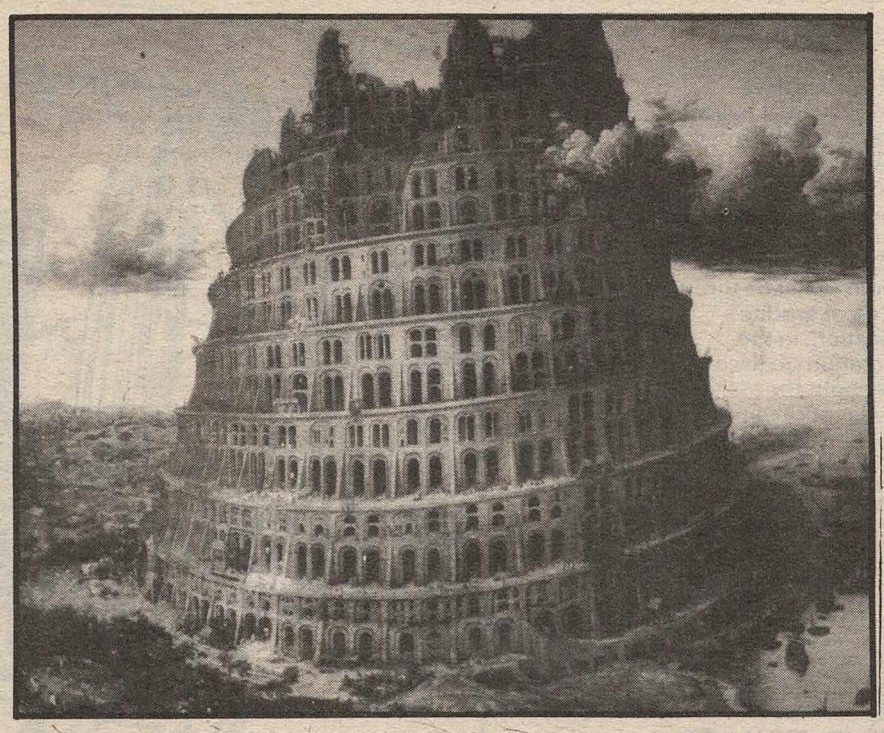
Its performers blah blah on about "street level support" and "making it without the majors" at the same time as never refusing contracts — and usually squandering them with over-produced, over-intricate material lacking in any direction or force.

The DJs and publicists, self-styled Godfathers, scream at punters about Joe Public's failure to understand (therefore anyone who can must be MENSA material) so loud and so long that the hysteria generated blots out all objective thought.

Its fanzines, usually dreadfully short of copy or solvent advertisers, faithfully print all this liberally peppering it with "we" and "our" so as to intensify the elitism and keep the circle closed. Devotees, who after being told that they are on a different intellectual and focal plane to mere music fans and thus enjoying themselves all the more, work so hard at having fun that newcomers to this scene are often overwhelmed and put off.

Therefore, the reasons for this two-for-the-price-of-one set are completely beyond me. The chosen ones will already have the tracks, as part of liking jazz-funk is proving how much you like it, and the likes of you and me won't bother, because we're too thick!

Lloyd Bradley



Tower of Babel nicked from 'Fix Planet!' LP sleeve

WEIRD SERVICE

PACK UP your walkman, go boogie with a suitcase — spread the virus of pop-pop Pop-POP MUZIK. Walk it, talk it, take a train, catch a plane. Head east, go west, infiltrate and activate, dance it, chance it — it's worth it!

New York, London, Paris, Munich — everyone's doing it. Berlin, Warsaw, Moscow, Tokyo, get up and go! Forget what you've read, go see it, feel it, tape it, seal it — it's called communication. Much easier to stay at home and forge iron-willed preconceptions of the world and kid yourself that's the way it is, I know.

Funny isn't it, though, how these homeloving cagebirds' pictures plainly don't match the people you've met or the places you've been. Would that it were so simple, but it's not. Go find out for yourself. As my fellow traveller Thomas Mann once said: *"Separation from the world by much water has its advantages, I suppose, in that it keeps men simple and preserves from many a confusion. But on the other hand it's not good when great popular movements, changes and migrations, such as to my knowledge took place in former times, pass over the single man spun round in his own thoughts and are gone, so that, if I may express my thought, world events do not take him with them, but leave him inexperienced and back in the former stage."*

Exactly! Then, the Germans have always understood the value of cooperation. In the '20s it was the art hotline from Berlin to Moscow, which lasted until the insular national socialists cut the links. (Stalin would've done it if they hadn't anyway, I know that, too.) Today, it's detente, getting on, looking for friends, shaking down the so-called allies. It's also Der Plan, from tiny Dusseldorf, sending out signals across the world, receiving them back and compiling them on the first true international record, called **Fix Planet (AtaTak/Warning — address: Furstenwall 64, D — 4000 Dusseldorf, Germany.)**

Fifteen fragments from a fragmented world all on one record — aren't you fascinated already? Der Plan being Der Plan, their choices aren't bound by a pop common denominator conformity, but by an enthusiasm for the new and the diverse. Ecuador street carnival music, a poignant anti-draft song from Iran, a mellow, maudlin drinking ballad from Russia, a conceptual joke from Czechoslovakia (Adam's apple noisily and guiltily bitten into before a mike), a crazed full-throated rant from Hungary — the list goes on.

Check off the great noise concoction from Milan Bruits, the more tentative cacophanies from Spain and Norway, the daft electro pop from English emigres Surplus Stock, the backward techno pop of Japan's Sister M, the early doodlings of USA's Devo-id Man Ray Band, the lowland lowbrow experiment of Belgium's Kid Monatana, the deft treated busking song of France's Eva Johanna Reichstag Und Die Form (?), a testy campaign for recognition of Austria from gastarbeiter Xao Seffcheque.

I've saved the best for last, of course, it being Poland's Semee, whose Faustian 'I Think' coils a sombre violin melody around a mesmerising repeated motif, while an emotionless vocalist intones a list of dictated conditions — *"I am in excellent physical and emotional health"* — that recalls Linton Kwesi Johnson's dignified, yet indignant 'Sonny's Lettah'.

It moves. Move with it. As Der Plan's sleevenotes rightly state: "There are ways through all borders."

Robin *M* Scott understands this, the international nature of pop muzik, and revels in the role of sparkling catalyst in worldwide exchanges. Fashioning discos in New York, swapping notes with a Hungarian refugee in Paris and here co-producing **Riuichi Sakamoto's 'Left Handed Dream' (Alfa — Japanese import)** in Tokyo, he helps assert idiosyncracy above conformity.

Thus, despite the collusion of Western guitarist Adrian Belew and saxist Robin Thompson, Sakamoto's solo record is more oriental than his work with the witty copy-parodists Yellow Magic Orchestra. 'Left Handed Dream's' pooled tranquillity falls uneasily at first on ears accustomed to Western bustle, but it gradually pulls them up to its rarefied level. More Om-hum than MOR ho hum,

A global music special by CHRIS 'Columbus' BOHN

Sakamoto punctures the cool, sparingly layered sounds with percussive, oddly timed thuds to encourage musing and not snoozing. Before we go too far afield, let's clear up any misunderstandings about ethnopop authenticity. Pop's too much of a bastard thing anyway to make puritanical demands and besides some of the most entertaining and/or upsetting musics have been valuably parodic — listen again to those YMO records.

Closer to home the French follies **Ici Paris** have chanced upon a funny ersatz '60s pop on their deliriously dopy **'Twist A Paris'** (Gaumont French import — address: 24 Rué Jacques Dulud, 92200 Neuilly-Sur-Seine). By aiming to play it straight but somehow getting it all askew, they've created something far less derivative and far more amusing than they had intended.

Ditto without the laughs for a pioneering Yugoslav punk compilation **'Novi Punk Val' (RTL Yugoslav import — address: possibly compilers Radio Student, Studensko Naselje Blok VIII, 61000 Ljubljana),** which records the early stumbling progress of the country's first punks **Pankrti** (Bastards) and **Paraf** and the less constrained youngsters **92** and **Bulldog,** to name a few. Important historically, but far better in terms of listenability is the Belgrade compilation **'Paket Aranzman' (Jugoton import — no address),** featuring the excellent **Vis Idoli,** whose 'Maljciki' strangely fuses ska and local folk music, while a long repetitive track 'Amerika' compulsively drones moans alongside a nagging, nigglingly persistent rhythm.

Vis Idoli operate in isolation, but put the easily accessible information they receive to good use in a way that should shame the participants of the Swedish compilation **'Rock For The 80s' (Infogram — Swedish Music Information Center, Box 5091, S-102 42 Stockholm),** who for the most part slothfully ape well established blues, rock, reggae or punk traditions. Only the spitefully mocking calypso of **Aston Reymers Rivaler** rises above the mediocre. The Swedish girls **Mogel** have at least grasped on their 12" medium play disc **'Mogel' (Slick Swedish import — Tegnergatan 37, 11161 Stockholm)** that the best way to re-evaluate tradition is to abuse it. Take what you need and discard the rest. Theirs is captivating coarse rock satire — the sort of thing the Slits promised before they went ethnic. Keep it moving! Don't let it drag now! Travel should be a pleasure not drudgery, but sometimes it is unavoidably just getting from A to B. To get from London to Berlin by train you pass through Hannover, a pleasantly nondescript city, whose prolific **No Fun** label seems to impose the implications of its name as a condition on its signings. The new Anglo-German **Index Sign** don't make me feel any happier — their LP '. . . **Entrance'** is directionless, despondent pop searching for a Cure, but not knowing where to look. The label's staples **Hans-A-Plast**'s two LPs are at least zippier — Mod-est new wave pop, while Rotzkotz's **Lebensfroh Und Farbensfroh** is calculatedly quirky electro pop totally lacking in Der Plan's invention.

The one No Fun record I've heard that defies the label's edicts is **The 39 Clocks**-suicidal **'Pain It Dark'**. A Psycho-delic duo, they're groaning, obsessive, funny and artful all at once. What's more they show up the faddish new psychedelia to be the hollow pose it is. (No Fun's address, in case I haven't put you off, is Im Moore 27, 3000 Hannover 1.) Before we leave Germany behind let's laugh at the Ramonic **Strassenjungs' 'Los!' (Tritt, c/o Nils Selzer, Kaiserhofstrasse 18, 6000 Frankfurt)** whose ridiculously frenetic spiel is, at best, agit prop nursery rhyming masquerading as satirical subversion. Mostly though it's just plain ordinary nonsense.

Pop muzik that looks to English speakers for directions instead of discovering its own invariabiy gets turned back at the border. Who needs stuff that sets up frontiers, shuts off possibilities where it should be opening them up? Pop muzik should know no boundaries. If you don't believe me, ask the Viennese **Wissenschaftliche Sensation**. Being scientific sorts they should know. Their **'New Year's Conference'** cassette (Monotonprodukt, Westbahnstrasse 7, A 1070 Vienna) is dense systems music with a playful predilection towards surprise, marred on the live recording by a tendency to ramble. That tendency is checked on the tauter, fraughter single 'I Know Nothing' by **Monoton** (essentially the Wissenschaftliche Konrad Becker and company), which recalls the thrill of Terry Riley and John Cale's evolutionary 'Church Of Anthrax'.

Pop around the world! Great isn't it? Don't pretend it's not there — only a fool thinks ignorance is cool.

Readers' letters as edited by Paul Du Noyer

As written by Sir Henry Rawlinson

Re-cycle your Xmas envelopes to us at GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1.

SINCE I have at present a surfeit of leisure time (unemployed), I have of late been allowing myself some voluntary redundancy from the more serious scribblings of the likes of Lawrence, Orwell and Camus in order to trip the light fantastic through your most erudite publication, in the expectation of discovering more about the activities of my favourite artistes.

However, having been as yet able to find little of interest concerning the august world of popular music, and being profoundly dissatisfied with the collectively "fudged" attitude which your correspondents take towards desperately important political questions (destructive criticism such as that of RAR and ANC from among its supposed supporters can only harm, and reeks of fence-sitting), I unwisely turned to your letters page, vulgarly handled *Gasbag,* and was amazed and not a little confounded by the incredible standard of literary prose achieved by the "ordinary youth" of this country. Who said comprehensive schools bred illiteracy?

One can only infer that after a hard at the factory/mine, people rush home and after digesting their evening breadcrust and dripping, sit down with a copy of *Roget's Thesaurus* and an *Oxford English Dictionary* — or indeed, judging from recent offerings, *Harraps German Primer* — and proceed to invent some incredible theory on how Radio One is the biggest threat to civilisation since *Invasion Of The Bodysnatchers,* or postulate on the imminent death of rock music because next door neighbour's kid has got toothache, and then set about the evening's main task of disguising this theory in a Joycean/Burroughsian stream of consciousness bollocks specifically designed to make comprehension of this half-boiled *tas de Pouris* totally impossible.

Now don't get me wrong. Where would *Gasbag* be without people continually disagreeing and abusing each other and the journalists on your staff? No, it's not that I want people to stop arguing whether Antonio Gramsci really was a greater Marxist theoretician than Lenin. It's just that I wish people would cease this senseless misinterpretation of literary flair and say what they mean in plain honest proletarian dialogue. Indeed Robert Walpole once said "I talk bawdy for in that all can join." If the doyens of elitist monologues follow his example then perhaps it would become clear how redundant, reactionary and nonsensical many of their arguments are, without recourse to a dictionary.

Pretentious literary wankers of the world simplify, you have nothing to lose but your verbiage. Anyone know where I can get hold of a cheap copy of *Roget's Thesaurus?*
Andy Welsh, Christchurch, Dorset.
Thanks. And would the first offender step right this way, please . . . — PDN

Speaking as the author of the *NME's* report on the October CND rally I would to correct the impression that I misquoted Tony Benn. In fact, the final draft of my report quoted him *correctly,* but the published report did not. This was presumably because of the whim of an over eager sub-editor or maybe for reasons of space. Whatever the reason I had hoped and expected that *NME* itself would correct the impression that I was responsible for the mis-quote. Unfortunately, it is not only the letter-writers who have cause to feel "betrayed" — it is sometimes the *NME's* own writers as well.
Richard McDermott, London SW18.

I was pleased to read the *NME* piece about the anti-nuke LP ('Life In The European Theatre'); it's time a positive statement was made about nuclear weapons, apart from the CND marches and rallies. But I have to disagree with Dave Wakeling's comment that "you can get away with fairly serious things in your songs and they pass by totally un-noticed".

I would have thought the whole idea of writing about important topics was to get as many people to listen and consider the sentiments of the song, and hopefully react in some positive way; otherwise you may as well write about things like "tangerine trees and marmalade skies". Songs like 'Funeral Pyre' and 'Man At C&A' shouldn't just be treated as product. They do mean something and the message must get across to the consumer before the blinkered fools who "lead us" (sic) can even hope to understand it.

That is why 'European Theatre' is such an important album. Music is the only youth culture which has the potential to affect bosses and politicians, and for our future it must affect as many people as possible.
Kevin Wright, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk.
The meaning behind Dave Wakeling's words was that youth music can often escape un-censored, because it's not taken seriously enough by those in a position to censor it. The message is un-noticed by *them* rather than by the audience — PDN.

I very much agree with that smart-ass letter calling for a change of name to "New Middle-Class Excess." In the past year, pop/rock music has moved away from its brief flirtation with the vally of realism, to the euphoric peak of the pleasure principle. Group after acclaimed group seek to outdo each other in the good ol' *joie de vivre* stakes. Was (Not Was) banging on every available instrument yelping that we're living on *"a balloon sailing past the moon"*, MacCulloch proclaiming *"this is the place called heaven, and this is the one for me!"* and The Human League urging us to hop on trains and planes and fall in and out of love. Great stuff, eh? It's just great that these boys are having a lovely time, innit?

The danger creeps in when we see critics like Morley evaluating a disc on his euphoro-meter and not taking a whole lot else into account, eg 'Penthouse And Pavement' is brilliantly satisfying . . . but then I would say that. I'm from heaven. True!" Thankfully we're left with a few useful groups such as PiL, Gang Of Four, Dead Kennedys and the legacy of Joy Division.

Where did the previously mentioned euphoro-holics come from? Were they poor souls frightened by Joy D. into euphoria-as-a-state-of-non-mind or what? Maggie and Ron-Rons would be delighted to see their bastard children singing the joys of their ignorance amidst the snippets of clever synth. A group is either sincere and recognises its responsibilities to educate or "move" — gulp! — its listeners or it does not. Along come this bunch of first aid men, attempting to make love to the toothless old hag in an attempt to make her gasp again.

Well it does not work, it sucks! Zilch social awareness is being created by these hedonists. They may as well be living on Mars. What we need (soapbox! soapbox!) is a mass awareness that we are powerless and not, no, no, no, not euphoric. Buy a pair of contact lenses dear rabbits, and see that some of us are unemployed, some are stuck in an oh-so modern rut, some do not see this place as "heaven". I can only hope the message gets across.
Tim D. Connor, Grenoble, France.
There's something sterile and deadening in this insistence that all music should promote "social awareness". I can't think of anything less appealing. Shouldn't there be a music for every mood, interest and state of mind you're capable of? Enjoy the diversity — PDN

Hey, stop taking the piss out of the Spurs LP (8/12/81). So what do you expect even the cream of footballers to singalong with — 'Working Class Hero'? 'Desolation Row'? *a Peter Hammill* song, ferchrissakes? At least Arsenal didn't do an album. Those prannets can't actually articulate words, so count yourselves lucky you didn't get an LP full of poop like 'Ne Ne Na Na Nu Nu' and 'Dee Doo Doo Da' etc.
Horrible Bill Foley.
Mind you, even the diversity of music should have its limits — PDN.

I am a black homosexual sociology student with extremely left-wing political views. I march regularly for Greenpeace, and when I'm not at my local CND picket you will find me petrol-bombing other people's property and throwing bricks at coppers. My musical tastes are confined only to the narrow-minded views expressed by your psuedo-intellectual, bigoted staff. Does this qualify me for the *NME* "Typical Reader Of The Year Award"?
Jah Jah Duncan, Dartmouth, Devonshire.
Well let's see . . . sarcastic, abusive, cynical — yeah, I suppose you fit the bill all right — PDN.

We were pleased to see in last week's *NME* a number of letters protesting against your publishing of the South Africa albums charts, and we agree that this only helps give credibility to South Africa. Many South Africans, both black and white, many of them involved in art, music, journalism and theatre, are victimised for expressing their opposition to the apartheid system. Victimisation includes everything from being banned or banished to death in detention at the hands of the security police.

The Anti-Apartheid Movement publishes a list of the families of political prisoners and those who have died in detention or been executed, and we ask people in Britain to support their struggle against apartheid to send messages of support to them. We know that these letters are very much appreciated by their recipients, and that they help to maintain the extraordinary courage and morale of those

Distinguished linguists languish
In language of English ease.
In hot pot de *Chambers, Revised* they gandered
And butchered in bags of *Nuttall's, Standard,*
But no flic with the *Shorter Ox. Dic. Of Eng.*
Will find an *n. sing.* for the back of the knees.

Poplitic, popliteal: both are *adj.* for the crease.
The ham remains nameless. This is rather hard cheese —
For stuff without title, it is said: cannot be —
Therefore, necks we have napes, also backbone and bottom,
But *back of the knees,* friends?
So far — we ain't got 'em.

(Antique Bonzo Doggerel)
Vivian Stanshall, Green Nowhere.
A great honour, Sir Henry . . . *whatever* it is you're on about — PDN.

PENMAN SENT HIS ELDER BROTHER 'ROUND TO THE STUDY OF THE IMPUDENT LETTER WRITER SO AS TO ENSURE THAT THERE WAS NO MIS-INTERPRETING THE REPLY.

Illustrations sent in by reader Colley of Watford.

who are fighting apartheid on the frontline. Anyone who wants addresses, or who wants further information on how they can support the struggle for freedom in Southern Africa, can contact us at the address below.
Cate Clark, Anti-Apartheid Movement, 89 Charlotte Street, London W1.

Why is Errol so *demode?* We in the hip Edinburgh set can only view his weekly adventures with a scornful *ejouissance.* Take his trip to Sheffield — we did the Yorkshire circuit back in July, dear. So *passe* these days. And those cocktails — *absolument outre.* Take our advice, darlings, a "Donkey's Elbow" (Mead, Vimto and carrot juice) is the only drink any decent Charles Ryder clone ought to be seen with this month. And the music — those Latin/Funk groups are so hopelessly *surannes.* It's the skiffle revival that's *de rigeur* amongst the real *avant-garde* hipsters. Errol would be well-advised to get hold of a copy of that seminal *oeuvre* 'My Old Man's A Dustman' by Lonnie Donnigan if he hopes to muster any credibility from 1982.
George Tremlett & Dickie Albin, Edinburgh.
This letter would make more sense if *NME* typewriters could do French accents (the little slopey lines, I mean). But not a *lot* more — PDN.
In reference to Gavin Martin's singles review of A Certain Ratio, it would benefit him to listen to 'The True Wheel' from Eno's LP 'Taking Tiger Mountain'. It would enlighten him as to the origins of the band's name and identify their true tradition. Robert Wyatt provides the key vocal.
Dermot McGuinness, Manchester.

I'd just like to express my appreciation for Paul Du Noyer's excellent piece on Liverpool.

As a scouse exile myself, I felt a great deal of affinity with what Paul had to say. He captured everything in print that I'd always wanted to express about the city, which I miss terribly while I'm away. Humour, anger, melancholy and sadness — the piece said it all. Sitting in the pub in Ashby de la Zouch (!) it made me more than a little homesick for the place I left behind.

Maybe a little bit of sentimentality on my part, but what's wrong with a little bit of sentimentality sometimes, eh Paul? Anyway, time to dry the eyes and catch the next bus back to Skelhorne Street.
Mike Chapple, Ashby.
Look, it's my *Gasbag* and I'll choose the letters, all right? - PDN.
Please tell me: can the death of my sweet Natalie Wood have such effects on people? Can it really make Julie Burchill write something that decent? The ever-present, since the day of Her End, bitter-sweet taste in my mouth was reinforced by Burchill's article. She was so fair to sweet Natalie Wood that one could even forget that she naively managed to mention El Salvador in the article.

Sweet Natalie Wood was *my* "dream girl next door" and she made me realise that it is not only superstars that die young, but also dream girls next door. Bye.
Dimsie, London W1.
In a recent interview for American Forces Radio, Mike Rutherford innocently remarked that the *NME* write-ups on Genesis concerts were becoming somehwat predictable, It never dawned on the poor chap that it is the concerts which are becoming predictable!
Jeaux, Muchen.
Precisely — PDN.
If, like they say, the good die young. are we to assume that *NME* is to keep its current staff for the next 25 years?
Dr Acula, Tooting Bec.
And the compliments of the season to you too — PDN.

Pic: Kishi Yamamoto

MEET THE MAFIA . . . Mark's Mafia, that is. Mark *Stewart's* Mafia, that is. Mark Stewart who used to play in The Pop Group, that is *(Oh get on with it — Ed). (Editor, that is).* That's Mark on the left — on *your* left, rather than theirs, unless of course you're holding the page up to the light and reading this caption backwards (in which case, a brief message: Idiot Of Kind Some You Are?).

And the other three are Bonjo, Evar and Charles Eskimo Fox, and all together on New Year's Eve, they're playing a benefit for Anti Apartheid at the Jubilee Hall, Tulse Hill Estate in Brixton. Tickets are £4 from Rough Trade or on the door. Erm, the door of the gig, that is, as opposed to any other door. All clear? Fine.

T-ZERS

WELCOME BACKWARDS, and welcome forward into 1982. As a special public service, this cut-out'n'keep edition of *T-Zers* comes complete with a wise saying for every month of the new year. Ponder their profound-ness, solemnly commit them to memory, and observe them faithfully. Oh yeah, and we got a couple of those old *T-Zer* things for you as well. Here goes . . .

JANUARY: It takes a bent brush to paint its own handle . . .

But it probably takes the return of **Arthur Brown** to finally obliterate the psychedellic revival's last lingering prospects of success. Brown, who's been working as a carpenter in Austin, Texas, for the past two years, is back in the studios over there making an EP, and he's just gone into live action with a set ranging from 'Hernando's Hideaway' to traditional English folk music. It's at times like this that we give sincere thanks for the Atlantic Ocean . . .

FEBRUARY: In the land of the elephant, the blind man wears the wellingtons . . .

But who'd wear a lump of raw meat? Well, **King Crimson** for one, or two or however many they are now. Disgruntled by the one-hour set fed to them, a recent Munich audience responded by splattering the band with said dead animal portions . . .

MARCH: You can't get to London by climbing up the signpost . . .

But you could bump into **Banshee Steve Severin** at a **Malaria** show — two of whose members recall how, as members of **Mania D,** it was from the Banshees that they first learned how support groups have to pay their headliners. Also present was **DAF's Robert Gorl,** who revealed that their new stage set will feature 20 cassette tape recorders, each containing one song from the set . . .

APRIL: The ant does not fear the octopus . . .

Just as **Annie Walker** does not fear derisive accusations of bandwagon-jumping. Only this week, the Rover's Return has introduced a "cocktail hour". It could, of course, be mere coincidence, but the move does follow the visit of **Erroll's** hedonistic ambassador **Ian Penman** . . .

MAY: If on Monday it doth rain, Tuesday 'twill be fine, or rain again . . .

Belated get-well-soons to the injured **Gang Of Four** conspiritors (that's **Andy Gill, Hugo Burnham** and his brother **Jolyon)** come from **Dr Feelgood,** who were playing the night the Gangsters got attacked at Goldsmiths College. "We'd like to apologise even though it wasn't our fault," say **Johnny Guitar** and **Lee Brilleaux,** "because it really pisses us off if things like that happen at our gigs . . ."

JUNE: Beggars can't be existentialists . . .

And **Eddie Pumer** can't work for Capital Radio anymore. As producer responsible for compiling the playlist, he included the appalling 'Let's All Sing The Birdies' Song'. But this was not his crime: the offence was that the record's B-side was.a song written by Eddie himself seven years ago — entitling him to equal royalties every time the A-side is played . . .

JULY: It's a short leg that does not reach the knee . . .

The Warehouse Theatre at Croydon has asked **Anne Clark** — who's one of the poets involved in **Paul Weller's** *Riot Stories* — to organise a series of 'alternative' nights at the venue this January and February. So Anne is now touting for appropriate acts, be they bands ("not just run of the mill ones however"), comedians, singers or other artful dodgers. Ring her on 680 9259. The next issue from *Riot Stories,* she adds, will include an expanded and visually enhanced version of her *Individual Spoke* collection, and maybe a flexi disc of **Patrik Fitzgerald** too . . .

AUGUST: The wolf is deadlier that the guinea-pig . . .

The latest hazard facing those desperate enought to try the London nightlife is — homeless, untamed copies of *Event* magazine, the weekly listings thing launched by Virgin's **Richard Branson.** Wild and starving, these creatures have taken to leaping on people as they enter the Venue or Heaven (both owned by Branson) worse still are liable to jump on anybody making a purchase of £2 or more in a Virgin store. With the current spate of unwanted little *Events* reaching crisis proportions, tourists are warned of plans to install one of the buggers in every hotel room of the THF chain as well . . .

SEPTEMBER: Absence keeps the doctor away . . .

So says picture-of-health **Pete Townshend.** Advised by his doctor to lay off the liquids, Townshend has gone on the wagon and, according to the *Sun,* "looks ten years younger" than his 36 years. The paper goes on to print a new pic of the man — looking, funnily enough, ten years older . . .

OCTOBER: The truth is seldom likened to a singing pancake . . .

Neither is **Yoko Ono** — Well, not that often, anyway. Yoko, in fact, wins this week's all-round good-egg award for setting up a health clinic in Liverpool as a memorial to **John Lennon** . . .

Just a brief word at this point, pointing out that **Chris Salewicz's Billy Fury** piece in our Xmas issue was written by **Chris Salewicz,** and why didn't we say so at the time? Well it's a long, long story and what's more, it's all completely untrue. So we'll just say Sorry instead. On the same subject, anxious readers should reassure themselves that **Ian Penman** has not been cloned into *Ian Penmen,* as suggested by the credit on his **David Byrne** interview . . .

NOVEMBER: Tall trees grow nearer the sun . . .

A new BPI report suggests that people over 27 are scared of going into record shops — not because of those free *Events* so much as because "if you sell pop music that almost continually knocks the establishment, the establishment is bound to feel uncomfortable going into the shops". Older consumers, it seems, are afraid that hip young customers and assistants will laugh at them. The answer, apparently, is American-style supermarket stores where the elderly 28-year-old can hobble in and out with as many **Elkie Brooks** albums as he requires, free of scorn and embarrassment . . .

DECEMBER: You can't make a sporran from a tea-bag . . .

And so, with just a quiet word of thanks to the *New Statesman,* from whom these **pathetic** proverbs were **shamelessly stolen,** *T-Zers* returns itself to the festive sick-bag with a cheery farewell. Until next week, that is . . .

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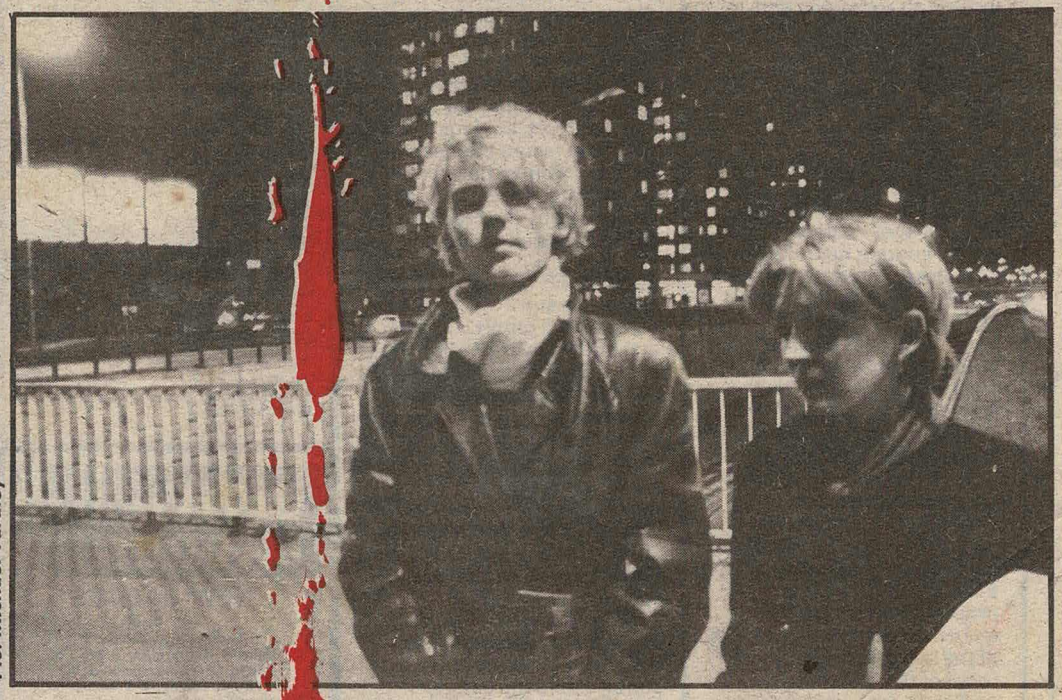
Photomontage by Peter Kennard

Solidarność

A RUSSIAN WEREWOLF IN WARSAW



Pic: Michael Yardley

WORKING FOR THE CLAMPDOWN

This David Sylvian lookalike is lead singer of Poland's premier post-punk group Kryzys. When the picture was taken six weeks ago his future looked good: With one Kryzys LP already released in Paris, the group were about to bring out their first Polish record.

The military putsch put paid to all that when it abruptly halted the spreading liberalisation that tolerated, if not actively condoned, the antics of Warsaw's youth.

Since martial law was imposed three weeks ago the whereabouts of Kryzys, Republika and the rest of Poland's young musicians are unknown. The outlook is bleak.

If they haven't already been arrested along with the other kids, dissidents, Solidarity members and Party sympathisers, or conscripted into the army to shoot at fellow Poles or to work the coalmines and the steel foundries, they'll have been driven back underground.

Where it all began.

WORKING AGAINST THE CLAMPDOWN

Though the core of Solidarity was smashed by the military takeover, splinters are already re-grouping at home, while those members who were abroad at the time of the clampdown have begun campaigns against the new regime.

Plans are already under way for a Solidarity benefit concert in London, which has so far got the support of The Beat. The concert, set up to buy urgently needed medicines, blood plasma and blankets, will take place as soon as possible, says organiser Marek Garztecki, who left Poland only three days before the takeover.

While he is looking for big box office draws to pull the crowd, he hopes to make it an Anglo Polish affair by completing the bill with Polish expatriate groups, like The White Volcanoes, who fled Poland one by one and are now believed to be living in West Berlin.

Musicians — Poles or British — interested in the concert should contact Marek, care of the British Solidarity Campaign of Poland, The Polish Centre, King Street, Hammersmith, London.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

LECH'S DANCE